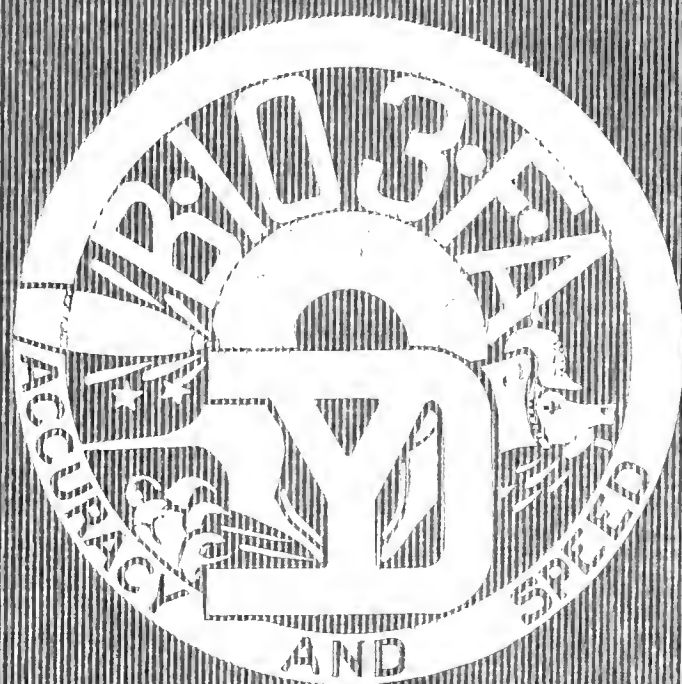
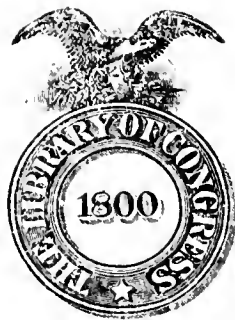


The History --- *of* Battery B





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HISTORY *of* BATTERY B

One Hundred Third Field Artillery
Twenty-Sixth Division

WITH PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
COMMITTEE FROM THE BATTERY

APRIL, 1917, to APRIL, 1919

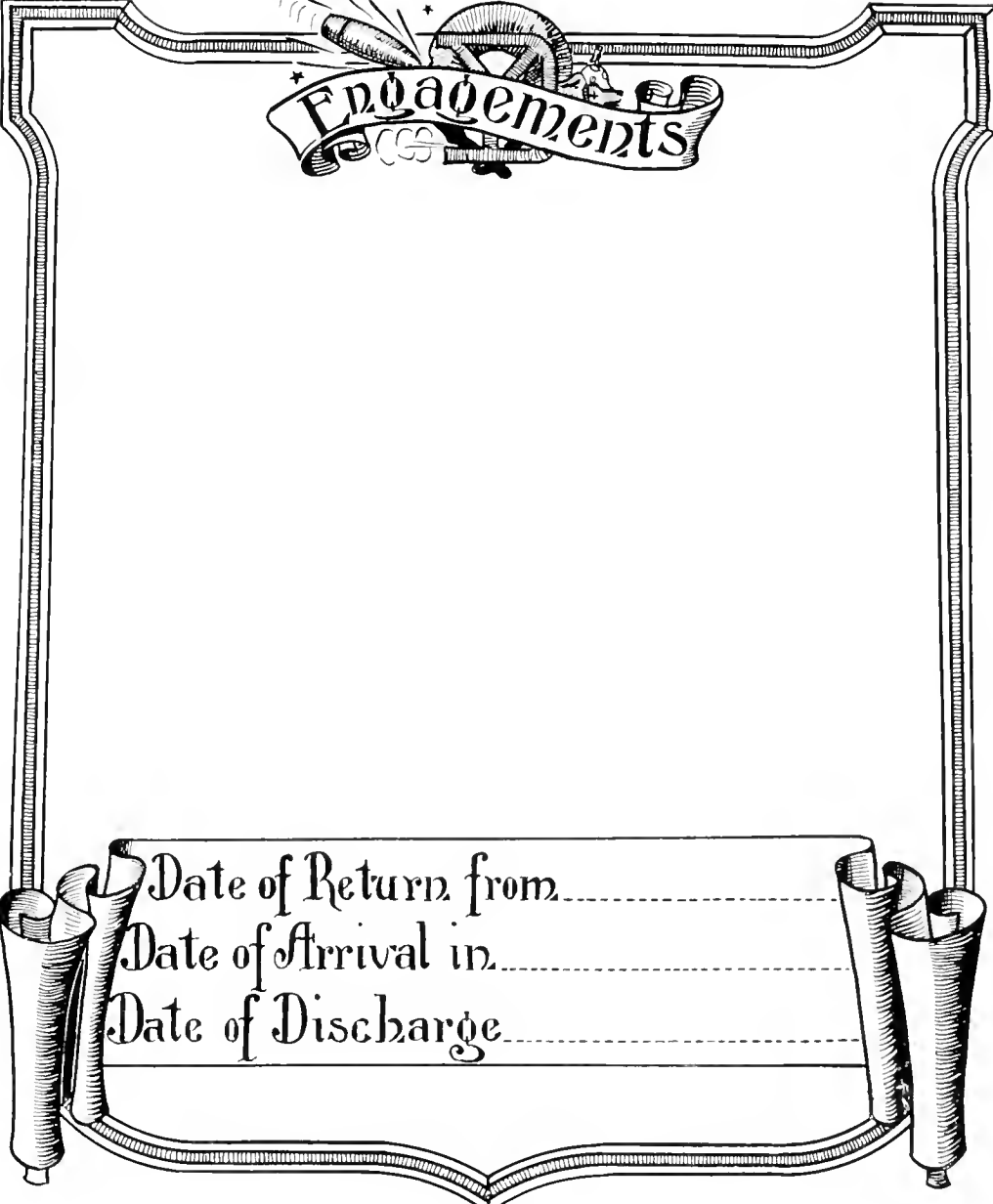
PROVIDENCE:
E. L. FREEMAN COMPANY, PRINTERS
1922

The form features a large central rectangular frame with a decorative border. Above the frame, there is a crest consisting of two crossed cannons, a banner with the text "VICTORY 103 HONOR", and a large letter "B". Below the frame, there is a scroll containing the following text:

Name.....
Date of Enlistment.....
Date of Sailing from.....
Date of Arrival in France.....

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Engagements

Date of Return from.....
Date of Arrival in.....
Date of Discharge.....

TO OUR COMRADES OF
BATTERY B, WHO FELL
WHILE FIGHTING FOR
THEIR COUNTRY, THIS
BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.



FOREWORD

In preparing this book the writers have attempted, at least, to meet what they considered the two chief requirements of such a book.

First, we have tried to compile an accurate record of the Battery from the time it was formed until the time it was mustered out of the Federal Service. We have neither attempted to glorify nor make light of the hardships and achievements of the Battery. It is as it happened—nothing more and nothing less.

In the second place by stories of what happened “Over There,” by little incidents of our daily life, by a little word of each man in the Battery, we have tried to give the book a personal touch for everyone.

The experiences we endured, the friendships we formed while in that best of all outfits, were too great for us ever to forget, but often even such great things as these are helped by a little reminder. If then in the days to come this book should serve as that reminder the writers will feel that their work, in spite of its imperfections and there are many, will not have been in vain.

The Committee wishes to acknowledge its thanks to the officers of the Battery for their help in starting the book, especially to Captain Hanley, whose aid, in furnishing a place in which to work and other ways, has made the book possible; and to the original book committee, especially F. C. Perkins, for supplying the material.

The Committee which finally composed the book was made up of John W. Russell, Editor-in-Chief; R. E. Jordan, Editor; H. W. McCarthy, J. G. Emmons, W. A. Watson, P. C. Wilkinson, F. Sisson, H. L. Emidy.

R. E. JORDAN

For the Committee.



MAJOR-GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

HEADQUARTERS NORTHEASTERN DEPARTMENT

99 CHAUNCEY STREET

BOSTON 11, MASS.

August 18, 1920.

I well recall the fine work of the 103rd Field Artillery with their heavy guns and how after eighteen days in the advance at Chateau-Thierry that regiment started out shooting across the Marne and wound up firing across the Vesle and the last positions it took were in front of the Infantry of the 4th Division.

In that regiment was "B" Battery, made up of Rhode Island lads. It stood well on its legs; it was well disciplined; it worked hard and had a marked spirit. I recall in the Chateau-Thierry advance how the battery were well forward and had maintained its fire in spite of the severe enemy shelling and numerous casualties. Especially was this true at Le Four a Verre where they were especially tried and did splendid work; also at the Ravine d'Haumont they were under desperate shelling and almost constant gas, but they kept their nerve and continued their fire, and only stopped at eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11th, Armistice Day.

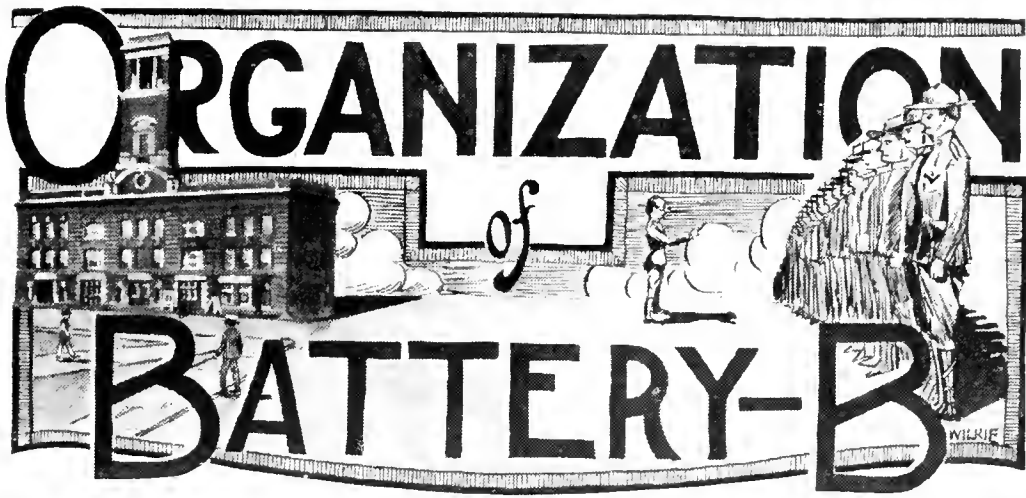
My congratulations to that fine battery.

Sincerely yours,

CLARENCE R. EDWARDS



CAPT. GERALD T. HANLEY



The Organization of Battery B, 103 F. A.

WHEN the Congress of the United States decided that the time had arrived when this country could no longer remain neutral, but must enter the great war raging in Europe, the first thing to follow the declaration of war against Germany was a call for volunteers. In different sections of the country this call was issued in different ways. In Rhode Island, it was mostly through National Guard units, among which, because of its border reputation, Battery A was prominent. Rhode Island was assigned three batteries of Field Artillery, to be formed through the addition of recruits, from the battery already mentioned. Providence and vicinity immediately became the scene of an active campaign for men, and enlistment headquarters were established in the Central Fire Station.

Posters, picturing "Rhode Island's Finest," with an empty saddle and a "place for you," or a battery of field artillery going into action on the gallop, aroused the young men's enthusiasm and brought many of them to the recruiting station. Then followed the physical examination. "Did you ever have what's it?" We didn't know whether we

had or not. We said "no" and then hoped the doctor wouldn't call us an ugly name. Finally we were declared to be either physically "fit" or "unfit." If "fit" we were "sworn in." With our right hand raised we swore—not literally (we did that later)—to be good soldiers of the U. S. Army and do anything that Woodrow Wilson or his representative (we didn't know then that said representative could be a non-com) told us to do. Then we were ordered to report at the Marine Corps Armory for drill. Soon, enough men had raised their right hands, thus becoming members of Battery A, to make possible the division of that organization into three batteries.

The officers and non-coms for these batteries were mostly all Battery A men with border experience. The rest of the "old men" from the original battery were assigned equally to the three new batteries to form the backbone of the outfit. Then the recruits were assigned in the same way, and one of the finest—yes, the finest—outfit that Uncle Sam was to have fight for him was thus formed. Of course B Battery of the Rhode Island National Guard, later of the One Hundred and Third Field Artillery, Twenty-Sixth Division, and rightly proud of it.

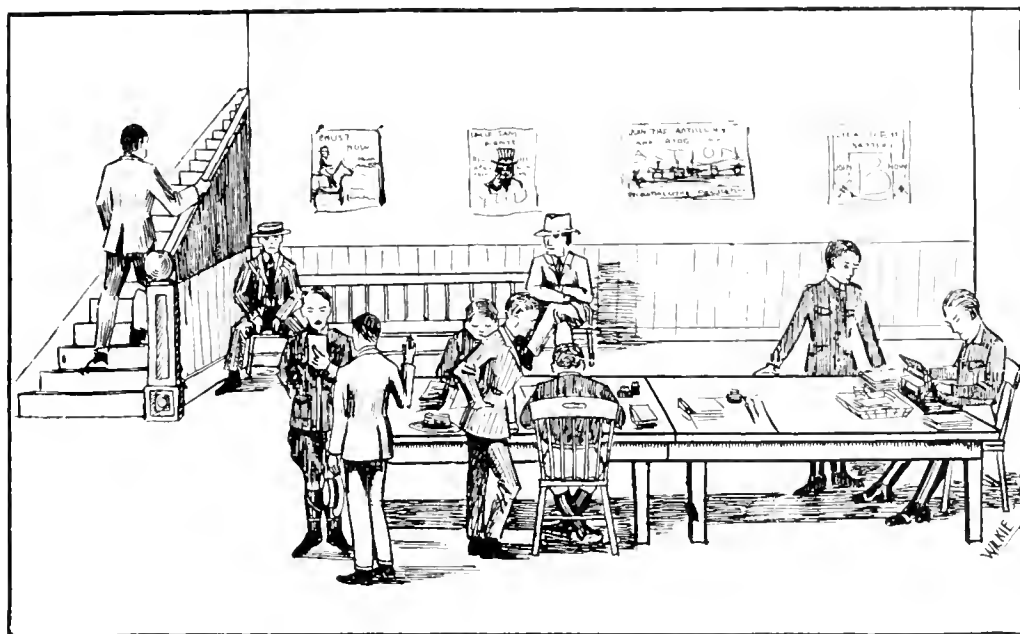
In command was Captain Gerald T. Hanley, prominent Rhode Islander in more than military circles. The other officers were Lieutenants MacLeod, Metcalf, Langdon and Sturges. These officers with First Sergeant, J. Siteman, began drilling the Battery as soon as it was formed. On Tuesday night of each week, it was "squads right" up and down Benefit Street. Once in a while for diversion the "doc" would jab our arms with some "anti-something or other," or else our finger prints and other marks of identification would be taken. One Sergeant Haggerty, the "hard-boiled regular army boy," read us the Articles of War. When he finished and we knew all the things we could be shot for, there wasn't a man in the Battery without the conviction that some morning he would wake up to face a firing squad. We were given our first instructions in how to stand guard, told all about it, except how to duck it. But nothing was allowed to interfere with the real business of learning the first steps in "How to beat the Germans." On Thursday evenings it was "monkey drill," for the drivers—except for Mackie, he couldn't get on a horse so became a cook—and gun drill for the cannoneers at the Armory of Mounted Commands. Every Saturday and Sunday there were hikes under the command of Captain Chaffee. On these we received a faint glimpse of what we were later to experience on hikes in France.

During this time some clothing was issued and much was bought. Every man was equipped some way and instead of drilling in "civies" as we did at first, the boys wore khaki. The rough spots were fast disappearing and the boys were anxiously awaiting the orders to go to camp.

THEY'RE OFF !!!

"You will report at Marine Corps Armory at 8:00 A. M., July 25th, in prescribed uniform for an indefinite period of field service."

Early on the morning of July 25th, 1917, the "Big Bens" belched forth in every corner of the state arousing the young men who have since made history. It was our big day, the day of our first parade, and the beginning of our "indefinite period of field service." By half past seven Exchange Place was dotted with khaki-clad men wending their



way to the Armory on Benefit Street, staggering under the weight of heavy barrack bags. The grind up Waterman Street was a tough one. At the Armory, after a short rest and an exchange of pleasantries, which included a few unkind remarks about the abnormal size of some of the bags, the command to "fall in" was given. Roll was called, the Battery reported present. The barrack bags, which were strewn all over Benefit Street, were carried into the Armory, and then the Battery fell in for a short drill under Captain Hanley. Before beginning the drill a little

advice was given us on how to conduct ourselves like soldiers during the parade, and we were told not to be nervous.

The command was then given to count off. After the fourth attempt it was a success. "Squads left !" shouted the doughty little commander. The execution of this order resembled a gang rush for a Rocky Point car on a holiday afternoon or the stampede for the Commissary truck when chocolate was for sale. Chaotic conditions in Russia on Red Sunday might have been worse, but "you'll have to show us." We finally got straightened out—and "panned" out. "Forward-Ho !" The Battery swung along Benefit Street with the ease and grace of veterans (?). Three or four times up and down the thoroughfare convinced the Captain that his outfit had a lot to learn about soldiering.

Before being dismissed each man was the recipient of "deux francs, cinquante centimes," which in real honest-to-God American money is the equivalent of "four-bits," (combien ?), with which to purchase noon-day rations. It would beggar words to describe the rush which was made for the Narragansett and Crown. After an enjoyable meal—at Child's—we reported again at one o'clock. A few more trial spins up and down the street and we marched down-town for the big event of the day—the farewell parade.

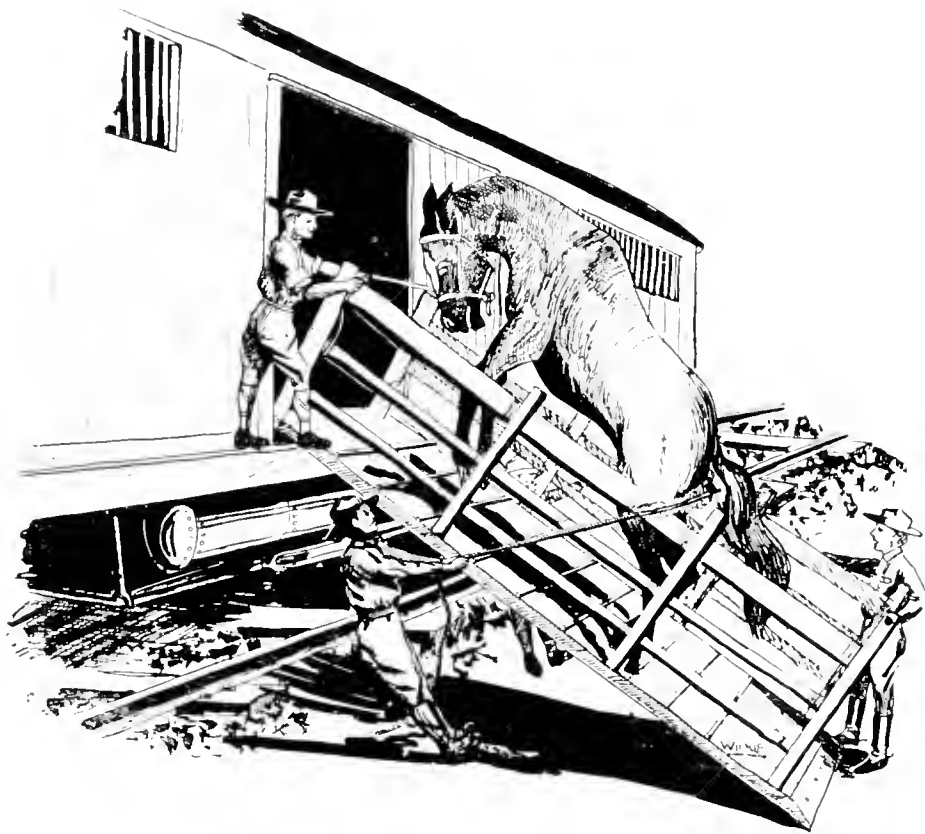
At three o'clock the signal gun started the column moving. A trifle nervous the men adjusted their campaign hats for the last time, and a few of the Beau Brummels were seen dusting their shoes and leggings, and twirling their waxed moustaches. Rhode Island had turned out en masse, it seemed, to say farewell to its boys. And the boys did well, at least every one said so, and we were conceited enough to believe that we marched as well as any veterans could. The day was hot and our orders were to keep our eyes on the collar of the man in front of us. Some combination, but we did it—that is some of us did. Upon the return to Benefit Street Armory, Captain Hanley praised us upon the showing we had made, and we were dismissed for the night.

At eight-thirty the next morning we lined up in front of the Marine Corps Armory for the last time. Shouldering the heavy barrack bags which we had left there the day before, we marched down town and scrambled aboard special cars. Three shrill blasts from a whistle and we were on our way to Quonset Point. Through the down-town section it seemed as if Bedlam was let loose. Bells, whistles, anything to make a noise. As we left the center of the city the din subsided until at last only the rumble of the cars could be heard, but Kaiser Bill heard that rumble and trembled. Rhode Island's finest was on its way.

OUR FIRST CAMP.

Three hours after we left Providence our specials stopped at a small station and we were ordered to detrain. Our barrack bags were piled along the road to be carried to camp in a truck—lucky for us—and the Battery fell in for the hike to Camp Beeckman. We arrived there about noon and immediately upon our arrival each man was issued the thing a soldier most needs—a mess kit. These were soon in use holding our first meal as a Battery in field service.

As soon as we were able to look the grounds over, we found that our first camp was an ideal one. Situated on the shores of Narragansett Bay, the breezes from the water made drill on those hot August days endurable. One half of the camp was covered with low wooden buildings, used for canteens, quartermaster store-houses, stables, and parallel streets of regulation army tents lengthened, in most cases by rows of "pup tents," which served as quarters for the men. At the end of and facing each company or battery street, was the officer's tents. The other half of the camp was used as a drill field, with the picket line and gun park at one end and a Y. M. C. A. hut at the other. There were



about one thousand men, almost all Rhode Islanders, in the camp. They made up the following outfits: Batteries A, B, and C, Field Artillery, Troops A, B, C, and M, and the Rhode Island Hospital Corps. All of these outfits later became part of the famous Twenty-Sixth Division.



The Last Word in Tonsorial Art.
"Shorty."—Quonset.

The first day after our arrival was spent in drawing equipment and fixing the Battery Street. The next day was Saturday and at noon the first week-end passes were given out. These continued until we left the United States for service overseas.

On Monday a regular schedule was outlined and continued with few changes during our training in the States. Our whole day from reveille at such an ungodly hour as five-thirty, until retreat at five-thirty in the afternoon was planned for us. There was plenty of policing, calisthenics, and drill, but time was also set aside each day for athletics and a swim. From retreat until Taps at ten o'clock we were free to do as we pleased.

Life in general at Camp Beeckman was the same thing over and over again. Once in a while something would happen to liven things up a bit, such as Heditsian jumping off the end of the wharf to learn to swim, or Nichols getting K. P. for starting a rumor that his shirt had been stolen, or a nice rain storm that would wash out the officers' quarters and give the men a job picking up officers' equipment. What stuff those men did have! Lord Bassett with his latest ideas of a model incinerator was always a source of entertainment—and labor. We were also given another physical examination and a few of the men were discharged. A number of the men—mostly the men from old A Battery, left to go to Plattsburg. On August fifth we had our first review and were mustered into the Federal service.

About two weeks later on August seventeenth, we received orders to move. At half-past four the next morning—Saturday—we began to break camp. Our equipment was taken to Davisville in trucks, and after "policing" the camp a number of times, we marched out of Camp Beeckman to the cheers (?) of the cavalry. After a four-mile hike we reached Davisville and began loading horses and equipment. The latter

was easy and soon on, but the horses were a different proposition. Most of us were new at that game, still under Captain Hanley's directions we did well until it came the "Chinese Flag's" (Lt. Metcalf's horse) turn to go into a box car. Then followed an exciting time. No sooner would that horse's feet strike the ramp than he would rear up scattering the men in all directions. Finally a few of the old hands at the game blind-folded the horse, and then forced him into a car. That finished the loading and for a bunch of "rookies" we had made pretty good time.

We travelled in the ordinary day coaches, twenty-five to a coach, something that we often thought of later on when we were crowded in a "Hommes 40." At two o'clock we left Davisville for the mobilization point of the Fifty-first Field Artillery Brigade.

BATTERY PRESENT SIR :

Much routine of the A. E. F. came down from G. H. Q.
But part of the routine handed down, those officers never knew.
For every night, in every town, the drill was just the same,
As "Bucks" and "Non-Coms" took a whack at perfecting this refrain.

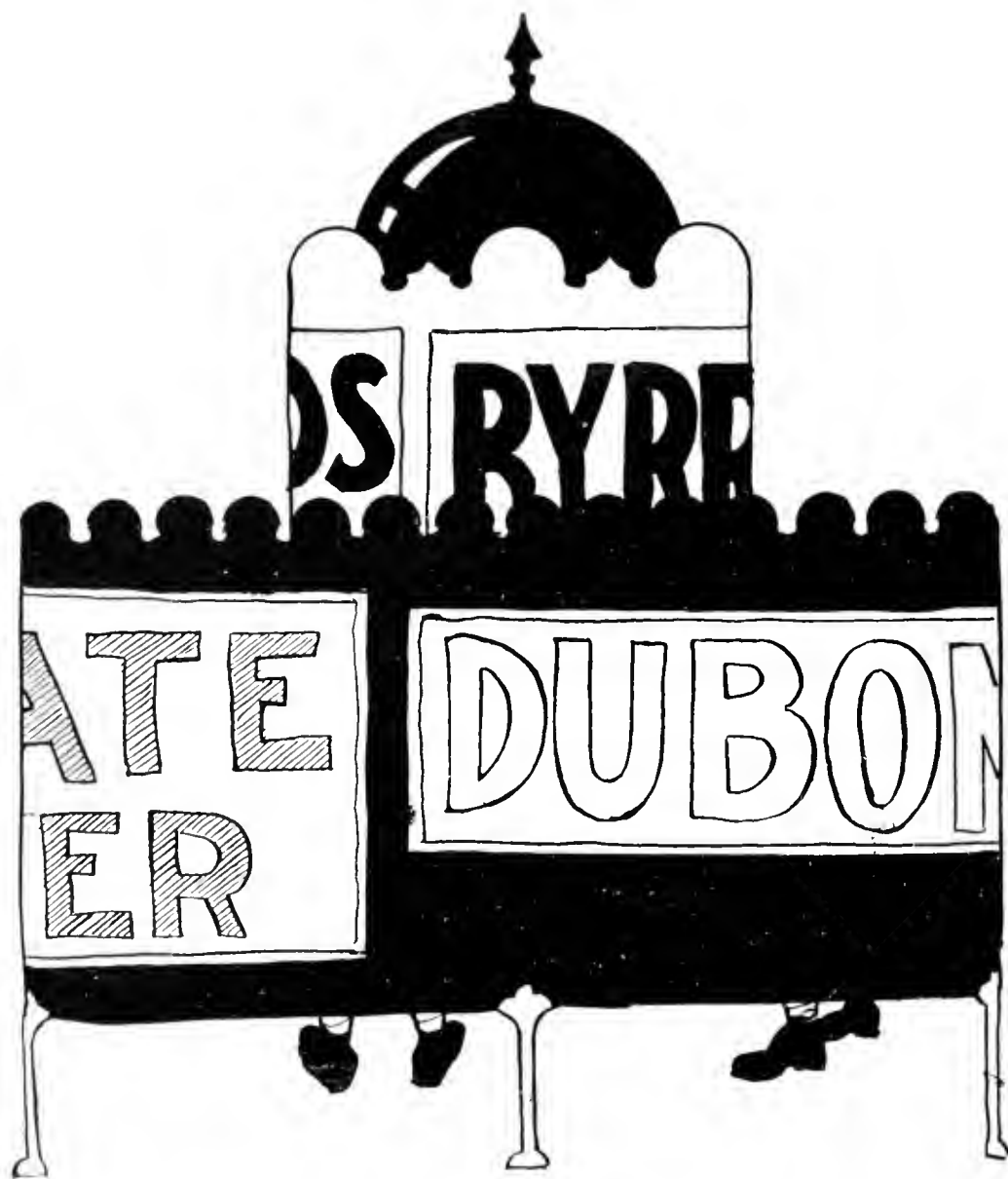
(1)

BonBon Jure, Medam, come on say voos.
Monjey ici dez eufs bo-coo,
Der Van Rouge aussi et o-der-vee
Veet, veet medam, parti toot-sweet.

(2)

Ah wee, medam, bo-coo parley,
Pert-etre ici jer couchay
No voos deet, ser-nay-fay-re-en,
Say bon repas-say com-be-en.

This routine was their favorite drill, all unknown to G. H. Q. And General Orders were soon forgot and replaced by "parley-vous."



Camp Curtis Guild.

“ALL RIGHT! Everybody out! Line up!” After seven hours of riding we had reached Boxford. A little station with a small kerosene lamp over the name just made that fact visible through a black darkness. We could hardly see the man we were supposed to be “dressing on”, but after a while some sort of formation was obtained. The drivers were ordered to fall out to take care of the horses, and a detail of cannoneers was left behind to unload the equipment. After another attempt at formation, the rest of us started on what proved to be a hike of about a mile to Camp Curtis Guild. As we entered the camp and passed the quarters of the One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Second Regiments of Field Artillery, we formed the opinion that Camp Curtis Guild was a pretty neat place. But as we marched from the ideal positions picked by those outfits to what they had left, we began to doubt. As near as we could judge in the darkness we were standing in a swamp or something closely resembling one. Nothing could be done that night, and after another group of men had been detailed to wait up and unload the trucks that would bring our equipment from the train, the rest “corked off.” It was a tough night for the details but by two o’clock Sunday morning the entire outfit was asleep under the stars.

Early the next morning we were literally dragged out of bed. Our last impression the night before had been right. We were in a swamp with small trees and prickly shrubs growing everywhere. Breakfast was served early, and then work started on our Battery street. By noon it had been cleared sufficiently to permit us to erect our tents. By night, we doubted if the place could have been as bad as we at first thought it.

Monday morning brought drill on the old Quonset Point schedule, but in between drills the boys worked on the street, decorating it with small white-washed stones and trees until in a week we had transformed the worst spot in camp into a street that was as neat and attractive as any. When we had time to go around and become ac-

quainted we met the boys of the other three Batteries—two from Connecticut and one from New Hampshire—which, with our three Batteries from Rhode Island, was to form the One Hundred and Third Field Artillery.

While at Boxford some changes were made in the Battery. Lieutenant Sturgess was transferred and Lieutenant Metcalf left us for a



"Jicky" Preparing Chow, Boxford.

while for some other duty. First Sergeant Siteman and Sergeant Churchill were commissioned second lieutenants and assigned to our Battery. We had lost a number of men, some through transfer, some through the federal medical examination which we received shortly after we reached Boxford. But we also received more men in the outfit. There were a few more recruits. Then one evening detachments of the Rhode Island Coast Artillery arrived and some were assigned to B Battery. Then we received a small number—enough to bring the Battery up to war strength—from the men who reached Devens in the first draft. Some

of these were discharged after a thorough medical examination. The rest with the Coast Artillery men soon were in the Battery heart and soul, and in a few days any feeling that might have existed in a few of the men had entirely disappeared.

As far as drill and the ordinary routine of the day was concerned, Boxford was much like Quonset Point. But between Retreat and Taps, we could take "jitneys" to either Haverhill or Lawrence. Camp was deserted every night, and soon some of the boys began coming back late. This caused trouble. Building stone walls and then knocking them down, drill under a full pack, and other forms of fatigue for those reported absent at Taps had no result. The Battery itself resorted to a disagreeable and wholly unsuccessful attempt at discipline. Finally Captain Hanley issued an order confining the men to the Battery street. This had the desired effect and when the order was rescinded there was no more trouble. Passes also caused a little stir. The top sergeant was forced to listen to more stories of sick and dead relatives than any business man ever heard on a "World Series day." At first a telegram with such information would mean a two-day pass, but this had to be stopped, and when a sick relative ceased to be good for a pass

they were not heard from. Every man, however, received at least one week end pass, whether he deserved it or not.

Equipment was issued speedily. We were astonished at the number of essentials, and also at the number of non-essentials the army had to give away. The new field shoes, that were soon to prove their value; haversacks or saddle bags to carry our equipment; two or three cans that we never could pronounce their name and never found out their use; rifles and bayonets which made us look like soldiers; and the identification tags, at first a joke, but later looked at from a different angle. Finally when the quartermaster had no more stuff that he could load on us, we were reviewed by General Edwards and pronounced ready to leave for France. Rumor had us starting many times for many places. One day the 101st and 102nd Regiments pulled out. Then the Second Battalion, C and D Batteries, of our own Regiment left and we knew it was only a short while before we would go. On October seventh the orders came to move the next day—no one knew where. At nine-thirty next morning, at the bugle call, the tents were dropped, and we began to break camp. At two o'clock we left camp, marched down the circular road to the little station at Boxford, and entrained rapidly. As we left Boxford orders were given to draw the shades and make as little noise as possible. For hours we rode this way, with an occasional peak out to see where we were. As it grew dark, we failed to make out the names of the stations and many wild guesses were ventured as to our ultimate destination. Not a spot on the coast from South Carolina to Halifax was left out. About two o'clock next morning the train stopped and we were in New York. We detrained speedily in what seemed a back alley, rushed aboard a river steamer, and were carried to the docks of the White Star Line, where we went aboard the steamer Baltic. By nine o'clock every man was in his "cabin" below decks, with orders to stay there until we were out to sea. And so it happened that the last view of the United States that many of us had for a long while, was that of the Statue of Liberty, which we viewed through the port-holes, as we passed on our way to France.

SURE WE DO.

Since sojourning in France so long, of course we parley vous.
Can speak the language just the same as real Parisiens do,
Converse on any subject, with ease and accents free,
Use most difficult expressions as "Comment " and "Pas Compris "

“ BY THE FELLER FROM DOWN HUM.”

I ain't been long in this here army,
'Bout a month ago that I arrived,
But I like it better than I did on the farm,
And there ain't no cows to milk or drive.

Very first thing in the morning,
Feller blows a horn that makes an awful noise,
Then a feller that they call the sergeant
Says “come on now, wake up boys.”

Then you go down to the stable,
With a brush and curry comb,
Groom and groom just as long as you're able,
Cease grooming, fall in, march back “home.”

They teach you all about being a soldier,
How to march and turn around.
They put a gun upon your shoulder
One, two, three, and you put it on the ground.

They take you out on the drill ground
Waving flags at a feller far away,
But one thing I can't understand
What the deuce he's trying to say

I picked out a horse that looked like Dobbin
Good old horse I had on the farm,
But when he got headed across the country,
I wish'd I had Jack Dempsey's arm.

Finally got him headed for the stable,
Hollered to the Captain, stop him, “Jed.”
The captain turned and said to the sergeant
“ Better tell the doctor to fix up another bed.”

Fall in line and sign a paper,
Then a feller gives you your pay,
Take it to your barracks and put it on a blanket,
Feller says “craps,” and takes it all away.

Over There.

AT last we were really on our way to France. To France ! It was hard for many of us to realize that fact. Probably none of us could analyze our feelings. We had known when we volunteered our services that our ultimate destination was the battlefields of Europe. Stretched out in our bunks because of the orders to stay below, we thought of many things, of our homes, of our new lives as soldiers, of our quiet, almost stealthy departure for foreign shores. And then we fell to wondering what the future held in store for us.

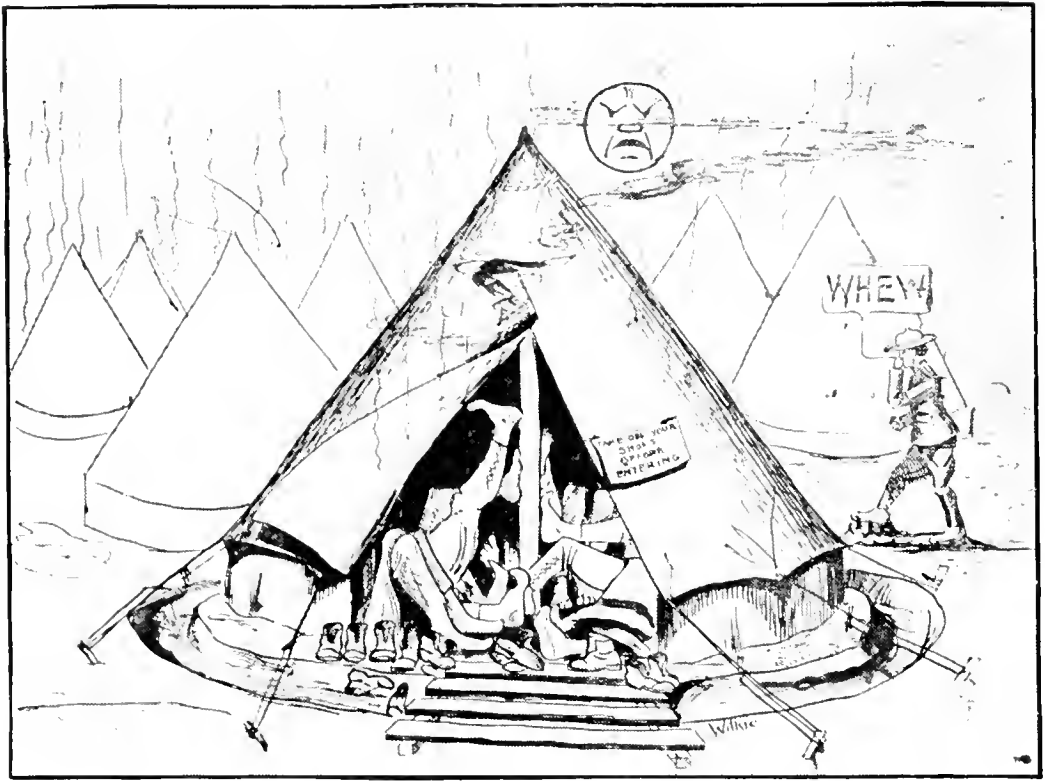
When we were permitted to leave our quarters and go on deck we were out of sight of land. The first few hours were spent in getting our "sea legs" and in inspecting the ship. Late in the afternoon we had our first delightful English meal—jam, bread and tea, served in the "smelly" dining room for "steerage" passengers. This was for enlisted men only, as the officers were travelling first and second-class. How lucky they were. The first meal convinced us that we weren't going to be pampered.

The next morning there were not so many present in the dining hall. A heavy sea was rolling and as some of the boys turned the corner of the last row of steerage cabins and were greeted by the fumes from the galley, they executed "to the rear" in perfect style and weren't seen again for a few days. It was here that Jim Girvan established his reputation as one of the strong men of the Battery by "throwing farther than any of them." There were many led by "Richy" paying homage to Neptune.

Halifax was reached just before noon of the third day out. We anchored in the harbor to wait for the rest of the convoy which was to cross with us. To our disgust no one was permitted to go ashore. After three days waiting the entire convoy had assembled. In the



Just a Fit.—Chuck.



All Feet to the Pole, Southampton.

afternoon of October 14th, 1917, accompanied by seven other ships, and led by an obsolete looking cruiser, we left Halifax for—we didn't know where. Besides the cruiser each ship was equipped with a rifle, the Baltic having a six-inch piece, for protection against submarines.

The voyage was rather uneventful, except for the humorous attempts at setting up exercises, and the daily rumors. A few days of foggy weather and rough seas caused a feeling of uneasiness. Announcement of a large submarine raid in the North Sea increased that feeling. Soon after this we encountered a number of British destroyers, and there was a decided feeling of relief on board the Baltic.

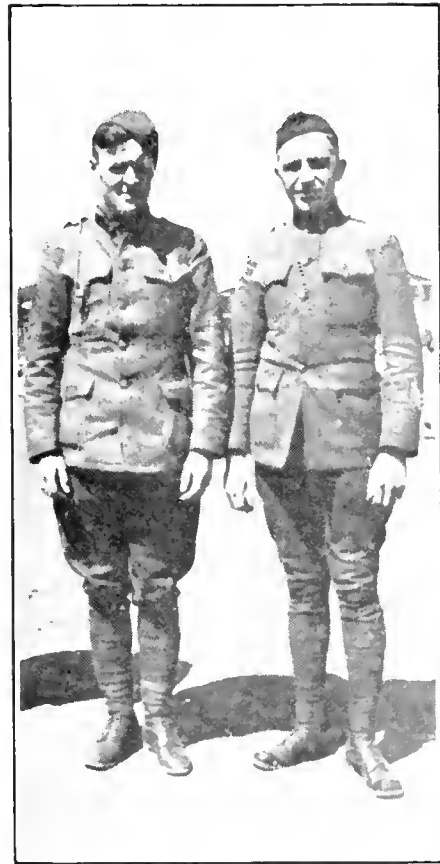
Finally on Tuesday, October 23, we reached Liverpool. It was too late to disembark that day but early next morning we were marching down the gang plank. A hike of a few hundred yards brought us to the train sheds where a train was waiting to take us to camp. For the most of us it was the first sight of a European train, and the funny little engine, and the compartment coaches made to carry eight passengers reminded us more of the old cable cars on College Hill than of any train we had ever seen.

At the very start of the ride across England we had an opportunity to see some of the effects of war. As the train passed warehouses, or

gave us a chance view of the streets of Liverpool, we saw women performing the tasks ordinarily done by men, and then we noted the scarcity of men in civilian dress and realized why the women were doing such work.

As we left Liverpool and the train rolled on through a beautiful country of well ordered farms and neat villages, we felt more like tourists out to see the world, than like soldiers. Late that night when we reached Southampton we felt the soldier part. It was dark and raining hard when we detrained. The hike to the rest camp that night would have been bad if we had had only ourselves to carry, but with our haversacks and cumbersome blanket rolls on our backs, and our rifles on our shoulders, it was a killer. The pace was a record breaker. Shortly after the start the non-coms were performing their usual valiant duty of attempting to hold the men in formation, but of no avail. We staggered along as best we could and were mighty glad when the camp was reached. Then followed an agonizing wait in the rain, while a conference "on quarters" was held. After what seemed hours, but was really not so terribly long, we found ourselves crowded into small, white, conical tents, much smaller than the U. S. Army tents. The order was all feet to the pole and don't move. Home was never like this.

We stayed in Southampton about a week. Here a few men went to the hospital. Mahoney almost left us to join the Marines "First to fight," says Jim. One or two short hikes to keep us in condition showed us what wonderful scenery there was around Southampton. But no matter how much we hiked around, we couldn't find anything to eat. A slice of "Canned Willy," two slices of bread, a little jam and some tea, was a day's ration. Nothing could be bought. Ben Miller agreed with Sherman. No one was sorry when one afternoon we were ordered to "make rolls" and prepare to leave. We did it, toute de suite.



"Little Tucker" and "Cap." Kenaston.—
Devens.

Crossing the Channel.

ON October 29, 1917, about five o'clock in the afternoon we boarded the S. S. Viper, a yacht-like, channel boat, about 135 feet long, for our never-to-be-forgotten crossing of the English Channel.

We were marched down two decks, to the very hold of the vessel and then up into the bow of the boat until the first man was flush with the wall and every man following packed tight up against the man in front and on the side of him. We were then ordered to remove our packs. After what looked like an impossibility, we managed to let them squeeze, slide or fall to the floor.

The channel was exceedingly rough that day, and the Viper began to roll and in a very short time was listing about forty-five degrees. The result can easily be imagined. It is almost impossible to describe the sorry looking sight we all were. No one could walk on deck without getting slapped against the rail. Anyone who wanted to move could only crawl along, holding on to anything within reach. Men were staggering about trying to find a better place than where they were, some of them being dashed to the floor, only to be picked up in an unconscious condition.

In the early hours of the morning the Channel began to calm, and the men, tired and sick, lay down wherever they happened to be to try and get a few hours sleep before daylight.

The trip had its humorous side at times. One case in particular was rather amusing to the "men." It happened that the Saloon had been reserved for the Officers. Seated around the sides of the Saloon facing each other were Col. Smith, Captain Hanley, Lieut. Langdon and Major Hamilton. A more depressed looking lot it would be difficult to find. Not one dared to speak. Suddenly the expected happened – what had been someone's supper rested in the Colonel's lap. He never blinked an eyelash and sat as still as a Sphinx. Any other time the gang would have laughed itself sick, but nothing was funny enough to cause a laugh that night. Enough said.

In the morning we were a bedraggled looking lot. Our Mess Sergeant, Steve Knowles, handed us out crackers and cheese, and some who were lucky drew a piece of chocolate. Finally we set foot on "La Belle France" and started on the first of those man-killing hikes through the famous mud of France to our first Rest Camp in France at Le Havre.

The camp was built on a high hill. Fortunately we only stayed here one night. Our tents were like those we had at Southampton, small circular ones, the canvas so weather beaten that the rain leaked right through. Captain Hanley cheered us up a little by giving us the means to partially drown our sorrows. The next day we hiked to the freight depot, where we found the ever to be remembered cattle cars, "Cheveaux 8", "Hommes 40." Five men were crowded into a space that crowds one horse, and the word was given "all aboard" for Coëtquidan.

Our first ride was not exactly a success. We lacked the necessary experience, which we soon acquired, to make ourselves comfortable. For two days and nights we sat cramped, scarcely able to change our positions, even to eat. What we could see of the country through which we were passing gave us the impression that it was a farming district, where apples were the chief product. Outside of the fact that apples were the chief product of the country, we were impressed by the lack of sun and the continuous rain. It had been raining ever since the day we reached France.

We were all mighty glad when the train stopped and we detrained. It was late at night, with Jupiter Pluvius still in the ascendancy. The trucks waiting to carry us to camp were a most welcome sight. A hike that night would have been a heart breaker. After a ride of a few kilometers we reached Camp de Coëtquidan where we were assigned to barracks. No time was lost in unrolling our packs, and we were soon dead to the world.

OUR TOUGHEST BATTLE.

You can talk about our hardships,
And recount our battles o'er.
Tell our hopes and joys and sorrows,
All that thrilled us to the core.
But there's one tough little sector,
Where we got an awful knock,
Gee; our casualties were heavy,
'Twas the Battle of Vin Blanc.

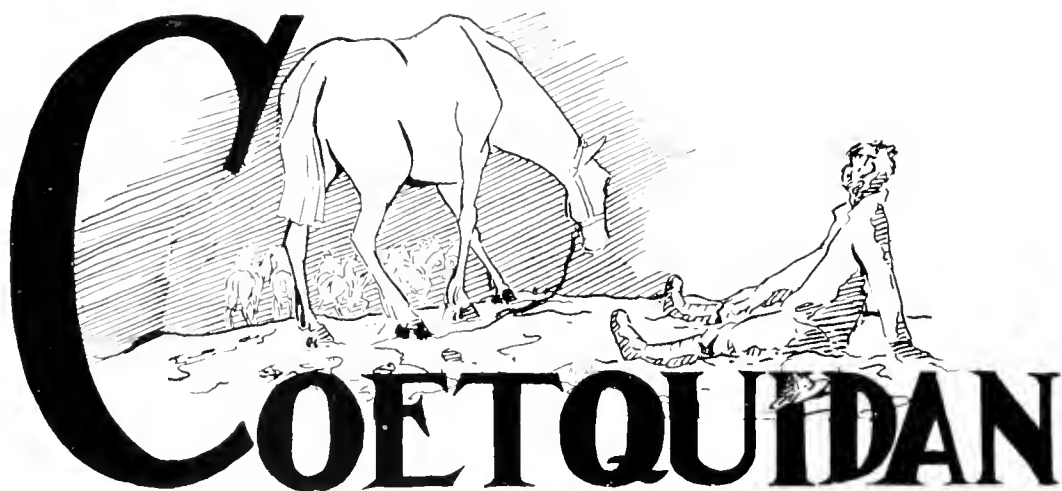
BIRDS OF PREY.

The sun had set in skies of gold,
And glorious was it to behold,
The day in all its splendor dies,
While tinted evening shades the skies.
Tired men sought peace in blessed sleep,
The earth reposed in slumber deep,
While from the dark and gloomy north,
Huge human birds new prey now sought.

With soft-purred hums the Gothas came,
And many were their bombs to maim.
Far-distant boomed the first line guns,
As thundering threats to murderous Huns.
Still onward did the death-birds soar,
The distant hum became a roar.
The screaming shrapnel sped on high
To fall the foe, to bar the sky.

The search-lights cut the solid black,
Machine guns now their lead-streams spat.
High up were bursts of livid red
As if the sky with wounds had bled.
Those on the earth the depths did seek
That fliers might no vengeance wreak.
'Neath massive layers of stone and beam,
They ran to hide from flares bright gleam.

The ground with rumbling roar did rock,
When swishing bombs crashed to their mark.
The birds of prey wheeled in the heights
To dodge the stabbing rays of light
The heaven lit up with flaming torch,
As bursting shells the Hun did scorch.
And down it fell a blazing mass,
Where just before its bombs had crashed.

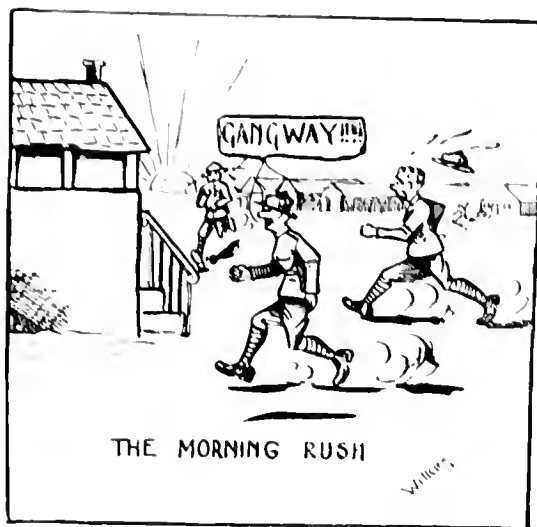


Camp de Coetquidan.

CAMP de Coëtquidan, or "Coqui," as it had been affectionately dubbed by those members of the A. E. F. who have been fortunate enough to enjoy its questionable hospitality, was the first scene of our untiring efforts and activity. Viewed from the angle of isolation or in case of quarantine, the camp was a huge success. The nearest and muddiest village of any importance was three kilometers away, and it was more than thirty of these same French milestones to a real town. Perhaps these facts may have influenced Napoleon, for it was he that first chose this site as an artillery camp, or again it may have been on "Nap's" account that the A. E. F. promoters resurrected it. At any rate there we were for three long months.

Misery loves company, it is true, and we were all elated to find that the balance of our Brigade had preceded us hither, while the Artillery Brigade of the Rainbow Division arrived on our heels. The 101st was especially fortunate, from a historical viewpoint, in drawing "Nap's" old stones barracks for living quarters. This seemed to please them immensely, due no doubt to the fact that they hailed from dear old Boston. The rest of us were quartered in newer wooden barracks, four being allowed to our Battery. These were equipped with cots, mattresses, stoves, and three electric lights, in short all modern improvements.

But perhaps the cots should not be included. Three days after our arrival the camp was congested with eager faces and campaign hats. The 102nd with much grumbling and swearing was forced to move to



some heretofore unoccupied barracks, where Mother earth answered the purpose of a more expensive import from Brussels. Of course we offered sympathy, but they refused it and demanded our cots. And what was more - they got them. But not until we had moved these same cots and all our belongings by hand to the barracks they had vacated, a few blocks away. That moving day, a Sunday afternoon, was a day to be re-

membered. Without the personal attention of Major Hamilton and his entire staff it would not have been accomplished for several days more.

From that time on, we stretched our mattresses out on the wooden boards and made the most of our other luxuries. The stoves were of these. Each barrack was allotted two. They were of such size and shape that it took a minute inspection to discover just where the stove-pipe began and where it ended. Fuel was scarce, until we started demolishing the barracks, and no amount of higher mathematics or thermal research could seem to overcome the obstacles presented by their matched boards, ten windows and four doors. Added to these difficulties were the stove hounds, about ten to each stove. Night after night these same individuals had a continuous round of boiling clothes, thawing, bathing, or "cocoaing." During the winter, the majority sought the blankets and mattress for solace and warmth.

The day after our arrival the cannoneers were ushered to the gun park, and introduced gravely to Mr. Schneider's 155mm product. Lieutenant Metcalf, whose lengthy pedal extremities had caused him to outstrip us on the way over, did the honors. He was succeeded by Sergeant Long, late of the 1st Division, whose arduous duties, we soon found, necessitated his appearance at least once a week. The cannoneers fell in with a vengeance, and three days later were demolishing an abandoned town out on the range.

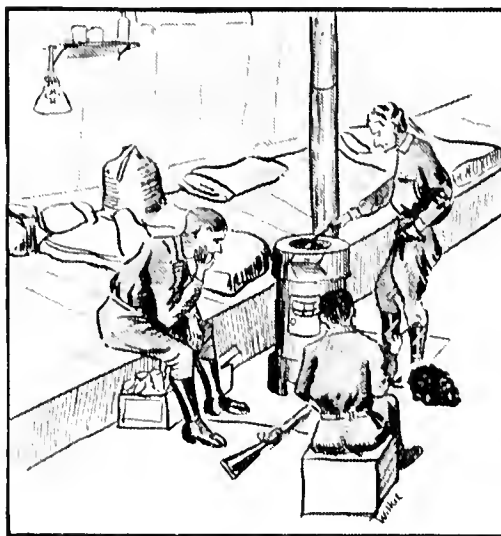
The "special detailers" were sent to telephone, telegraph and Radio School. The instructors were both French and American, but judging from the reports their pupils brought back to the barracks, they seemed to be trying to make more of an impression with wild tales from the front, than with the task at hand. As for the pupils, many of them became so expert in a short time that they bunked school regularly.

For the first three weeks, the drivers had little to do. Time dragged fearfully, but finally the horses came and Captain Hanley received them at the new stables just erected by German prisoners.

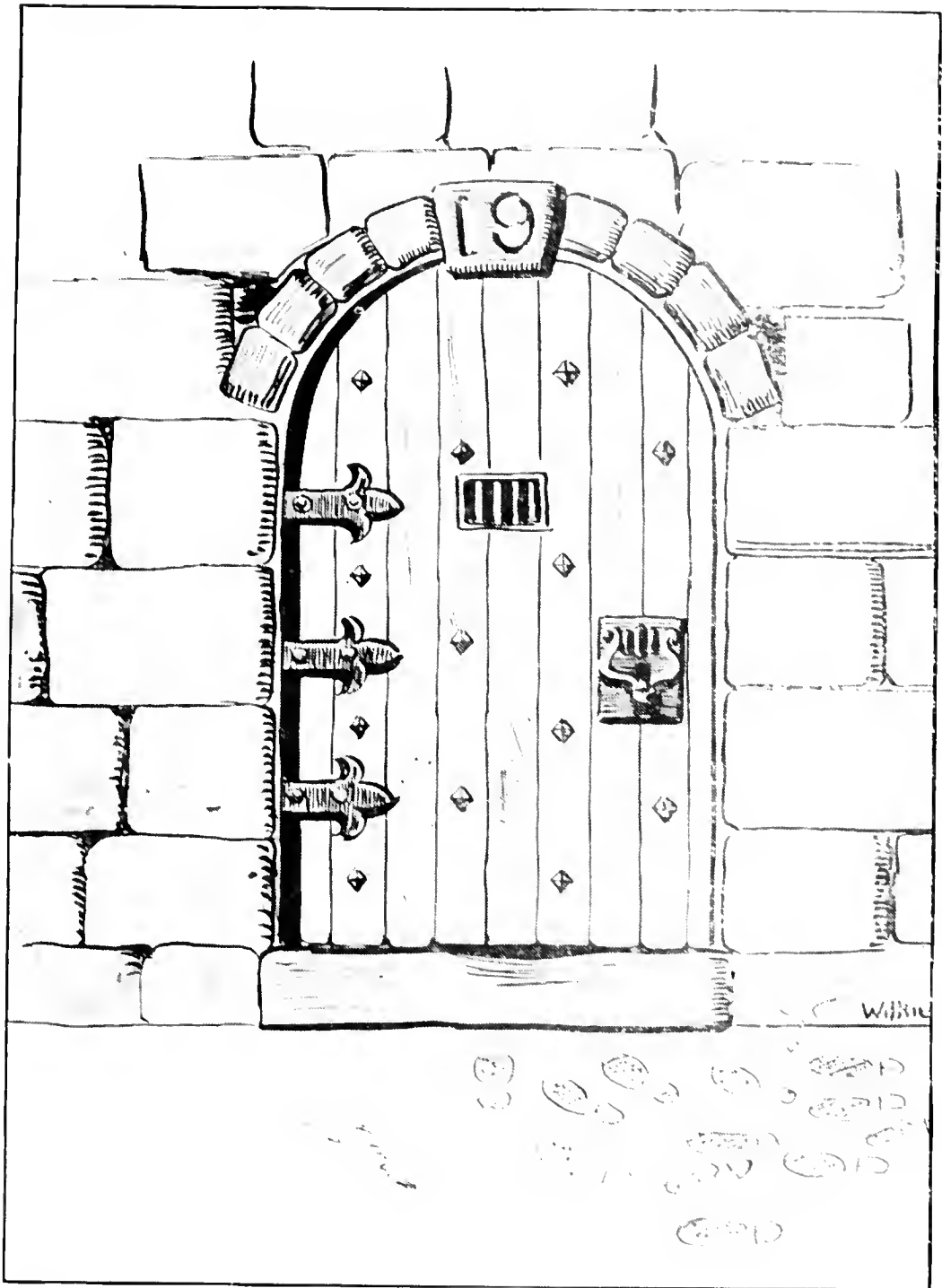
The horses were all true "cheveaux," unversed and uneducated in American ways and customs, but the drivers were immediately assigned mounts, the horses introduced to American harness, and our training was in full swing. Let it suffice to say that from that time on, there was no complaint of not having enough to do.

Synonymous with the arrival of horses, came a new issue of officers, nine of them, the first and finest product of Plattsburg. "Camp Fire Girls" was their first sobriquet, but we were glad to live and learn better. Only four of them survived far beyond the training camp days, but those four, "Jawn" Garrett II, "Reveille" Wheat, "Jazzbo" Stark, and "Ferdy" Bailey, made an enviable and lasting reputation with the men of the Battery. The last, Lieutenant Bailey, is the only officer connected with the Battery who has seen service from that day until we were mustered out at Camp Devens.

From this time on we ran a life of routine duty that would gladden the heart of the man who founded the army. Reveille at 5:30, stables followed, a fifteen minute walk through slippery sticky mud, such as France only can boast of. Woe to the man who slept a few seconds too long and fell into line with shoes unlaced. Then back to a dark breakfast of too crisp bacon and black coffee. Stables again for the drivers with "water call," groom, harness and hitch, or clean harness. Drill for the cannoneers, incessantly, and at nightfall, due to six different kinds of guard duty, down they marched to the stables to help with the evening's water and feed. Retreat just at dark,



The Stove Hounds.



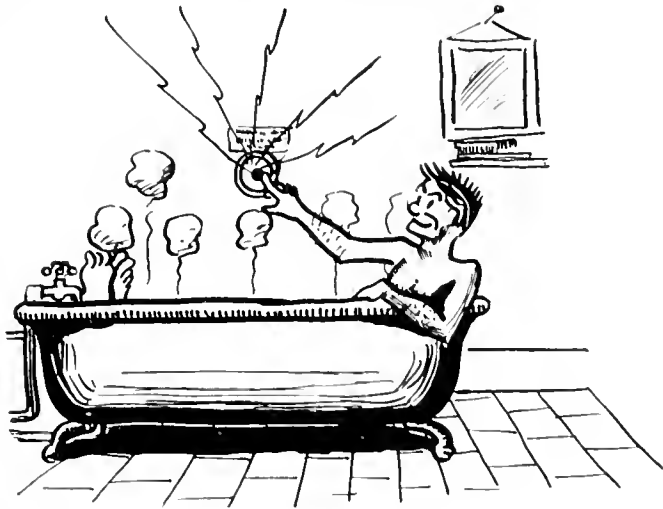
"Lest We Forget"

and then another meal by the bewitching candle light,—candles that have long since lost their romance being minus a fair face and a little “jazz.”

At times difficulties were experienced with the mess, due to no apparent cause. Both A and B Batteries were using the same kitchen so we took it out good naturedly on each other and hoped for the best. It came in due time, but not until A Battery made a new Mess Sergeant, so B Battery was vindicated. Thanksgiving and Christmas were two days, at least, which left nothing to be desired in the way of eatables.

Near the middle of the Winter a Fresh Air Campaign was instituted by some worthy soul higher up, whose comfortable and cosy quarters necessitated ventilation. Those in the barracks had experienced too much difficulty in keeping warm to give deep thought to the matter of ventilation. Consequently the ten windows were never opened at night. It now devolved upon the officer of the day to go through each barrack, after taps, and open all these windows. This he did, quite indiscriminately; and it was not unusual to be rudely awakened by the heel of his boot on your chest, or one of his spurs poking into your ribs. Shoes and curses bothered him not at all, but a few nails in the offending windows turned one campaign into a defeat.

There is a true adage about “all work and no play” which even the army cannot afford to overlook all the time, and so we had our play. From five-thirty until eight-thirty, every evening our time was our own. Then we would drift to a little collection of booths, cafes, and abbreviated hotels, that sprang up almost overnight, just outside the gates of the camp. Here the paper Franc willingly parted company from the “Soldat Americain,” and prices soared each day. So free were the francs, many men drawing four or five months pay at one time, that the little community of Bellevue, as it was called, grew as a fabulous mining town in the golden days of “49.” Gaudy structures with appropriate names, such as the “American Bar,” the “Stars and Stripes,” appeared and prospered.



Then if tired of these surroundings, one had but to go over the hill and down into the valley to another collection of ram shackle buildings called St. Malo. Here prices were more reasonable, but the long walk back, through the mud and up the steep hill, invariably spoiled the party.

Our favorite playground was Rennes, a city of approximately 75,000 people, thirty kilometers away. Passes were necessary for this journey, always undertaken on Sunday, and they were meted out with such rare judgment and fairness that each man in the Battery made just one visit to this city during our three months at camp. The trip itself was a tedious affair, necessitating three hours ride on a narrow gauge steam railroad. Standing room only was the vogue, and it was not infrequent for all hands to clamber off and let the cannoneers try their willing hands over some particularly steep portion of the road bed.

The city itself was well worth a visit. One could buy fabulous pastry at fabulous prices, and fall into a bath tub with hot water right up to your chin, always a luxury in France. And of course, there were other attractions not to be mentioned here.

And so it went until the last few weeks before our departure for the unknown lines. Then suddenly we began to arise at unheard of and unholy hours, roll our packs, rush to the stables, haul out the guns in the rain, the dampness and the mud, stay on the range all day, with a couple of jam sandwiches for company, and back again after the sun was long gone behind the hills. These were trying and nerve racking days. Then came the inspections. We had become quite used, by that time, to surrendering our Sunday mornings, regularly, but now came full pack inspections, equipment inspections, feet inspections, every possible kind of inspection even to a grand finale conducted by the Brigade Commander himself. That passed and we knew we were soon to be on our way.

It came very soon. On February 4th, at one o'clock in the morning, we were literally pulled out of bed. The officers were dashing around "efficient like," and the non-coms were soon following their example. A hasty breakfast and we "rolled rolls," and were ordered to police up. Absolutely no lights outside, but we "policed up" around the buildings. Then down to the stables where we harnessed, then out to the gun park to hitch, and before it was light we were on our way to Guer.

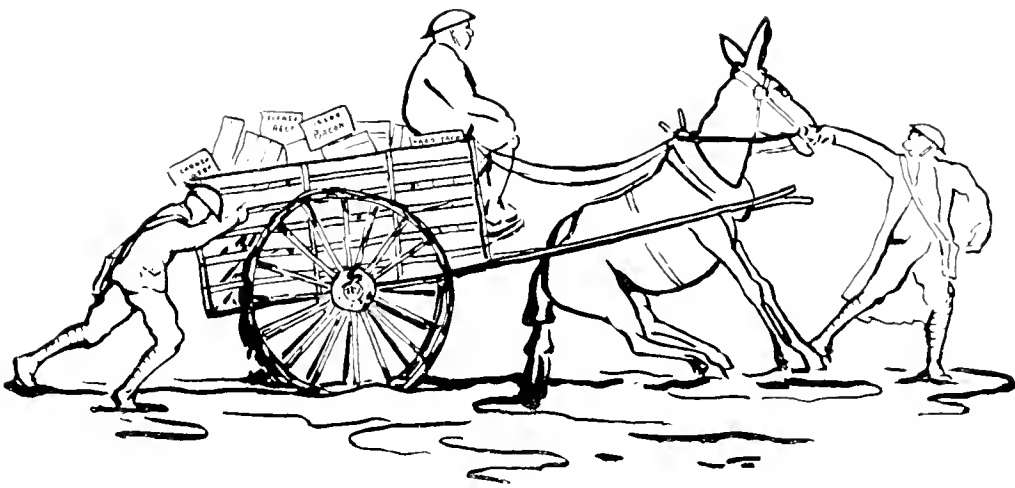
Entraining was quite a job, it always was, although we later got so that we could do it in remarkably quick time. We were of the opinion

that we “showed speed,” this time, but it was fairly late in the morning when we left Guer and started for the front.

The value of experience was shown clearly on this trip. On the trip from Le Harvre to Guer everyone had been uncomfortable, but this time wooden benches were not tolerated and we were more comfortable by far than we would have been in compartment coaches. The trip was much like all our trips in box cars. We lived on canned goods and played cards incessantly. The only thing that created any real interest, until we neared the front, was our approach to Paris. The Eiffel Tower was plainly visible, and everyone was expecting to see the city itself, but we only had a glimpse of the suburbs.

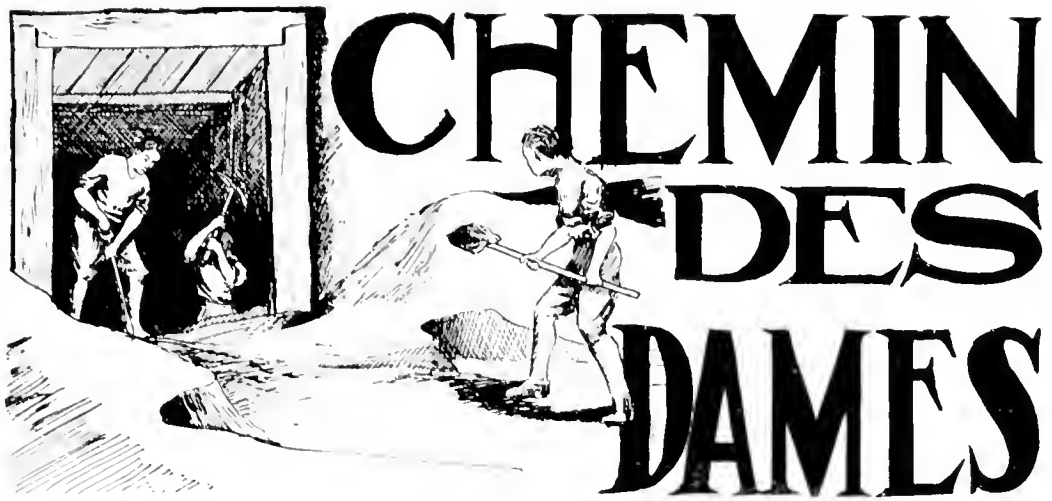
As we neared the front, cards were forgotten. Long before we reached Soissons, the actual ravages of war were visible. Many of the small French towns through which we passed were nearly in ruins from heavy artillery fire, and air raids. As we neared Soissons, the hills were covered with intricate systems of trenches and barbed wire entanglements.

We were now very close to the place towards which we had been working for a long time—the Battlefields of France—and as it grew dark and we rolled slowly over the shell torn railroad all were wondering what the morrow would show us.



On the Wheels.—Heave.

LOST—Somewhere in France.—One Ration Cart. Finder notify Lieutenant Garrett.



Our First Sector.

AFTER two days of riding in our side door Pullmans' we pulled into the demolished train sheds of Soissons. This was the sixth of February, 1918. It was late at night and the only impression that we received of the famous city was that of a place scientifically shot up. Naturally we were a little nervous, especially as all of the Frenchmen we encountered insisted upon telling us of the delightful air raids experienced in this sector and informing us that it was about time for another one.

The unloading was accomplished in very good time considering the darkness and the fact that this was our first real experience in detraining, and we were soon "on the road."

From Soissons we followed the rumbling pieces over the cobbled streets of the dark city, and then about ten kilometers over a military highway to the village of Bucy le Long. My recollections of that night are a confused jumble of pictures—of darkness and mud, of a deep voice shattering the comparative quiet of the black void behind the fourth piece with, "Morris, I command you to trot! Forward Hooooo;" of our first casualty, when Ike Melvin said, "If someone will take this piece off my foot, I'll get up;" and of pieces, caissons, and park wagons stuck in the deep mud of the entrance of what was to be our echelon. After hours of work we had all the pieces and wagons off the road, the horses "tied in," in what appeared to be the remains of a stable, and under the directions of the "Top" found bunks in what were originally old French Barracks. The next day we went to work fixing the place up.

While we were improving our quarters we also found out a little about the town. Before the war, if we could judge from ruins, Bucy le Long had been an attractive little village, situated among the hills that border the highway from Soissons to Laon. The population, numbering perhaps two thousand people, farmed and carried on a little trade between the two great cities. The two great offensives, which occurred before our occupancy of the town, had left it in ruins. The two that came later most probably served to obliterate these few landmarks.

Among the ruins however was one spot which we were soon to appreciate. That was the half ruined building which housed the French military canteen. After becoming acquainted with it there was not a day passed that the "echelon hounds" weren't lined up to buy chocolate, condensed milk, canned fruit, jam, eggs, champagne, and many other things. The canteen and the second-class mail from home made it a great war.

A "Great war" but not an easy one. The men stationed at the echelon found out that a driver's job wasn't a cinch. Besides helping in general improvements, each man had at least four horses and four full sets of harness to look after. Details had to take provisions to the positions every day, and because of the small number of men, guard duty came often; but guard duty here was not "soft." When on duty the guard was kept busy, and when off he worked with the rest of the drivers. Then there was another job, one through which "Pop" Harwood established himself as horse undertaker. About every other morning a conversation something like the following would take place:

Lt. John Garrett—"What, another dead horse?"

Trouvé—"Yes, sir."

Garrett—"When did he die?"

Trouvé—"Last night. Lynch says forage poison. He always says something like that."

Garrett—"Call Corporal Harwood for me."

Harwood—"Do you want me, sir?"

Garrett—"Yes, aren't you the undertaker around here. If you are get this dammed horse out of here before the Colonel gets around. I don't want to get hell and I've got enough work without keeping after you."

Harwood—"Shall I bring you back a bottle of wine, sir?"

Garrell "One ! Dammitt ! Bring me a couple. I was up all night and the damn fool had to die when I thought he was getting better. I hear you have a card out about removing dead horses. Let me see it."

(The card)

*Corporal "Pop" Harwood
Battery B Undertaker
Dead horses removed at
short notice
Tel: Vin Rouge 2f 50*

Garrell That is some card. But I don't know about that short notice stuff. The last dead horse laid around a week after I called you up. The next time someone else gets the job if this one isn't out of here in an hour. All right all right I can't listen to you now. I've got work to do. Don't forget the wine. Where's Melvin ?

Battery B certainly lost a useful man when some months later Harwood was sent back to Coëtquidan as an instructor.

Life at Bucy wasn't all work either. Improvised concerts, with the Frenchmen from the Chateau joining in, whiled away many an evening. Many a likely game was broken up by "Lights out ! Aeroplane." Steve Knowles said this always happened just as he was "coming back." Then, too, the avions furnished us with entertainment through the day. They were continually in the air with shrapnel bursting around them, and we often wondered how it was that they could so successfully stay above a barrage. It was here that they who stayed at the echelon had their first sight of an air battle. A German who had been doing quite a little mischief among the balloons was attacked by two French Avions. At first the Boche seemed to have the supremacy, but suddenly one Frenchman got the right position and opened up with his machine gun. The German machine began to fall, and at the same time burst into flames. It landed not far from the echelon, and everyone took a trip over to view the Boche. Battery B's would-be aviators lost all ambition.

We were all glad when the time came to leave Bucy. It wasn't the work we minded, we expected that. It wasn't the Boche aviators or the shells that were coming over near the end of our stay there. We

expected that. But it was here that we first "got em" and we remembered with shame how we laughed at the German prisoners in Coëtquidan when they "Read their shirts" and here we were doing the same.

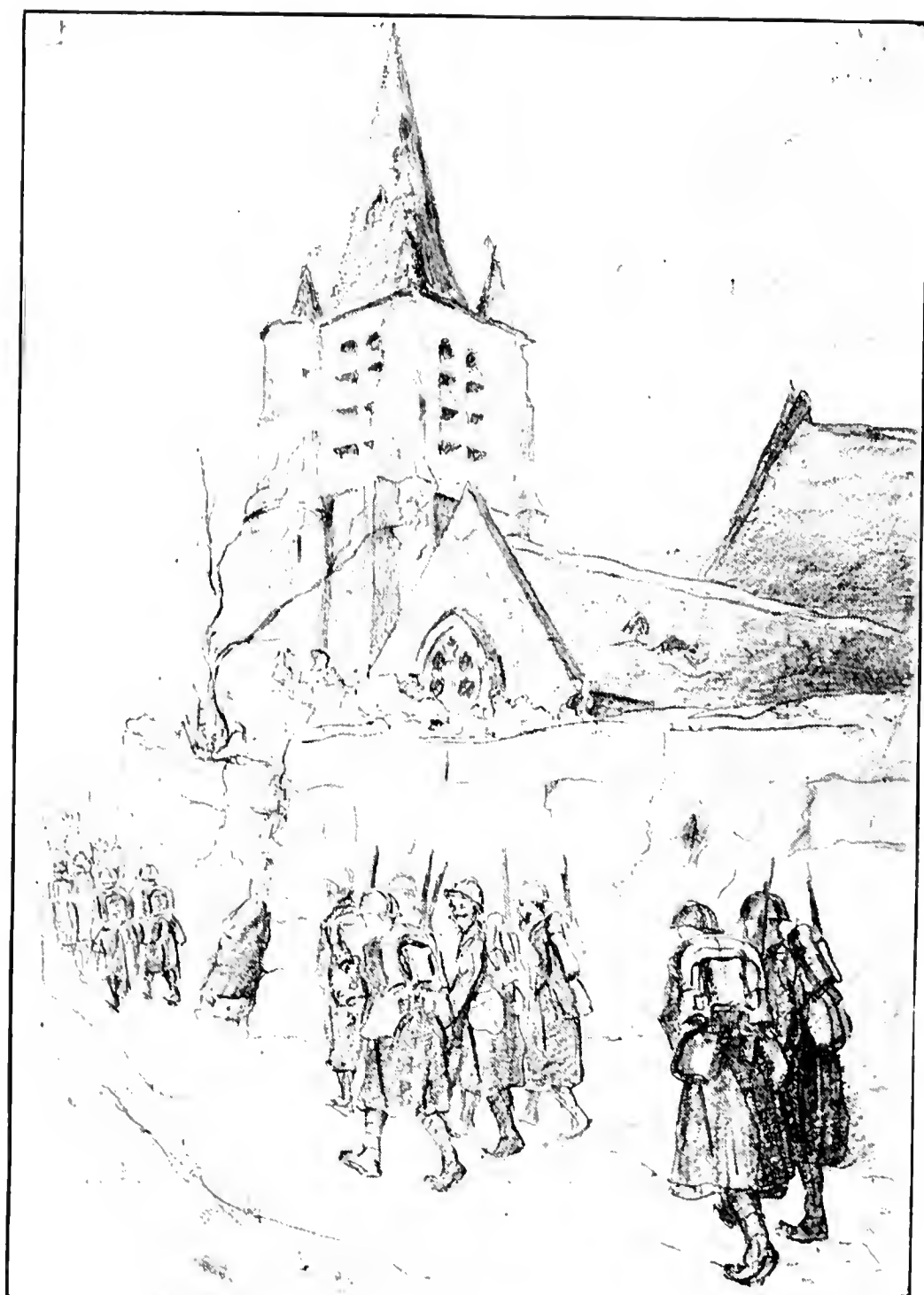
Meanwhile the cannoneers were learning how to make war. One sunny afternoon, several days after pulling into Bucy, the gun sections, newly equipped, from their unscratched tin hats to their unsoiled field shoes, rolled rolls, slung rifles, mounted off horses, and left for their initial appearance on the Western Front.

The Chemin des Dames sector, at that time, was experiencing one of its few quiet periods. New grass was slowly covering the old shell holes. The battered and half destroyed buildings were beginning to show signs of habitation again, and a riff-raff of unpoliced and dirty French and German equipment, grisly relics of the half forgotten battles of the year before, lay rusting in the fields. About as warm a spot as you'd hope to find a few months previous. That afternoon, however, when we pulled out of Bucy, through the suburbs of Soissons, and into the camouflage skirted road that led to the beautiful old town of Coucy-le-Chateau, found the war business on a slump. And we, readers of many a lurid account of going into action under fire, open-mouthed listeners to many a tale of hot battle, expecting about half of Fritz's reserve supply of ammunition first crack out of the box, found ourselves nearing the line, along a highway as quiet as a country road in America, with nothing more military in sight than a friendly plane circling overhead, and a swaying balloon in the distance. You know the old slogan that goes "First impressions" and so on. Fine things these old proverbs, providing instructions are issued simultaneously as to when and where to apply. That's precious knowledge. We gained it at Toul, Château-Thierry, and other warm spots, but not at Banc-de-Pierre.

Along towards seven o'clock, after it had become dark enough to



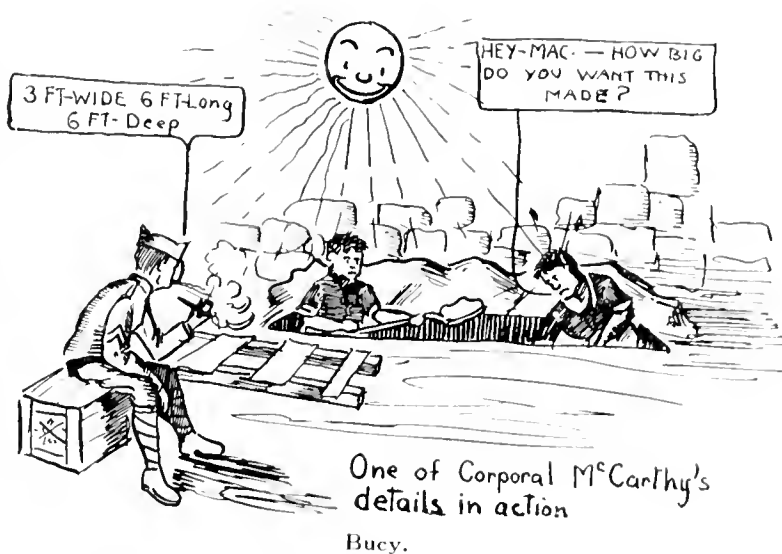
How they "got" Boche Avions.



Vicq.

conform to the regulations covering the taking up of gun positions, we cut into a winding stony road to the left, tipping down the side of a steep hill, and continuing in the form of an achievement in corduroy, with mud holes at frequent intervals through the valley below. Somewhere along its length we passed what appeared in the dark to be a shoulder of a hill, but which we immediately discovered, by the simple method of trying to walk on it, to be an intricate arrangement of camouflage, designed to protect the four gun pits, connecting passages, living and ammunition dugouts and all the additional works necessary for the proper working of a six inch howitzer battery in action, from the curious eyes of the Boche avions. I don't know how it appeared from above but it looked good from underneath, that is, until it contracted the unpleasant habit of taking fire. We saw very little of it that night. After hauling in the pieces and posting a guard we were ordered to the top of the hill, with whatever of our haversacks we might find intact, to join in a grand controversy over a tangled mass of blanket rolls. By the flickering light of a lantern, held by a most excitable French Lieutenant, we salvaged what we could of our rolls, and were assigned quarters in one of the biggest dugouts it has ever been our luck to see.

Originally a chalk mine, the property of an exceedingly ambitious owner, judging by the size of the hole he had made, the cave served many good purposes during the war. Frenchmen claimed for it a capacity of a division in case of necessity, not counting the bugs, rats, and that sort of thing. Infantry in reserve were stationed there, troops going in for an attack occupied it over night. Fritz made it a headquarters when he came through early in 1917, and the



French returning trapped several hundred Boche inside. It was divided into chambers about twenty-five feet square, lighted by acetylene lamps, and ventilated, here and there, by holes in the roof. Damp, stuffy, and ill-smelling it was, but when the German planes were up and their high

explosive dropping near, the thought of forty feet of solid rock overhead was almighty soothing.

The nearest thing to real war we ran across up there occurred the first day. It came with shell hauling—the curse of a cannoneers existence from one end of a scrap to the other. That day's experience was a fair sample of what we took as a matter of course later on. Just how many shells we carried is unknown, but an indication of their number may be gained by an astute person who has a knowledge of the habits of the species, when he learns that the First Sergeant himself managed sixteen of them. Lieutenant Metcalf in demonstrating his theory that it was easier to carry two shells at one time than one shell at two times, established an unbeatable record by hoisting an "O. A." to each shoulder and puffing a laborious and precarious way down the slippery path to the positions.

Before we had done enough firing to necessitate another shell party, Lieutenant Stark solved the problem for this position by designing a chute, leading from the little one-horse narrow gauge, half way up the hill, down to the first section gun pit. It was built of planks, padded with sand bags at the bottom, and, when sufficiently greased, permitted a comet like passage of any missile introduced. This idea finally developed into a kind of corporation with Lieut. Stark, President, presiding over the controlling end at the top; First Sergeant Drummond, general manager at the bottom, disposing of the many problems at that end in an admirable manner; and Burlingame, in his capacity of Chief Mechanic usually being found along the line of flight, a grease can in one hand and a dauber in the other, dislodging unruly shells that now and then held up traffic because of some defect in the device. We of course were the boys that made "the wheels go round."

Another occupation which became a filler-in for the blank spaces between our daily duties was that of sand-bag filling. It was one of our endless jobs, like that of constructing trail bumpers, to catch the back flip of a double zero charge of B G 5. There was an immeasurable quantity of sand, innumerable bales of sang-bags, and endless ways of using the finished product. We built revetments, and walls, and walks of intricate design; padded the roofs of dugouts, and the rear ends of our hopping howitzers. The sand itself was at once a source of trouble and pleasure. We filled our own and other people's shirts, shoes and pockets with it; scoured our mess kits in it, used it instead of sugar in our coffee, in the place of pepper in our slum, and managed to loaf away an occa-

sional lazy February afternoon on the sand banks of Banc-de-Pierre, dreaming of the beaches of Narragansett Bay.

In fact our existence at Chemin-des-Dames seems to have been made up mostly of endless jobs. Dugout digging was probably the worst of the lot, for while we seemed to accomplish something of a definite character along other lines, managed to build revetments sufficiently strong to withstand shell fragments if any should happen along, trail bumpers that at least held our guns in the pits, and respectable piles of ammunition, dugout building had us defeated. Plenty were started, but beyond excavating heaps and heaps of sand, nothing seemed to materialize. We'd sweat and cuss on a little four by eight hole that came through with a crash the first fine evening we fired. For a time the gun crews, when off duty, took up excavation as a side line. Later, details were sent up from the echelon, with Havard in charge and Guy Elmer assisting. They worked under the direction of two energetic Frenchmen, and toward the end of our stay became most proficient in the art, nearly finishing a beauty. This was intended to shelter the third section, which, however lived in a small affair dug into the side of their gun pit during their entire stay.

Though rather deficient in the building of dugouts, we certainly gained a knowledge of how to live in them. During the first week or so the cave remained the home of most of the men on the gun crews, with small details,—skeleton crews,—bunking near the pieces in case of a hurry call to fire. The first, third, and fourth section details occupied small dugouts near their guns, and the second "sans abri," corked off in a small tin shack some little distance from the positions. The Cave, however, remained the meeting place and club room of the outfit. It also seemed to serve in a like capacity for the greater part of the French Army. Even after establishing ourselves comfortably in the dugouts at the pieces, we instinctively wandered up the hill when our evenings were free and mixed into those lively international banquets at which such brilliant entertainers as Bill Mackie and Cap Kenaston presided. The co-operative on the "Couchy Road" played a leading part in making these gatherings successful by furnishing lobster, biscuit, cake, champagne, the "Two vins" and candles at very reasonable prices. Let it be said again, this wasn't such a tough war. Following pay day the stock on the shelves over our bunks would make the proverbial farmers larder look like a Y. M. counter in the Zone of Advance during a rush season.

But even here life had its serious side—its privations. It was our first taste of warfare and we early found that certain of the rules and

regulations ran counter to our nature. One of these—that one which commanded us to keep our shirts on at night, and climb into the blankets, full pack, proved especially irritating. Normal Americans, we were accustomed to enter the land of Nod clad in pajamas, and during the first few evenings we felt as out of place in a bunk, fully dressed, as we would on Exchange Place, attired in night shirts. Aubrey Bartlett, gunner of the second piece in those days, felt the restrictions more keenly than the majority. Three nights he spent rolling and tossing and cussing, and on the fourth he arose in his wrath and hauled off his O. D. Breeches. That same night about ten-ten o'clock came a hurry call to fire—one of the kind that gets number seven shoes on size eleven feet, you know, and your shirt on inside out. Next thing Aubrey knew, he was climbing all over the right side of a howitzer, trying to locate a glimmer of light in a foolish little mirror. He did finally, and the first crack of the gun sent a wild flurry of February wind around where his pants should have been. We fired four hours that night. February breezes on the Western Front didn't hail from the South Sea Islands either. There are still some men in the outfit who marvel at Aubrey's superior discipline.

Inspections were much in vogue at that time, accomplishing their purposes as they always do, by taking the joy out of life. For range and variety they exceeded anything we have since encountered either in the S. O. S. or the Z of A. General Edwards inspected us for the first time in France at this position. Every Sunday morning brought Major Chaffee, and a general inspection that covered everything in sight. Captain Hanley did the honors each morning, but, most curious of all was the daily foot inspection conducted by the chiefs of sections. This last was always a painful experience for all concerned, and involved the liberal use of an evil smelling concoction named Whale Oil, which was invariably washed off again immediately after the ceremony.

Camouflage fires were always a source of great trouble and wild excitement. A spark from the muzzle of the piece landing in the dry stuff overhead, would start a blaze capable of burning out the covering of three sections, before we could possibly get it under control. After a few experiences, however, we managed to introduce a bit of system. Powder first was the rule, and number three often had a job getting his stock away, and men who ordinarily could scarcely hold up their corner, were often seen walking off with a full case of B G 5, hair singed, burning bits of cloth dropping down their collars,—then after it was all over, deny that they had even seen the stuff. The best way to stop a fire we

found, was to cut down the camouflage, and in a few weeks we became expert at wrecking the works. After some time we organized a fire guard—an unenviable job, consisting of several men whose duty it was to stand in front of the pits with buckets of water, and get the first spark that appeared. Bill Grinnell served for a time on this gang, and nearly lost a perfectly good (?) head one day, in carrying out orders. Bill stood on one side of the muzzle of the gun and a spark landed on the other. He made a flying leap for it, caught the concussion of the second shot in mid air, and put out the fire by the primitive method of sitting on it. The pail, landing on his head, carried out its purpose as a fire extinguisher as far as his eyebrows and hair were concerned, but we always held that it was the passing shell that took off his budding moustache.

The one busy arm of the service in the vicinity of Banc-de-Pierre, and one which furnished many hours of diversion, was aviation. Fritzie, offensive, and Frenchy, defensive, filled the air at all times with roaring, sputtering, inquisitive specks, and because of them we walked in round about paths, carried shining messkits under our blouses, and did no smoking outside at night. We retaliated by organizing an airplane guard composed of Standish Howland, Crowe and a Top Sergeant's whistle, and segregating them on a small hill in the rear of the position. The shrill blast of the whistle came down to us at all hours, attaining great popularity during shell hauling periods, but evoking cries of derision and disgust at mess time. Our first experience of how it feels to be on the receiving end of a bomb came on the night we hauled out, when a Boche plane, busily engaged in raiding a French ammunition dump, decided to have a try at our column, and dropped a couple uncomfortably near the road.

March 17th brought orders to move and rumors of the rear and a rest. Perhaps it was the rumor rather than the wine that we had at the farewell celebration with the French, that put the snap behind the hauling out of our pieces from the pits that evening.

This spirit was however, somewhat dampened during the long drag through the mud that covered our little roadway to the top of the hill. Once upon the solid rock of the Soissons highway, it was a reasonably quiet and well disciplined gang that mounted the more or less balky horses of the outfit, formed in column and started on the fifteen kilometer journey to the rear echelon.

There was a high full moon, that somewhat dimmed the glow of the star shells to our left, showing up the hard chalk road clearly against the

darkness of the surrounding mud. Peace and comparative quiet of a Battery in motion reigned; it was pleasant, and we spent about half of the journey congratulating ourselves on the fact. By this time we were quite some distance behind the lines, just about to enter the low range of hills on the opposite side of which lay the suburbs of Soissons, when suddenly a battery of searchlights on the right flamed into action. Almost simultaneously a terrific explosion occurred on our left. Without wasting time we donned our Carnegie derbies. Fashion has decreed that to appear "chic" and jaunty the helmet must be draped over the left ear, but on this occasion we were obsessed with one idea—how to crowd the whole anatomy under this petite steel canopy. Two more bombs which landed to the right of the Battery left us without ideas. During all this time the column kept rolling along in its easy manner, not with the idea of putting up a brave front or treating the incident with the nonchalance of a seasoned veteran (I've just said that we were devoid of ideas) but simply because the old bean had not yet begun to function after the shock. When it did, we took to the cover of the hills ahead with all the speed that dignity would allow.

After reaching the echelon where we could again draw breath freely and light up for a smoke, we reviewed our casualties—one young man, who, in spite of the balmy atmosphere, had gone "cold" on the front seat of the park wagon.

The day after the pieces had been pulled out and the cannoneers had returned to the echelon, we prepared to leave the sector.

OH MUD OF FRANCE.

O, Thou Mud of France:

Thou art not like any other Mud:

Thou stickest and clingeth and maketh us bereft of all reason.

Whether the southern zephyr or the angry north wind blow: whether the Sun and Moon and Stars hunger to dry thee up or the cold and quiet night would harden thee—Thou, O Mud, art always there.

Thou causeth us to fall, and our wearied steeds to loose their footing.

Thou criest out against our comfort, and filleth us with despair.

"Charrogne" art thou called by the Peasant of France, but the "Damnedest Mud" by us from across the sea.

Long is thy stay and close is thy grasp, long also will be our memory of thee. Helpless have we been, but Thou hast us never defeated.

When we bid Thee farewell for a friendly Mud, we would fling in Thy teeth, the dust of our shoes; but we cannot, for all that on them is, is Thee, Thou Mud of France.

An illustration in a woodcut style showing a group of soldiers in World War I uniforms. One soldier is standing in the foreground, looking towards the right. Behind him, a caisson (a two-wheeled carriage) is being loaded or unloaded by several other soldiers. The scene is set outdoors with some foliage visible in the background.

ROUTE MARCH

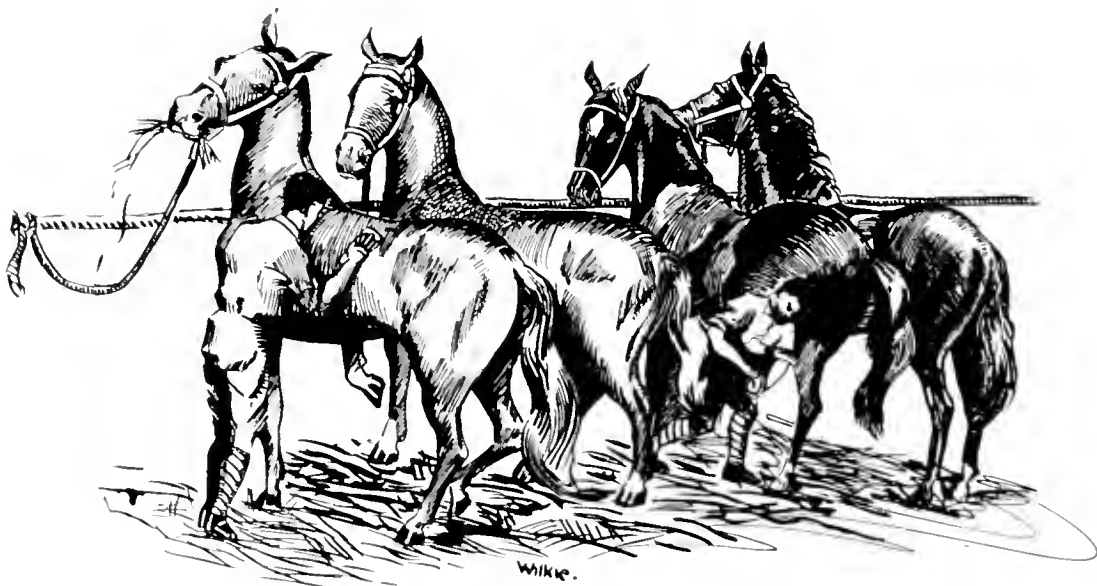
The Big Hike.

ALMOST simultaneously with our orders to move came the initial preparations for the great German offensive that developed several months later. Soissons was again under shell fire. Especially heavy fire was directed on the railroad station and those portions of the system that served for the unloading and loading of troops. This, undoubtedly, was the reason for the orders that took us to the half-forgotten and long unused railhead of Pommiers, with its half-rotted platform, its grass covered tracks and its petite loading ramps.

On March 18th, 1918, we hiked from our echelon in a drizzle that turned to a driving rain as we neared the railroad and immediately proceeded to load up. This process, with which we were soon to become more familiar, was never accounted the easiest of our jobs. Here, handicapped as we were without the proper tools, it presented about every obstacle in its power to hamper us. Finally, however, after a great deal of manhandling of both horses and material, some little cussing, and a touch of brain work here and there, we got the last caisson and park wagon tacked down, and the last of our kicking, squealing nags into their cars. Then we indulged in steaming mess cups of hot Y. M. coffee, tinctured slightly with cognac after the French custom, found our "Hommes 40—Cheveaux 8" and sought what repose we might on the

damp straw covered floors, as we wended our weary and jerky way through the soon to become famous territory of Fere-en-Tardenois and Chateau-Thierry. We rumbled along through Epernay and Chalons, and on to Chavanges where, at twenty-two o'clock, March nineteenth, we detrained. That night, after a hike to the outskirts of Ronnes, we turned into a farm yard and billeted. The next day Rhode Island came to La Rothiere, a town boasting of one cafe, where the entire Battery congregated. Here we held one of the most famous celebrations of our career until call to Quarters put an end to the songs, jokes and stories that had carried the house by storm. Then a snake dance was hastily organized to the amazement of the good French proprietor, and, headed by Billy Mackie we wended a dizzy way to our billets.

For two days we remained in this town, grooming horses, washing material and cleaning equipment. On the third day, March twenty-third, we started on a regimental manœuvre, hiking for the front as a unit. Up to this time we were fully expectant of a rest and further training before again entering the lines. In fact, the division had received orders for a manœuvre against the 42nd Division, which had only recently left our old training grounds. But the German offensives were assuming dangerous proportions in Flanders and Chemin-des-Dames territory. American re-enforcement was greatly needed, and it was decided to send the First Division, operating in the Toul sector where they had been stationed through most of the preceeding winter. And it was this division we were destined to relieve. Orders were not



The Driver's "Recreation" Period.

definitely changed immediately, however, although, as we moved out of La Rothiere talk of our rest was broken now and then by rumors of a return to the front. More care was now given to the equal distribution of material, with the idea of saving horses and men, and the order of a ten minute rest in every hour of hiking came into use. Frequently we utilized twelve or fourteen hours a day in plain walking, and even after reaching "park," our days work was not done. For there were still dusty and weary horses to be groomed and freshened, and dirty collars and bits to be washed. The close of this day's hike brought us, footsore and weary to Thil. That evening the talent of the Battery entertained at the "Y."

The next day, Palm Sunday, we remained in Thil, in the midst of the S. O. S. and peace time soldiering. Consequently the majority of the Battery was free from military duties. In the morning many of the boys attended service in the old French church. In the afternoon several of the outfit took advantage of the fine weather with a plunge in the brook. The water was cold but the results excellent. In the evening the 103rd band gave a concert in the public square, much to the amazement of the troops, but greatly to the delight of the inhabitants.

Up to this time the weather had been perfect. Miles of France's rolling country was unfolded to us in vivid colors. How clearly that peasant and his hitch of oxen stood out against the sky—and if we might only forget our feet, stretch out on that green bank and smoke,—it would have been a great country.

The people, too, were very friendly and much interested in their first glimpse of American soldiers. Countless privations and almost the total annihilation of all men useful to the army had done much to numb their minds, so that, to many, rumors of American aid could be nothing more than a myth. How could the far-off Americans ever land in sufficient numbers to help? And, more important, how could they train men and get them here in time? German propaganda had passed through the whole of France and left these questions behind. Perhaps this is why an American unit was sent over the road,—an American answer to the German question. And it gave the French people—hope.

The twenty-fifth found us on the road again after our holiday. We reached Civy-sur-Blaise early in the afternoon and pitched pup tents on the grounds of a beautiful old chateau just outside the town. It was one of our most picturesque camps, but that fact interested us but little at that time. We were dog-tired, and after a hasty mess most of us climbed under our shelters and corked off.

Two more days followed and we put behind us the town of Vieville. At this stop most of the Battery went without breakfast, failing to reach the kitchen in time. Luckily our hike to Blancheville was comparatively short, and on arriving here all gloom was dispelled by the sight of a heavy consignment of first and second-class mail, our heavy freight, and the barrack bags which we hadn't seen since leaving Camp de Coëtquidan. Great hilarity and joy reigned for several hours; candy and cigarettes were again plentiful, and even home made cakes, shipped in the pan from the States were in evidence. Billets were occupied, and we immediately began to get acquainted with our French neighbors through the always effective medium of American sweets and cigarettes. We began to settle down for a considerable stay, improving our quarters here and there, and getting our equipment in first-class condition once more. Rumors of another front had almost died out again when one afternoon Major Chaffee called the Battalion together and told us we had been ordered to take over another sector.

With the change of plans came a change of weather. After spending two days in cleaning everything in sight we now followed a road of mud and water that soon covered our equipment inches deep. And with the rain came cold, so that the drivers, chilled through, ultimately would take to the road, their saddles immediately being filled by footsore cannoneers, only too glad for the change and rest until they in turn were driven to exercise for warmth.

March 30th, Liffol-Le-Petit, though much like a thousand other French villages, proved a welcome refuge for the night, —the eve of Easter Sunday. It was a mighty poor war on Easter Morning. We took to the road early. Too early, it seemed, and spent three hours in standing still in the middle of a running river of mud with no sort of shelter at hand. Everybody grumbled about anything they could think of, but later on in the day it cleared and as we passed through Neufchateau we were able to appreciate the wonderful scenery around that city. On reaching Neufchateau many of our officers were sent ahead to learn the ground of our new sector northwest of Toul, while the Battery struck through to Brancourt and Bagne, passing through the city of Toul, and arriving at Lucy on April 2nd. There we found luxury in cots and electric lights.

On April 3rd the 1st platoon, or first, second, fifth, and sixth sections, started the last lap of the big hike. This brought them to Rangeval where the echelon was established. The first two gun crews moved to the front along the Beaumont Mandres road that night, relieving one

platoon of the Fifth Field Artillery, U. S. A. The next day the rest of the Battery followed to Rangeval, the third and fourth sections completed the relief of a Battery of the Fifth Regiment, and details helped take over the position of 95 mm guns at Dead Man's Curve, and man the anti-tank battery in Seicheprey.

"The big hike" had extended over a period of eighteen days. With the exception of the stay in Thil and Blancheville, the Battery had covered not less than twenty kilometers every day. All sorts of weather had been encountered and rations had frequently failed to reach us. The men and horses both had suffered wet and hunger, yet the Battery came through the hike in excellent condition. And one great result had been accomplished. American troops were showing themselves all over France. The sea-ports had seen them land. The towns of the S. O. S. had seen them go through in their "box cars." Now the towns immediately behind the lines, the people who had the most to fear from the German Armies saw a new force. They didn't know the numbers, but the big hike had acted as propaganda of the best sort. The people of all France knew that the Americans had come.

OUR FRIEND.

We made his acquaintance at Coci,
Got more friendly at Banc-de-Pierre.
At Toul he was always on duty
And followed us closely from there.

It was then that he wore out his welcome,
When we realized he wanted to stay.
At night he raised havoc and bedlum,
Though he did fairly well through the day.

Persistence and Speed were his mottoes,
And he thrived on the simplest of fare.
The folds of a shirt were but grottoes,
Where he cuddled and hid from the air.

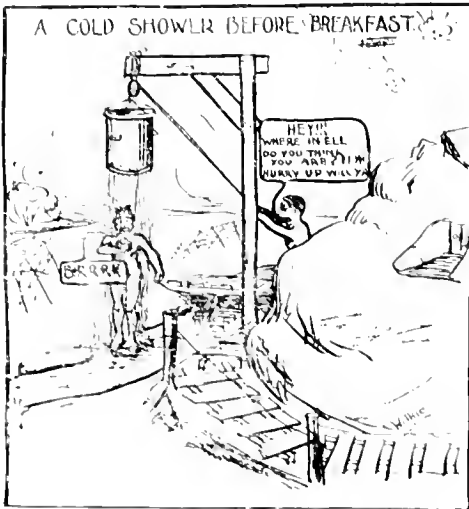
He always left much irritation,
In the wake of his wriggly old paths,
And he stuck, to our great consternation,
Till we stepped into Camp Devens baths.

F. C. P.

Northwest of Toul.

THE American Sector, as that section of the front northwest of Toul was known since its occupancy by the First Division, U. S. A., covered about eighteen kilometers along the Paris-Metz highway. Opposite this sector and seeming to cast a shadow over it was Montsec, well fortified by the Germans. From this position the German artillery could effectually pound the entire sector. In spite of this advantage of position, the Germans had been content to remain quiet for years, so that what we were taking over was known as a quiet sector.

It was well for B Battery that it was. On April 3d, the 1st platoon moved from Lucy to Rangeval, where our echelon was established in an old monastery. That night the platoon started for the front. While rounding a curve, the park wagon which carried the men's equipment went off the side of the road into a ditch. With many "heaves" from those who didn't have to heave, the wagon was forced back onto the road and the trip to the front resumed. This happened on what we later knew as "Dead Man's Curve," because of the effectiveness of the attention the Germans paid to it.



Passing through Beaumont, just beyond the curve, we turned to the left, following a road which apparently followed the line of the front. Judging from the star shells and flares we were pretty close to the front lines. A short distance out on this road we were met by guides from the Fifth Field Artillery, who led us to the gun position known as Bryan I. We took over their guns, which were already in position, learned what we could of our new position from our guides, and then found bunks in the dugouts, while our friends from the regulars disappeared.



The Searching Party. Bryan II. Toul Sector.

With the morning we had an opportunity to see what our new position was like. We were just off the Beaumont Ridge Road, Beaumont itself was to our right, beyond that "Dead Man's Curve" and Mandres. Off to our left was Ramboucourt and in our rear La Reine forest, which was soon occupied by the second platoon of our Battery. Over the ridge in front of us were the towns of Seicheprey, Xivray, and Richécourt, and beyond them Montsec.

Our dugouts were different from what we had expected, instead of having dug in, the constructors of these dugouts had built them up above the ground. Constructed from earth, sand bags, I beams, logs and re-enforced concrete, they afforded protection from shells up to those as large as our own cent cinquante cinqs. Being above the ground, however, we were soon to find out that they afforded an excellent target. There were six dugouts in all for quarters, besides smaller ones for powder, fuses, shells and one for a first-aid station. A narrow-guage track ran from the road to the position, and this we used in transferring ammunition, and supplies from trucks to the position. A small well on the left provided all the water we needed.

But what made the position bad was the mud and water. The gun pits were miniature lakes, and it was necessary to wear slickers when firing. Duck-boards around the position made walking a little more possible. The inside of the dugouts were as bad, the occupants of the lower bunks finding it wise to stretch their slickers over the chicken netting. The work of draining the position was immediately started and plans were made for improving the position in other ways.

While the first platoon was becoming acquainted with Bryan I the rest of the Battery was moving from Lucy to Rangeval, where horse lines were stretched, and the drivers and those who were to remain in the echelon found quarters in what was left of an old monastery. The same evening, Thursday, April 4th, the second platoon, and two details, the "Ninety-Fives" and "Anti-Tankers" left for the front.

The second platoon moved into position in that part of La Reine Forest known as Bois de Charnot. The new position known as Bryan II, was immediately in the rear of that taken over by the first platoon at Bryan I. The first night, part of the platoon slept in dugouts and the rest in shacks built of "elephant iron." The next day the boys started digging, trying to get as far under ground as the officers, but never quite succeeding. The guns we now had were taken from the Fifth Field Artillery when we entered the position. The gun thus acquired by the third section, named by its previous owners, "Big Ben," was the first

gun of heavy field artillery to be fired by Americans, and we felt a certain pride in possessing it.

Our supplies and ammunition were unloaded at a Y dump about two kilometers away, and hauled from there to the position over the narrow-gauge tracks.

When those men who were going with the anti-tankers and ninety-fives lined up at the echelon, speculation was rife as to their destination. The general opinion had been created that they were going to school, along with details from the other bat-



teries. When the entire detail of ninety-fivers lined up under Lieut. Davis, they knew different. "You men are going on a dangerous job. If there are any of you who don't want to go, you may return to your Batteries now, and other men will be sent. If you are willing to go, you must go knowing that you must do as ordered, and that it will only be by the steadiest compliance with orders that we will all get back with our skins—if even then."

That didn't sound much like school. Trucks were ready and soon the detail was on its way—towards the front. After a few hours of riding in the dark, the truck halted. Shells were falling ahead. We waited a few moments and a voice from the dark said, "You've got just four minutes—make it fast." The trucks started, around a curve, then stopped. We were ordered out and almost before the last man was on the ground the trucks were off again. Two guides who had evidently been looking for us, appeared, and we immediately left the road. Our guide seemed in a hurry, and as we were going through mud, ankle deep, and over what seemed like plowed land many spills resulted. At last we reached what was evidently a gun position, and found bunks in dugouts. In spite of the fact that we were told to be ready to fire, nothing happened that night.

Next morning Lieut. Davis began organizing his Battery. Four gun sections and a telephone detail were formed. Broadhead of A Battery was top kick, and along with Lieut. Davis as officers were Lieuts. Wheat, of our own outfit, and Ayer of C Battery. The Battery had four pieces of what seemed an ancient model. They were ninety-five millimeters in calibre, and mounted on great high wheels. There was no recoil mechanism to the gun itself, although the piece was fastened to the flooring of the pit by a contrivance which might be called the recoil. Two large blocks in back of the wheels, however, served to catch the piece, after it had been fired, and roll it back into position. A large iron wheel on the floor, just fitting between the wheels of the piece, served to bring the gun back into the same position every time. Whenever the gun was fired the barrel would rock up and down on its pivot to the very great danger of the gunner if he attempted to set the piece too quickly. In spite of all this the gun was accurate. In setting the piece, the gunner placed himself directly before it, set his quadrant at the proper deflection, rested it on a rail set in the ground in front of the piece, and then peered through the quadrant until the hair lines crossed in a mirror fastened to the front of the piece. The other cannoneers did not find their duties so very different from those with the regular Battery. An

officer and two men from the regulars who had remained behind to instruct us, stayed one day and then left. There was a small detail of French soldiers at the position, but they left on the fourth day and were more than glad to get away.

The position itself was nothing to brag about. Situated on "Dead Man's Curve," it was constantly subjected to shell fire. What we thought was plowed land the night before had been plowed by shells. The dugouts, however, were deep. They had been built by the French, with an eye to safety. While we occupied them, the third section dugout was twice hit squarely by a 210 shell, but successfully stood the test. Draining was a problem, but it was soon met.

The gun pits were sadly in need of repair and the men soon found life was to be no snap. The gun pits were repaired and strengthened, pits dug to drain the dugouts, and every so often a detail worked the pumps. There was standing gun drill twice a day. Ammunition had to be brought from the road on a narrow-gauge track, while for water it was necessary to walk nearly to Beaumont. For weeks the supply department failed to find the position and the men lived on hard-tack, "corned willie" and coffee left by the regulars. The result was every man suffering from diarrhoea, but only one man was forced to leave the position. Then it developed that the supplies were being left in Mandres, thereby giving us a nice trip around the curve with a flat car, but by watching the time of the German shooting it was safely done. Added to all this someone conceived the idea of having us stand reveille and retreat. At least life in the new Battery was not slow.

The anti-tankers found themselves in a novel situation. After leaving the trucks that detail had been led through communication trenches right up to the front lines with the Infantry. Here machine guns and one-pounders were supplied to the new outfit, and they were given instructions in the part they would have to play in case of an attack.

So April 5th found the men of Battery B pretty well scattered about the sector, from the echelon in Rangeval to the anti-tankers out in the front lines. The first few weeks passed rather quietly except for the ninety-fivers. Lieut. Davis and his new Battery made their reputation in a couple of weeks and were generally busy either in receiving or sending shells. The 3d piece had been hit twice, once by high explosive and once by a gas shell, but answered every call to fire. This was Corporal Lovell's section. The boys at Bryan II were busy keeping the lines of communication to Ansauville and "Champagne" open. At Bryan I the position had been greatly improved and the boys were finding more time for

themselves. Back at the echelon the Battery had entered the halls of fame, because of their model kitchen.

About this time a floating gun crew was organized. This crew had as its object the relief of the regular gun crews for a short time. The result was that the floating gun crew had perhaps the toughest job of all, and during our stay in this sector, was in more action than any of the regular gun sections. On April 10th the Battery suffered its first casualties—two men at Bryan II were slightly wounded.

On April 17th, it became known that the Germans were planning something for the near future. At 3:15 on the morning of the twentieth it came, and the Battery found itself experiencing its first battle. High explosives and gas shells rained on all the positions but the fire on "Dead Man's Curve" and the Battery of ninety-fivers was especially heavy. Strangely enough this Battery was the first of our own



Steve following the Ponies.

artillery to reply. Soon all the American artillery in the sector was answering, but shortage of powder forced certain sections to stop shortly. Bryan I was so handicapped, but Bryan II kept pounding away until late in the day. At the Battery of ninety-fives the damage was heavy. High explosive shells tore the position to pieces. Gas was thrown in sufficiently heavy to force the men to wear masks. The third section, Corporal Lovell's, which had been the first to reply when ordered to fire, had been in action less than a half hour when an H. E. shell, landing directly in the pit, either killed or severely wounded all but one of the crew. Cheever, Jordan, and Lovell, the three B Battery men on the crew were all badly wounded. Two other sections had been out of action at the start, but the second section fired until late in the evening when they were ordered to cease. A shell landing directly behind the third gun pit had killed the Top

Sergeant, Josh Broadhead, and Lieut. Ayer. Lieut. Wheat was badly wounded and Lieut. Davis was hit although he refused to leave the position. Gordon from E Battery, while attempting to bring in Wilson, who had been wounded while with his section, was killed along with Wilson.

While the pieces were thus engaged Ryley and Moulton did exceptionally fine work repairing the lines. Later Ryley twice made the trip around the "Curve," in order to have ambulances sent to the position. At six o'clock the ambulances arrived and with them Father Farrell. Work was immediately started in removing the wounded. Father Farrell attempted to lend the men, still firing, a hand, but was severely wounded himself and sent to the hospital. Lieut. Andrews, who had been sent to help Lieut. Davis, was also wounded and forced to leave in an ambulance, and more men had to be sent from the echelon to take the place of the men lost.

Meanwhile the anti-tankers had attempted to withstand the German attack along with the Infantry, but the town of Seicheprey was soon filled with attacking forces. Wolf was wounded and while attempting to bind his wound was taken prisoner. The entire C Battery detail found themselves surrounded and were forced to surrender. The detachment became divided, each man attempting to do what he could to help the infantry, Sherman doing exceptionally good work. When later the machine gunners drove the Germans back and Seicheprey was retaken by the Americans, the anti-tankers were ordered back to their Batteries.

At Bryan I, when the powder ran out, orders were received to evacuate the position. The pieces were manhandled to the road, but the drivers found it impossible to get around "Dead Man's Curve." The pieces were ordered back again, and after two attempts had been frustrated by shell fire, the third, under cover of darkness, was successful. For a while after the Seicheprey affair things were quiet at Bryan I and Bryan II. Two days after the battle the ninety-fivers had evacuated their position. The pieces were sent to Toul for repairs. Later the detail took up a new position behind Mandres, but the new position was unimportant.

On May 5th the Germans attempted to destroy Bryan I. Heavy shells, Russian 203's, were sent over. Examination of the fuses later resulted in the interesting discovery that the Battery had been shelled with ammunition made in Providence. The shelling was so severe that the gun crews were forced to leave the position and seek refuge in the

engineers dugout across the Beaumont Road. The position itself was practically wrecked although the guns were still intact. For the next two weeks the boys at Bryan I were busy making repairs while at Bryan II it looked like a real rest camp. On May 14th a Battery of German 77's shelled Bryan I and the second piece was out of action and had to be replaced.

Towards the end of May rumors were going around to the effect that the Americans were to start something. On May 31st it happened. At 1:30 in the morning the crews at Bryan I and Bryan II were ordered out, shortly afterward the seventy-fives around us opened up, then the heavier guns, and at 2:30 our own regiment joined in. The attack continued for fifty-five minutes during which time our Infantry raided Richécourt, Lahayville, and returned with—one prisoner, a boy 16 years old. The artillery had fired 16,440 shells in the short hour of action and absolutely everything opposite was destroyed. A German battery replying dropped a number of shells on Bryan I and Bud Finley was slightly wounded.

The days following saw intermittent firing by both sides. Sundays were the worst. "Top" O'Neil explained it by saying that the German families had picnics to the front on Sunday and "Papa" had to amuse little Heinie by letting him pull the lanyard. On the 8th of June the echelon was moved from Rangeval to Lagney.

On the 17th of June a German airplane dropped circulars with the pictures of the Twenty-Sixth Division boys captured at Seicheprey and invitations to join them.

At 3:15 on the morning of June 16th, the Germans suddenly started a terrific barrage. Not only were the forward positions shelled as in the Seicheprey affair, but also all villages in the rear. High explosives and gas shells were landing on both Battery positions. At 3:30 the gun crews were ordered out. At Bryan I the first gun was out of action immediately. The shell abri had been demolished by a direct hit, burying the ammunition and killing Fred Harmon, who was on guard. The second section fired until ordered to evacuate the position. The men made their way the best they could to the engineers' trenches, where they waited until the firing ceased to return to their positions. At Bryan II, by working in reliefs, the men kept both guns going and Lieut. Babcock observing reported eight enemy batteries silenced. The German attack had failed, our Infantry successfully defending Xivray and Marvoisin.

At noontime the fire had slackened enough to permit the removal of Harmon's body from the dugout to Mandres. Lot 105, in the rear of the little church at Mandres, marks the grave of one of the best men to go out with Battery B, and the first to give his life.

The floating gun crew now took over the work of the first section, and the third section from Bryan II relieved the second. On June 19th the engineers put over a projector gas attack. The result was a thorough strafing of all our positions. The last days were quiet ones. On June 26th the order came to return to the echelon. Bryan I pulled out without difficulty and proceeded to the Y dump. At Bryan II it looked like a tough proposition getting the guns out, but Lieut. Metcalf had the bright idea of putting them on the flat cars. The plan worked successfully contrary to every one's expectation, and a small gasoline engine hauled them to the Y dump. Here the men from Bryan I joined those from Bryan II and then Lieut. Metcalf, with his 6 ft. 5 in a saddle, set the pace to the echelon. If wishes would have performed things that night, it would have taken Lieut. Metcalf twenty-six years, and then some, to have got back to the U. S. A. Lagney was reached at midnight.

On June 28th the entire Battery left Lagney and marched to Gye and billeted. Two days later found the Battery entraining at Toul for some unknown point.

Rumor had many destinations, as Southern France for a rest; furloughs; the most popular, parading in Paris the Fourth. As the train was on the main Toul to Paris railroad, this feeling was increased. When finally a jerky stop was made at Noisy-Le-Sec, which is outside of Paris, the delight of the boys knew no bounds and then—the train

started again. We were switched around and travelling straight back towards the front. At first the boys gave vent to their disappointment, but there is nothing the American soldier is if not a philosopher, and in an incredibly short time, the turning away from Paris was taken as a matter of fact, and the boys began speculating on "Where do we go from here?"



Birds of a Feather. - Toul.



CHATEAU THIERRY! For the second time in its history, this little town on the banks of the Marne occupied the attention of the civilized world. The second battle of the Marne was in progress, the Germans were making their last and most desperate thrust at Paris. The Americans were turning the tide and if the Germans were to force the Allies to admit defeat, it had to be before more of Uncle Sam's Doughboys arrived. Just how determined the enemy was in this his last drive was shown by the desperate fighting around Belleau Woods, when the Second Division, U. S. A., and Marines "stopped them."

All this was happening just as we were leaving the sector Northwest of Toul for "the big rest." But the fighting around Belleau Woods had worn out the Second Division and Marines. They needed relief. So it happened that when we reached "Noisy Le-Sec," all keyed up for "the big parade in Paris on the Fourth of July," we received a sudden jolt, by being started back toward the front without even having detrained. The Twenty-Sixth had been chosen to finish the job of smashing the German drive and of starting the Germans back on their big retreat. How well the job was done can be judged from the words of General Degoutte, commander of the French Army: "The 26th Division alone is responsible for the whole Allied advance on the Marne. They are shock troops par excellence."

On July 2, late at night, we detrained at Ligny, and immediately started one of our "nice little hikes." We plodded along all night with

no seeming end to the journey. About two o'clock the next afternoon we reached Jouarre, and a halt was called. Horse lines were stretched and pup tents pitched while waiting for mess. The meal, however, was hardly over when orders came to prepare to move. At dusk we moved out. Early the next morning we reached Citry. Pup tents were again pitched and horse lines stretched in a meadow in front of a rather pretentious looking Chateau. A charming place and one in which we would have been delighted to have spent a couple of days. But no such luck. That evening the Regimental band "entertained" with a concert. When they ceased we sought sleep, and a whistle blew. "Harness and hitch and prepare to move!"

The guns had been parked in a lane, completely screened from the eyes of enemy aviators by great trees. The night itself was pitch black, and it seemed as if the shadow of the trees intensified this darkness. To expedite things a few lanterns were lighted, but Fritz heaved over a few G. I. cans. Freddy Black admitted that he knew it would happen, and lights were dispensed with. On each side of the lane there were reserve trenches and dugouts. Many a tumble was the result. At last the start was made, and the morning of the fifth found us back in Jouarre. It was beginning to look like a game of checkers.

The next move and the real beginning came the following evening. The gun crews left Jouarre and followed the guns and caissons to Chamigny on the Paris-Metz highway. The guns were run into position, ready for action, on the edge of the road. A skeleton gun crew was left on duty while the rest of the boys found quarters in a large farm house across the fields. The next day the Battery Field Train joined the firing Battery, the park wagons and other carts being brought up one at a time so as to conceal the size of the troop movements from the Germans. The same evening the second platoon moved into position in the woods near Fèrme d'Issinge, opposite Bois de Belleau, relieving one platoon of a Battery of the 17th Field Artillery, Second Division. The next day, July 8th, the first platoon followed the second, completing the relief of the Battery of the 17th.

At the same time the echelon was divided. The horses of the gun sections were always close to the pieces, but the remainder of the echelon — most of the field train — moved back to Jouarre and after this just kept close enough to keep supplies going forward.

The move to Fèrme d'Issinge was the final one for a number of days. Life was monotonous. Fire and dig trenches, dig trenches and fire; the kind of work that makes every one grumble. On the morning of the

14th the first piece moved into position in front of Fèrme Paris or Paris Farm, as we called it. Things were growing a bit livelier. Our own Artillery Brigade joined with a French brigade in reducing a patch of woods behind the German lines in which large forces of reserves had been concentrated. The seventy-fives had thrown a box barrage around the woods while our own cent cinquante cinqs demolished the target.

On the afternoon of the 18th it became evident that things were shaping up for some real fireworks. Great supplies of ammunition were being brought up. That evening the second, third and fourth pieces moved into position with the first. Then came nature's prelude—a terrible electric storm. Mids't the rumbling of thunder, the flashes of lightning, and a terrible downpour of rain, the men were ordered to their post. For hours they stood there, greasing shells, without even the consolation of knowing the great work at hand. At one-thirty-five the order came to fire, and just as our guns spoke the whole front leaped into action. Flares, gun flashes, streaks of lightning, the rumble of thunder, the put-a-put of machine guns, the snap of the seventy-fives, the crash of the big guns, all combined to make it a night never to be forgotten. Even then we did not realize how great a task was in front of us, what great confidence the French had shown in the 26th by assigning it the position it now held. Later we learned that it was the most important and difficult position of the great counter-offensive.

All through that day and then through the night and then through the next day we fired incessantly, only taking time out occasionally to cool and swab the guns. The Germans had made a feeble attempt to respond to our fire but had soon been quieted. As we lengthened our range the 26th Division Infantry entered Torcy after the fiercest kind of fighting. At the end of the second day we realized what a change was taking place on the front. Our guns had a range of thirteen miles. We had started immediately in back of the front line trenches. Now we were firing at our maximum range and could not reach the Germans. They were on the run. They had been driven out of their trenches and dug-outs and now it was to be open warfare.

On the morning of the twenty-second, the Battery moved into Sorcerie Woods, but only for a short while. That night we moved into position near Beceau which because of its general appearance at this time, we called "the slaughter house." Here we exchanged shots with a German battery, and were very fortunate to escape without losses.

We occupied this position for almost two days, or until the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, when we moved into position east of Epieds.

This was our first opportunity to see the damage wrought by our own guns. Torcy the first town through which we passed, was absolutely demolished. Everything was level with the ground. It would have taken a wonderful imagination to picture the ruins we saw as orderly rows of buildings. Our Infantry as well as the Germans had suffered heavily.

Cercy and Belleau were the same as Torcy. The hike had taken all night and dawn was just breaking when we pulled into position northeast of Courpail. The guns were hastily camouflaged and the horses put under cover. The first anniversary of the date we were mustered into the federal service found that service telling on the men. A spare gun crew was formed under Corporal Lovell, the object being to relieve the other gun crews in turn and give them a rest, and also to have a crew around to carry ammunition, dig, and do all the other extra jobs. It was highly successful as far as the work went, but no one got a rest.

No great amount of action took place here. The Germans dropped a few shells over, which landed pretty close, but we sent some back that probably landed closer. That night the second platoon moved forward again and took up another position about two kilometers away. Intermittent firing followed for the rest of the night and all the next day. On the night of the 27th we were moving again and the entire Battery took up a position in an apple orchard northeast of Beauvarde. Action started immediately. So far the gun crews had been lucky. A few men had been wounded and a number of horses lost. On the 28th, a battery which the Germans had left behind to cover their retreat found the exact range of our Battery and then a barrage on the position and forward horse lines followed. Leeman, who had joined the Battery at Toul, was killed, a number of the boys were wounded, some of them severely, and seven horses were killed. German aviators helped to make things lively for us, and for the first time in our experience we found a use for the rifle.

We remained in position here until August 2nd. Our Infantry meanwhile, had been relieved by the 28th Division Doughboys, only to have to come back into the lines again. The 42nd Division Doughboys now relieved our own, but the Twenty-Sixth Artillery followed along in support. On August 2nd we moved forward to a new position near Villier-sur-Fere on the banks of the Ourcq. We had rather expected a difficult job in crossing this river. The only ones who found it so were the members of the spare gun crew. In some way they got their feet wet while carrying shells across the much talked of stream. Sergy, the

last town taken by our Infantry, was just in front of the position, and there was plenty of evidence of the character of the fighting which had gone on for possession of this town.

The next day, August 3rd, we made our last move forward through the town of Sergy to a position near Chery Chartreuse. We had advanced farther against the enemy than any other division. We were as proud of that as we were of the evidence of the result of our firing. Anyone who thought the artillery at all unessential, needed only to follow up the drive, before the damage was camouflaged by the engineers, to find out their mistake.

On August 5th we were relieved by the 4th Division and started back that evening. The next morning we reached Beauvarden. Here we met the rear echelon, which had had experiences all its own, but just as exciting and trying as that of the gun crews.

"Whitney's Circus," as the rear echelon and regimental horse lines had been dubbed, had remained in Jouarre a few days. Then as the Battery positions moved forward the "Circus" prepared to do likewise. The first move brought it to the outskirts of Essommes, a wheat field just outside of the town serving as a camping ground for three days. The hardships of war on the civilized population could be all too plainly seen here. Many pathetic, and many gruesome sights were to be seen in the houses of the town and in the hills beyond.

The next move took the echelon through Chateau-Thierry, but instead of following the left bank of the Marne as the firing Battery had, it crossed the river and followed the right. That night Mont St. Pere was reached out of which the Germans had been driven only a few hours previous. It was a beautiful moonlight night and this made the "Circus" visible to the German aviators. As the boys left the town and reached the parking area they were met with what seemed a veritable shower of bombs. The sky seemed full of planes. While it lasted it was "some party." After the "birds" had left, the horses and wagons were parked in the open and then the men sought the safest possible "parking place" for themselves. They were up before day break to camouflage the wagons. In the afternoon they prepared to move to safer quarters.

To do this it was found necessary to cross a pontoon bridge, built by the 6th Engineers. A half dozen wagons were over when nine enemy planes appeared. They opened up with machine guns and hand grenades. Some of the boys who were hiking had reached the opposite bank when one aviator, swooping down a little lower than the others heaved over a hand grenade, and Billy Brailsford, one of the finest boys

to leave Providence with the Battery, was down. The boys did all they could and an ambulance was secured to rush Billy to a field hospital, but, as was afterwards learned, he died before the hospital could be reached. Soon after this some of our own aviators appeared and chased the Boches.

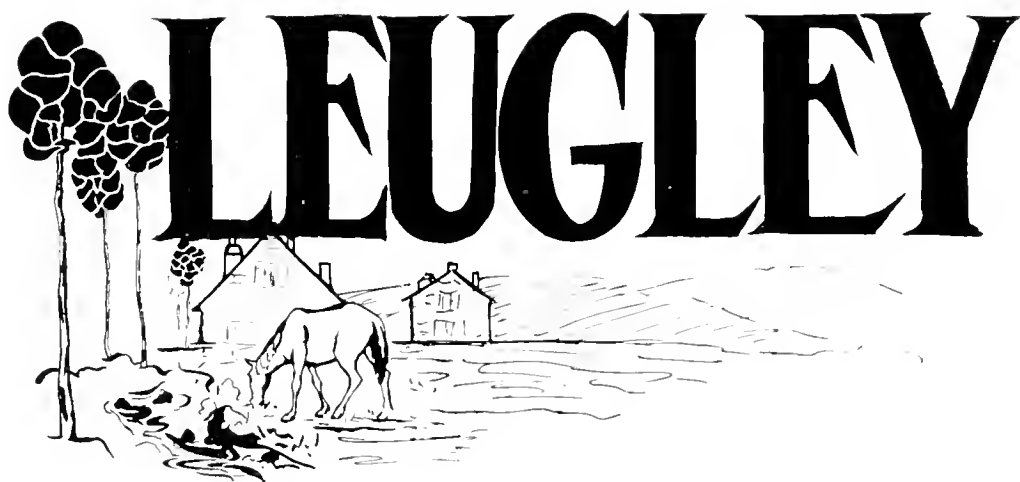
We next passed through Mezzy, a town the boys of the rear guard will never forget. A few days of "easy life" was passed here and then a new move was made to Beauvarde, where the firing Battery found them.

In the afternoon of August 6th the reunited Battery moved out and in a driving rain plodded its way back through Torcy and Chateau-Thierry to Aulnois where the boys, wet and hungry, were more than contented to find billets—the first in many days—in the deserted houses of the town. Aulnois was reached about two o'clock in the morning. Six hours later the Battery was again on the road. The weather, however, had cleared and as we followed the Marne the front was already beginning to seem far away. That night we reached Courcelles, or La Ferte as we knew it. Pup tents were pitched in the same meadows that we pitched them in when we started the drive.

Now things were a little different. We had been through a great experience. In order to make us "forget it" passes to Paris were issued to some. Others went A. W. O. L. The Colonel gave a party with Haigh, Barnes and Cook assisting. It was some party. Then, too, there was a swimming hole and the "cootie machines." The cooks were making special efforts, in fact everything combined to bring the boys back to normal after the strain. It worked and before we left La Ferte the sickening stench of the front and the screaming of incoming shells were almost forgotten.

While in La Ferte we suffered more losses, but in a different way. Captain MacLeod, who had commanded the Battery through most of the drive was taken away and made a major. He certainly deserved it, but we didn't like to see him leave us. Major Hanley, who always really seemed "our Captain," Lieutenant Metcalf, who generally made us smile although we weren't sure whether he was "kidding" or "razzing" us, Lieutenant Stark, whose work at the front made him popular, Lieut. "Jawn" Garrett, of horse line and riding breeches fame, Lieut. Colonel Chaffee, whom we all admired as a real and efficient soldier, were ordered back to the States to get a new division ready to "come across." Captain Carey took charge of the Battery.

On August 13th we broke camp, marched to the railhead at La Ferte and entrained for what was to prove to be one of our most pleasant memories of France.



THE Battery detrained at Latrercy, Côte-d'Or, after a very pleasant ride in the French Pullmans from La Ferte. The boys thought as they saw Chaumont in the distance that the much-promised rest was to be spent in a lively French town, but circumstances turned out in their usual manner and Chaumont was left far behind. Murmurs of disappointment were heard as orders were given to detrain at Latrercy. This was a wonderful place for a rest in the literal meaning of the word, but the boys wanted to see a little of life and wanted to visit cafes and restaurants where they might satisfy a long disregarded and robbed stomach. But no stop was made here and the Battery moved over the road to Boudreville, where the night was spent. On Friday, the 16th we reached our destination, a small town, Leugley by name. The picket lines were established in a very picturesque meadow, hedged in by tall poplar trees and through which ran a small brook, the Ourcq.

Leugley is a typical village of France and noticeably tidy are its streets and houses. Overlooking the town from a hill nearby is a quaint old church. Rumors had it that we were to spend some time in the S. O. S. resting and being refitted. But G. H. Q. thought our services indispensable and ordered a rather premature departure. This town to us was as the North Pole was to Peary. From here we were to leave on our permissions so generously prescribed from Chaumont. We were to rest. Did we? No !

We had no sooner arrived than we were immediately put to work doing some foolish thing or the other. At six in the morning, "Hoppy" or some foolish bugler, blew something which sounded like "Reveille," and every one had to turn out with the exception of the mail orderly and a few of the other favored ones. Breakfast was served, or rather thrown

in the kitchen, which was in a meadow across the brook from the horse lines. In the forenoon, standing gun drill, grooming, watering, and all the other duties of a Battery stationed at Camp Devens. In the afternoon we had to suffer lectures, aiming drill, or target practice, and not to forget foot drill, such as the Infantry needs. However, the officers were most considerate, for on Saturday afternoons and Sundays we were free, that is some of us.

A few forward persons thrust their acquaintances upon some of the hospitable natives and enjoyed their stay in Leugley. One family in particular was very considerate and amiable towards a group of boys and treated them to dinners, boat rides, and swimming privileges on their estate. These very good people owned and operated a mill nearby wherein was manufactured wood alcohol. Many wished that they made a more drinkable product.

Considerable pleasure was obtained in the town from a daily publication known as "Grunt Issues" or the "Daily Enquirer." "Life" or "Judge" had nothing on it when it came to real wit. Below are some choice bits from this daring paper, if it may be called such:

"Can Cooties die?"

"Where's the Y M C A?"

"Why doesn't Headquarters start a kitchen?"

"When is canary-seed to be our regular ration?"

"Do we ever R E S T?"

"How long, O Lord, how long must we endure such mess?"

"How come, this distressing, cold, black beverage?"

"Why pass General Orders about the price of eggs to us?"

"Could you invest a franc if you had one?"

"Sherman said 'War is Hell,' but Rest Camps were beyond his ken."

"Use and abuse, the Gentleman knows when to stop."

"When Cooks are sick of cooking, let them join the army."

"What happened to the two cans of beans which left the rear echelon?"

And the following are from the "Grunt" published in other places:

"Five Minerva cookies and a demi-tasse of fountain pen ink for breakfast."

"To come down to this 'Hart, Schaffner & Marx' stuff, Oh Standish bring me my alpaca!"

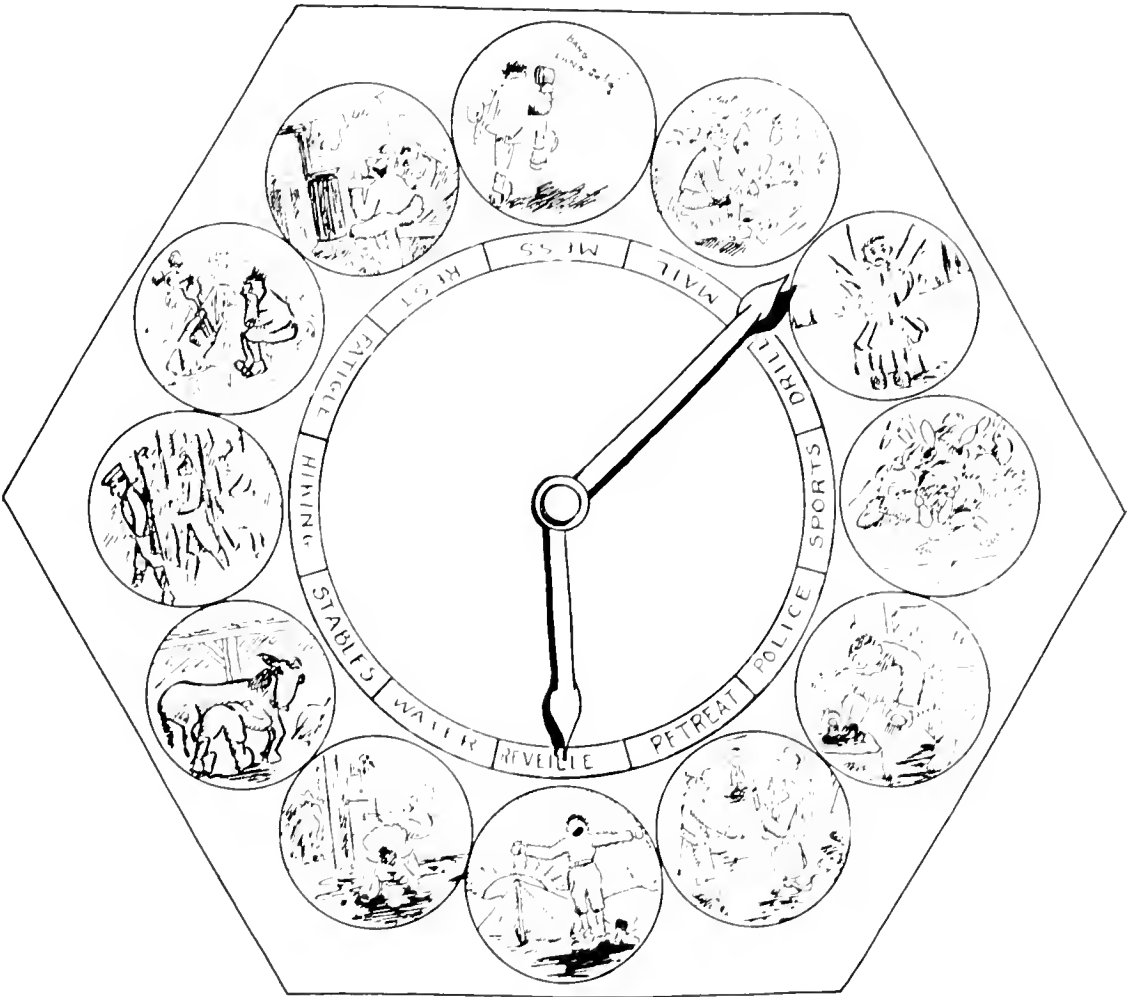
“Five loaves among a hundred men ! Our cooks can’t perform the Biblical miracle.”

“Does the Mounted Orderly feed the sugar to the horses?”

“Some of the high mucky-mucks hiked it this last trip. Does chemistry teach us that cold reacts upon “lead” so that it loses in weight?”

Does the reader now believe that there is no humor in army life? War is not all that Sherman claimed it to be.

The village of Leugley itself was remarkably well maintained. It was the cleanest and most hospitable place that the Battery had ever visited. Sidewalks, a municipal water system and street sweepers from Battery B gave it a peculiar distinction. The weather during our stay was splendid – good, warm, summer days.



Bordering upon this town was Voulaines. In one of the chateaux of this village was Regimental Headquarters and from the steps of this building General Edwards gave his first talk to the men of the Regiment. It was a plain heart-to-heart talk from a leader who knew his men and how to lead them. He raised our spirits with the announcement that permissions had been applied for. In concluding, he wished to know the wants of the boys, and was immediately deluged with a storm of demands for pay, summer underwear, shoes, etc. It was laughable, but unfortunately some of it was quite serious. After this speech the men applied for furloughs and a day or so later the lists of those who were to go first were posted. Almost everyone cabled for money from home. The hopes of a few weeks of real pleasure were again dashed when orders to leave the town were received.

On August 25th at the conclusion of the first act of the Y D Minstrel Show given at Voulaines, Colonel Glassford announced with great excitement, "Men, we're off for another fight !" Two hours later the First Battalion was pulling out of Leugley and the populace stunned and anxious at the sudden departure turned out with cheers and tears to see us march away.

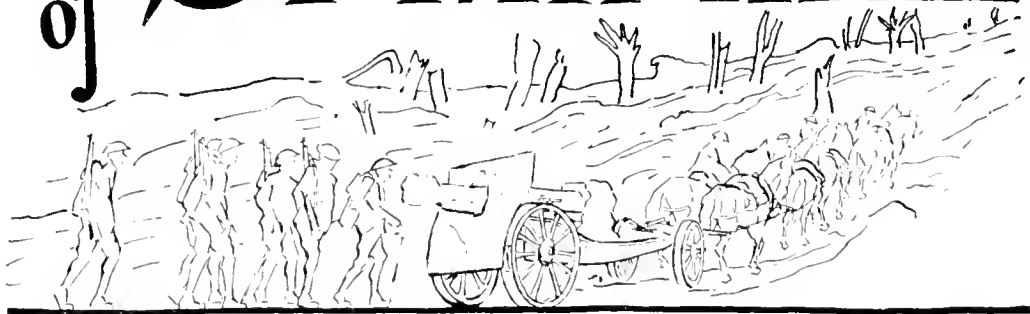
SEICHEPREY.

Seicheprey, the town, war ravaged and worn,
Scarcely a place where a shell has not torn;
Tottering walls that stand out in relief,
Damp, chilly dugouts away underneath;
Ruined masonry, stones, and tiles,
Scattered equipment, salvage piles:
Cooties, rats, odors vile and rank,
This is the home of the Anti-tank.

Seicheprey, the town where all is bereft,
Save only the relics the War God has left,
Nameless graves, half hidden in weeds:
An atmosphere of valorous deeds:
Forgotten trenches, neglected wire,
Poison gas, and scattering fire,
From Fritz, right out on our flanks;
This is the home of the Anti-tanks.

—(*Written by F. C. Perkins while in Seicheprey.*)

North of ST. MIHIEL



Saint Mihiel.

WE had enjoyed our pleasant and refreshing sojourn in Leugley: about the only thing we didn't do being to rest. The small postal telegraph station in the Hotel de Ville had never experienced more prosperous days, for everyone from the buglers to the general had cabled home for money to make Aix les Bains a second Monte Carlo. The permissions were planned from Leugley to all parts of the world. But events turned out in their usual fashion—our plans were mere castles in the air. After thirteen unlucky days we received orders to bid adieu to the hospitable civilians of this town by the Colonel in his brief expression that we were “off for another fight”. We were not greatly disappointed because we were heartily tired of foolish little drills and inspections.

The orders to leave were sudden, arriving shortly after noon on Tuesday, August 25th. The friendly natives left their work to wish us a last farewell and Godspeed, and in many of their eyes were tears, for they well knew the tragedy of war. In their minds as well as in ours were thoughts of death in the lines. How many of these boys would be laid in the sad soil of France. With a shake of the head and a last parting, “C'est la guerre,” the Battery plodded its way in the warm sunny afternoon over the dusty roads which led through the ripening fields and rolling hills to the town of Boudreville. The stop for the night was made here and bunks were made on the side of a low hill. As usual the curious populace looked on but the boys were too tired and low in spirits to be talkative.

At three of the next afternoon the Battery left Boudreville and reached the railroad siding at Latrecy at five. Conveniently located was a cafe, and many decided that the march was unusually hot and dusty, moreover there was a large amount of idle francs in the pockets, francs which were intended to defray the expenses of a few days in some famous watering resort. But the officers considered water to be the only beverage prescribed in regulations—fini the cafe, loading was more important. Spirits were somewhat dampened by the report that a man in A Battery had been run over and killed by one of the heavy guns. The loading was orderly and a competition was announced between the Batteries for speed in loading. The reason was probably to give stimulus. At nine in the evening and during a light shower the train left. Rumors as to our destination were many and varied, but no one really knew where we were going.

Complaints and grumbling were in evidence, our equipment had not received satisfactory attention. The days and nights, mostly nights, during the offensive at Chateau-Thierry, had left us in very poor condition. Our clothing was poor, the food was unsatisfactory. But the gloomy spirit was only superficial, for underneath was a wonderful feeling and understanding of fraternal good cheer.

This train journey was shorter than the ordinary, and at six o'clock of the next morning, August 29th, we detrained in a town of fair size, Ligny. A road march of seven hours brought us to Longville, where the guns were parked and the boys snatched a few hours sleep. In the same town were men of another division who were telling us with great pride of standing as a support division to the British for six or seven days. And they thought they knew what war was! "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Orders came again that evening for another hike and we began a twenty-five kilometer march at eight o'clock and were at Marat at three in the morning. Every piece of rolling stock had to be hidden and the boys were quartered in a square patch of woods bordering on a wheat field. A few who looked after themselves very well, appropriated as beds some of the gathered stacks of wheat, and were severely reprimanded for it the same day.

We were still plodding northwards. Leaving Marat in the evening of the 30th, the Battery hiked through a miserable night of rain. The landscape was bleak, and extremely lonesome. Over white chalk roads, which dipped and rolled over hills where the chill winds blew mournfully. No moon, a biting piercing rain, the mud, the fatiguing hills, empty stomachs, everything seemed discouraging. The crunching of

the guns on the road and the steady plodding of the horses were the only sounds, to interrupt the whistling of the wind. We came to a cross-road and saw a sign-post marked "VERDUN." We took the road to the famous city. Were we to enter the lines where over a million men lost their lives. The mere word "VERDUN" carried a terrible meaning to us. But it also brought a thrill.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 31st, we reached Heippes and pitched camp in a patch of woods. It was still raining. Heippes was one of those busy towns a score or so kilometers in the rear of the lines, in which were ammunition dumps, engineer dumps, and a railroad center. Guards were stationed with whistles and bugles to warn us of the approach of airplanes. Upon hearing such a warning everyone was to seek cover and remain there until "the bird" had disappeared. Everyone felt that something was going to happen in a few days—and something did.

We remained in the woods between Heippes and St. Andre for six days, having rain the first four. Conditions were far from being comfortable. At 7:30 P. M. on September 5th, we were on the road again heading northeast. Twenty kilometers were covered that night and day break the next day saw us echeloned in a deserted French camp in the woods near Rupt-en-Woëvre. This location was the best we had struck in some time. There were numerous huts built into the sides of the hills and most all of them contained wooden bunks and fireplaces. These would shelter us from the rain at least. Many of the boys chose to sleep in the open but they had a chance to regret their decision later. Pup tents were pitched and everyone was as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, when a terrific rain and hail storm washed almost everything down the hill. Those who were fortunate enough to secure places in the huts congratulated themselves. It was noticed at this time that there was an enormous traffic over the roads at night, and piece after piece of artillery of all types was being advanced toward the lines. Yet not a bit of life was seen on the road in the day time. The horses were watered only a few at a time. Everything was done to conceal the presence of a large body of troops from the enemy observers. As was learned later, this precaution was responsible for the success of the offensive which took place a few days later.

The Battery remained in the hills about Rupt-en-Woëvre for four days, and some rest was obtained. The forward position of the guns was occupied on the 9th of September, in a very thickly wooded valley, Ravin d'Apparot. Considerable work was necessary to clear a space

for the guns among the trees. The pieces were pulled in during a cold piercing rain, at night, and a few of the boys learned that a French Infantry kitchen was only a few rods distant. This offered some protection from the rain and advantage was immediately taken of this fact. The cooks who were asleep got up and hospitably served the boys with rum and hot coffee, which was greatly appreciated. The horse lines were also advanced to a quarter of a mile in the rear of the guns.

In the immediate vicinity of the ravine were innumerable Batteries both French and American, some coming from the very distant sector of Montdidier. "Long toms," seventy-fives, one fifty-five shorts, railroad rifles, and howitzers were cleverly concealed throughout the entire region. Everything indicated a very cordial "Howd'ye-do" to Fritz in a few days. The first lines were three kilometers away. For three days, ammunition was continually being hauled to the various gun positions. It was also noticed that there was very little artillery action on this front. It was a sector where worn-out troops were given a chance to remain quiet and at the same time hold a portion of the line.

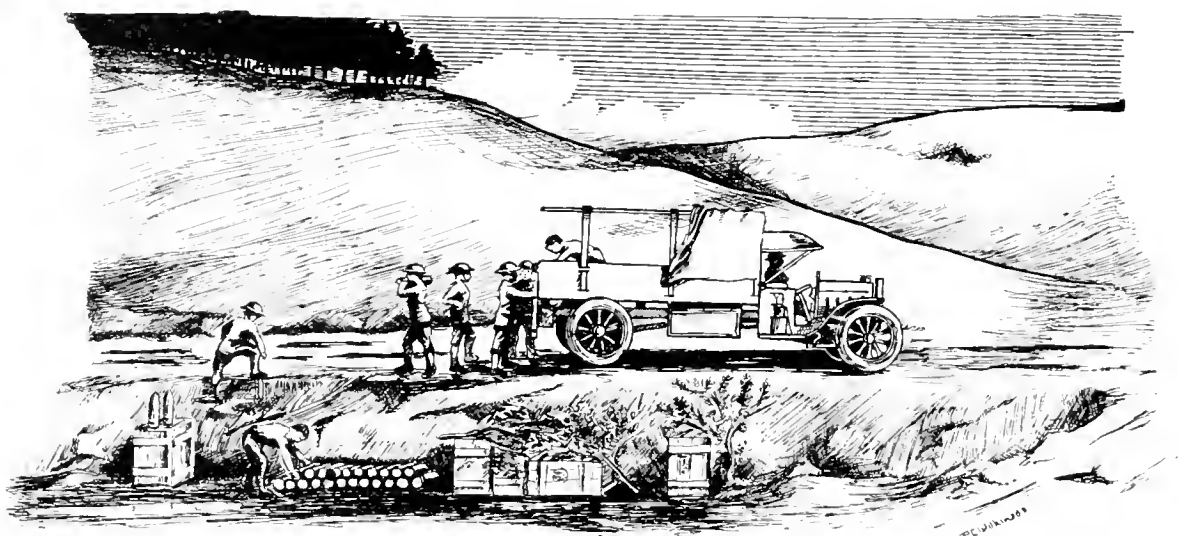
The gun crews were called out at midnight on the 12th, and every thing was made ready. At one o'clock sharp on the morning of Friday the 13th, hundreds of guns flashed and hurled their tons of steel into the German positions. For miles around the sky was lighted with stabs of red, and the noise was terrific. One of the Battery officers remarked at the time that there were forty guns on one target. The boys worked with great enthusiasm. Hardly one return shell fell within hearing distance. For different intervals of time the guns were turned on various points of strong resistant power. The gun crews were working for all they were worth, the guns became hot from the continual fire. Never had we heard such terrific artillery action.

Early in the day we heard the report that 10,000 prisoners, mostly Austrians, had been taken. The attack was a great surprise, and little resistance had been offered. The guns were soon out of range and were hurried on to the road.

A number of boys hearing that the guns were not to be advanced that day, went on souvenir hunts into the trenches, which were occupied a few hours before by the unsuspecting troops. Winding their ways through tortuous communicating trenches they arrived in the front line trenches, overlooking no man's land. What a scene of desolation and destruction. The paths taken by our advance Infantry who were led by French Colonels, who knew the terrain perfectly, were easily followed. The barbed wire was not staked, but it appeared to have been thrown

carelessly and plentifully. There were hundreds and hundreds of yards of rusty wire, up through which the briars and grasses of four years had grown and almost completely hidden. The land was pocked with shell holes in which stagnant water had collected and which stunk horribly. Gaunt bare trunks of trees stood out hideously, nicked and shattered by shrapnel of terrible years. Here and there were human bones, bleached by the pitiless sun. Duds of all calibres were strewn about and even these were cut by pieces of flying shell. Posters of propaganda were picked up addressed to Bavarian troops telling them that the real enemy of the Germans was not America, not France or England, but the House of Hohenzollern. Evidently these had been dropped by Allied airmen. After ripping puttees and trousers on the treacherous wire, the boys came to the German front line. What a contrast between the construction of these and the French lines. The enemy trenches were about eight feet deep. The sides were built of evenly cut blocks of rock, cemented together. On the ground were duck-boards and at even distances in the firing walls were steel boxes containing grenades, signal rockets, etc. Here and there were firing steps. The dugouts were remarkable in their construction. In the direction of the French lines they extended to a depth of twenty or thirty feet. Comfortable beds, stoves, chairs and tables were found. It was told that even female clothing was discovered.

From the front line trenches, cleverly camouflaged communicating trenches wound their way to the second and third lines of defense and into the woods. At the strategic and commanding points were cement



Saint Remy.

block houses or cheese boxes, almost impregnable in appearance, wherein were found machine guns and ammunition a plenty. Only a few dead soldiers were seen and this gave more evidence of the surprise and cleverness of the attack. Barracks complete with electric lights and water system were only a few kilometers from the trenches. A cemetery such as we had never seen before was nearby. The tombstones were of remarkable work with the names and regiments carefully engraved upon them. Every stone was made conspicuous by a black Maltese Cross thereon. Walks were neatly arranged and the entire cemetery was carefully fenced off. War and its terrible toll was certainly in evidence here. After obtaining numerous souvenirs, the boys returned to the gun positions in the Ravine and told of the real "Hindenburg Line."

The next position to be taken up by the advance was located in Saint Remy, a little devastated town close to Les Eparges, famous in the earlier days of the War. The pieces were laid just off the road and fronting a swamp, which by the way was thoroughly appreciated later on. A quarter of a mile in front of the guns was a line of hills, the Heights the Woëvre, from which a wonderful view could be obtained. Stretching for miles on the further side of these hills was a plain, almost unbroken by any eminences, and a few fellows counted fifty-two villages scattered along the white roads of the valley. Far on the other side were the Heights protecting the city of Metz. It was easy to understand that an advance by either the Americans or Germans was impossible, because of the wonderful facilities for observation on either line of hills. The heights in front of the position were honey-combed with caves and in one large underground chamber was a complete power station which supplied the electricity for miles around. The dugouts in this region were very elaborate and strong. The Germans certainly appreciated comfort.

During the stay near Saint Remy the boys did as the French were wont to do. They immediately began to construct shacks with lumber and corrugated iron which was appropriated from the deserted German positions. Stoves were procured and bunks made. Of course all were camouflaged. The horse lines were about a mile in the rear and the drivers, like the men of the gun crews, did everything possible to make themselves comfortable.

Every day there was considerable air activity, both on the part of Allied and German airmen. Fire was also maintained by means of balloon and ground observation. We were thankful that we were not bothered by day or by night by Boche planes. The gun crews did not

carry on much action during the stay at this position, that is, in comparison to the activity of preceding days.

On the eighteenth of September citations from various sources were posted on the bulletin boards and also the facsimile of General Edwards request to G. H. Q. for relief. Appended to this was the reply of General Pershing that it was impossible to grant such at the present momentous time. The feeling for Pershing was not very keen heretofore, but now the men were very bitter in their opinions of the leader of the A. E. F. We were tired, our clothing was in poor shape, and the horses in very low condition. In fact we were almost as badly off as when we left the lines at Chateau-Thierry. However, there was nothing to do but grin and pray that the end of the war was near. In fact, there was a pervading spirit that the end was not far off. Communiques were published stating that Bulgaria had asked for an Armistice, and that Turkey was in sad plight. Of course, such news had a tendency to strengthen the morale considerably. Moreover, life at Saint Remy was not trying. There was the eternal rain and mud, but shelter was unusually good. During the day of the 22nd we listened to the low grumbling shells passing over our heads to the rear, but as they did not bother us we thought very little of them. But two days later we began to pay some attention to enemy shells, for they were falling in Saint Remy with great gusto. Fortunately we were a few hundred yards from the town. The boys sat on the side of a neighboring hill and saw dust, stones and dirt fly in the air, then the whistle of the shell and the explosion. Altogether it was a first-class exhibition of fireworks. Some humor was afforded by the mule-skinner in the town attempting to lead their "cares" out of danger. The mules showed greater ease of mind than the very excited skinner.

A memorable expedition left our ranks on the evening of the 26th. In this detail were Major MacLeod, who at that time was in command of the Battery, Justin Richardson, Dave Parrenteau, "Hubby" Ellis, and Irving Morris. The last four enlisted men had been chosen from a list of many volunteers. Besides these men from B Battery were details from the 102nd Infantry who were to act as patrols. The plan of the expedition was as follows:

A gun had been captured in the advance a week or more previous. It was a Krupp model of 1883 and in excellent working condition. Captain Oberland of the Intelligence Department suggested that the gun be taken to a position in front of our own furthest outposts and fired point blank into the enemy. Of course the plan was attendant with many dangers, but it was originated with the idea that by such an act

the strength and morale of the enemy would be learned. The gun was to be drawn into position by four horses in mule harness, to eliminate the sound of chains which are used on horse harness.

As the beginning of the plain was reached, orders were issued by officers in charge to stick together if an enemy patrol was met, to remain absolutely silent, to refrain from smoking. In case of machine gun fire to lie flat on the ground until the first volley was fired and then to double time toward our lines, everybody for himself. The objective was St. Hilaire which lay five kilometers in front of our lines. The gun was unlimbered in the road and worked by man power into a position behind a clump of bushes. The piece was loaded and a long lanyard attached ready to fire, when suddenly a Battery of 75's barked a few hundred meters in the rear. Disappointment number one. A few minutes later a slight noise was heard in front of the gun and a small patrol was sent ahead to ascertain what it might be. They reported an enemy outpost two hundred meters away and slightly to the left. Disappointment number two. Orders were now given to fire and the lanyard was pulled but no report. The expedition was declared unsuccessful and orders given to withdraw. A sample of the powder was taken back. Major MacLeod tried a match to it, when a small town was reached on the return, but it would not burn. Headquarters had furnished the party with Flash Reducer instead of the absolutely essential powder. The last and greatest disappointment.

The next night the swamp in front of our guns did us a great favor. Shell after shell from some German battery fell into it with great regularity only to sink into the mud with a kerflop. The ground was not hard enough to set the fuses.

About this time the men became tired of Saint Remy. The days were mostly rainy and cold, and nothing was being accomplished. A "Foolish" cootie machine made its appearance and the boys took advantage of it by procuring new underwear which was sadly needed. As usual the steaming process killed the older "coots" but stirred the more vicious younger ones to greater activity. Little benefit was received. Advantage was taken also of the huge shell holes in the swamp which were filled with water. Some of the daring ones closed their eyes and imagined that they were diving into the swimming holes around Providence. Of necessity the costumes were a la September Morn.

We had often wondered why the horse lines were continually being shifted. This time they were brought very near the guns of C Battery, which by the way, was rather warmly shelled by the Boches. But who could understand the whys and wherefores of army life, or rather,

existence. A little excitement was experienced before advancing the echelon. One fine night a squadron of Gothas kept the drivers awake by dropping a few uncomfortably close. Another evening a group was seated around the dying embers of the kitchen fire trying to absorb some heat through their mud-caked "hobs." A Boche was overhead and the anti-aircraft were firing to keep him away; and by the way, it always appeared that it drew the "birds" closer. The talk was the ordinary, who worked the most, the cannoneers or drivers? Why didn't they get new cooks? Why was it necessary to groom three times a day? When was our———Swish—Flip. Everybody ran away from the bomb which landed three or four feet away and which was found to be nothing but an empty shrapnel case from an anti-aircraft shell.

The 79th Division passed over the road on Sunday, October 6th, and we made preparations to move. The new troops were continually asking questions about the amount of fighting in this sector and the nearness of the German lines. From their conversation and attitude we judged that they had not been in the lines for a very long time. We encouraged them as best we could. We were very discouraged and tired ourselves, but we were thankful that we were about to leave Saint Remy. During the last few days there was considerable artillery action towards Verdun which was to our left. The air was charged with rumors of a coming armistice and everyone felt that the war would not go through the winter. There were the pessimists who maintained that Germany was no nearer defeat than she was when the first Americans arrived. Such joy killers were not suffered to talk for any length of time. The food was fine but it seemed that we had no sooner established supply depots and obtained our "eats" regularly than we would be ordered to move on, or in Glassford's famous words, "Off to another fight."

One year in foreign service ! On October 9th we were entitled to wear our second gold service chevron. None seemed very anxious to obtain them and everyone wondered whether we would remain long enough in France to wear the third. This same day orders came to move and the greater part of the afternoon was taken up in preparation. Orders were cancelled in the evening and we remained another day. "Pack rolls, and Unpack Rolls " were familiar orders.

The 30th Division took over a portion of the sector the next day and at nine in the evening of the tenth we left St. Mihiel and St. Remy, but carried with us the vivid memories of our fourth position in the lines.

The condition of the horses was pitiful. Orders from Division Headquarters were constantly being read to us of the great necessity of proper and careful treatment of our animals. In the Battery there were only

eighty-six horses. All the non-coms including the top sergeant had to walk. Strict orders were given that every man carry his pack. Some of the rolling equipment could not be drawn and consequently had to be left behind. The guns were hauled from the valley, in which Saint Remy was located, with great difficulty. Only one piece could be drawn up the hill at a time. When the top was reached the two or three leading pairs were sent back to aid in pulling up the second piece and in this fashion the Battery was started on its way to another position. Joe Marcotte was driving a pair, one of which would not pull, even with severe whipping. Joe with tears in his eyes condemned Trouve, the Stable Sergeant, for shooting one of his pair of handsome blacks, simply because the horse's nose was running. Joe's pair was his pride. After calling out his opinions of Jack, Joe pleaded for a cartridge to shoot his off horse which simply would not pull. Several times the men had to aid the horses by pulling on the draw ropes. The orders to carry the packs were not heeded after a few kilometers had been covered. Everyone piled them onto some piece of caisson and thought that the condition of the horses was not attributable to them. Grumbling as usual was much in evidence and no one was sorry when a halt for the day was called at Genicourt after six kilometers had been covered. Headquarters allowed us to remain a day and a night here and on the evening of Columbus Day, October 12, 1918, we began the march of all marches. We left at 5:30 o'clock. Orders to carry packs were again issued, but as soon as darkness came on they were again disobeyed. Orders were also given forbidding smoking, which were also disregarded.

When we began this hike we believed that it would be nothing extraordinary. But we were fooled. One of the Lieutenants who was leading, forgot to leave a marker at a certain cross road and we continued straight ahead. We had stumbled along our way for twelve kilometers and arrived in a town which the lieutenant was able to locate on his map. He now realized his mistake and the order to do an about face was given. As the boys repassed landmarks after landmark they readily voiced their opinions of the Lieutenant and in such a tone of voice that it could be heard. The men lighted cigarettes and pipes and when ordered by officers to stop they would politely answer, "Go to Hell," and duck behind a piece. The Lieutenant rode back to the officer in charge and on his way was greeted with very uncordial salutations. As he made his report to the commander the latter, a wise old-timer answered, "Hell—let them smoke."

Many men dropped by the side of the road and sought resting places for the night. Those of greater determination and strength plodded on

cursing the efficiency of some American officers, and one Lieutenant in particular. Orders were issued again, and this time the drivers were told to exchange places with the cannoneers every now and then. The night was very dark, not a star was visible, and the road particularly rough. The Battery finally reached the point where they should have turned after twenty-four kilometers of useless hiking had been completed. We reached our destination at seven-thirty the next morning, the Bois de Balecourt, which was six kilometers from Verdun. The march of this memorable night was of fifty-one kilometers. The men were utterly exhausted. Many did not wait for breakfast, but went to sleep, either in the woods or in old barracks.

The first definite news of Germany's petition for an armistice appeared this same morning in the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune. Such welcome tidings served in a small way to make the gloom and fatigue of this trying hike a little easier to bear. But Columbus Day of 1918 occupies a most conspicuous place in our diaries.

CHATEAU THIERRY.

We toyed with the Boche up at Soissons,
Did better later on,
When at Seicheprey and Xivray-Marvoisin
We sent them back on the run.

Tin Soldiers, some one had called us,
We were only Volunteers
In the National Guard from New England,
We'd developed some in a year.

For now we were wanted to start them
Back, towards the Rhine's farther bank,
And 'twas here that the war weary Frenchmen,
To the old Twenty-Sixth, gave their thanks.

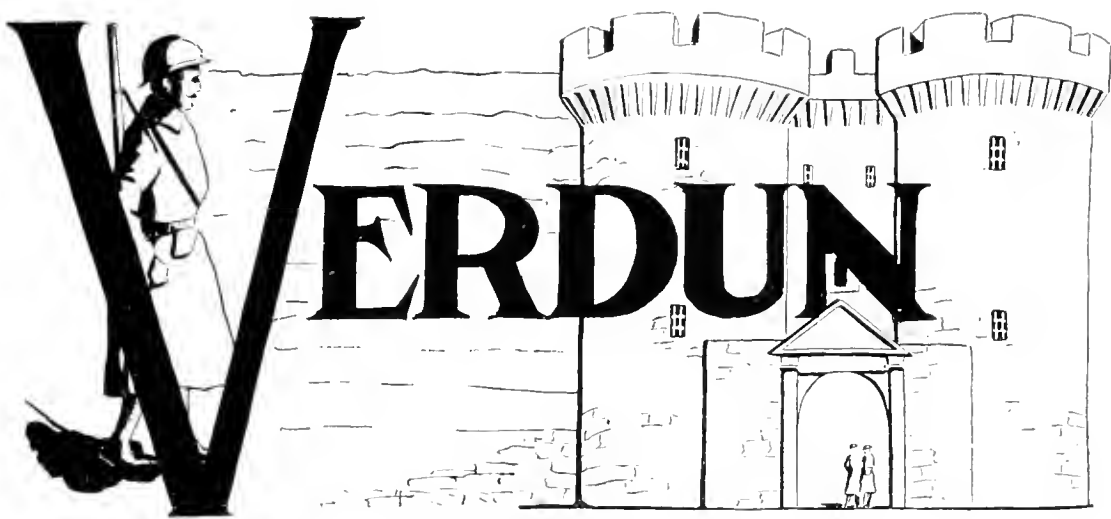
For we did what was asked when we started,
There at the banks of the Marne,
And drove through Torcy and Sergy,
Took a short rest at Paris Farm.

Then on we went through Beauvarden,
Right on up to Chery,
'Twas only orders that stopped us
From driving right through Germany.

"Regulars " sit up now and notice,
When a blue Y. D. comes in view,
"Bon Division " murmurs the Frenchy
"Chateau-Thierry remembers you."



“Saint Remy.”



UPON being relieved at St. Remy by the artillery of the 30th Division, the first thing we asked was, "Where do we go from here? ". The rumor squad, headed by Walter Donnelly, made many guesses. The best one seemed to give us a rest,—long overdue,—but as usual, it was wrong. Not that we cared, so much either, for at least there were no "foolish orders" aiming to make "good soldiers" out of us, while we were in the lines. Anyway, we had had enough of rest camps.

When we did move, it was with that pleasing feeling of wondering where we were going to stop. On October 10th, we pulled from our positions at St. Remy to the ravine behind Rupt-en-Woëvre, known as Genicourt. The position had been a difficult one to pull out of. The horses were in terrible condition, and there were not enough of them. The second piece suffered a slight mishap, a broken pole. Going up the hill from the position, it was necessary to take one section up, using the horses from two sections, then go back for the other section. At the cross roads the firing Battery had been joined by the Battery Field Train and the trip was made to Genicourt without accident.

We remained at Genicourt two days, doing little, but sleeping and trying to entice the commissary department of the 7th Division to sell their stock. This was fine, but was soon to be paid for. Early in the evening of October twelfth, we left Genicourt. At first, we took it as we had taken all hikes, figuring that twenty kilometers would probably end it. After a few hours, we began to wonder. We were beginning to get tired. Still the column kept moving, except for the short rests that came once an hour. Finally, we stopped. We knew we had covered about thirty kilometers and we were sure this must be the end. We waited about an hour and then,—suddenly the head of the column

went back past us. Soon, we were following, and then we realized that we had lost our way in the dark.

During the short intervals of rest now, many of the men dropped in the mud to literally "snatch forty winks." Commands to stop smoking met with jeers. Towards daylight we found ourselves moving along a road with a high citadel off on our right. What place was this? Then some one said, Verdun.

Verdun! We had heard of this town long before we thought of being soldiers. We had heard of it, as soon as we struck France. Scarcely a French family but seemed to have lost some one there. Most of the German prisoners we had seen at Coëtquidan had been captured at Verdun. As we saw this town, and thought of its history of the men who had made good their cry, "On ne passe pas!", our spirits revived. What was a hike of one night compared to what they had stood. With many of the boys it was only this spirit that kept them going.

About nine o'clock of the morning of the thirteenth found us pulling into the woods outside of Balecourt. We had covered fifty-two kilo-

meters, and it was a tired outfit that helped the horses get the pieces up the muddy slopes to the woods. As soon as the picket line was stretched and the horses taken care of, almost every man sought a bunk in barracks assigned to us. The exceptions were the "chocolatehounds" who had heard that their favorite "tid-bit" was to be had in a town twelve kilometers away. Late in the afternoon they returned loaded with chocolates, cigarettes, candles; in fact, everything needed. The "wolves" went to work immediately, while the "hounds" slept.

We remained here for two days. In the evening of the fourteenth, we moved up about four kilometers, parking just off the road. In the

distance we could count a number of small towns all in ruins. On the night of the sixteenth, the first platoon pulled into position in Ravine de Boussiers, near Verdun, relieving the French. The trip had been a hazardous one.



Due to the good work of the engineers, the roads were in good condition and we made good time, until we reached Charney. Here a lively barrage directed at the bridges over the Meuse between Charney and Bras, held us up. The men were forced to unhitch and go back about a kilometer, to what was left of the position of an old French outfit. The horses were picketed and the men sought the shelter of the old dugouts. These offered protection from everything except the rats, which infested the place and made sleeping impossible. After about four hours the shelling eased up and the men and horses returned to the pieces. After leaving Charney we crossed the Meuse into Bras. At the main cross roads we turned to the left, following this road for about three kilometers. Then we turned to the right onto a shell torn road that led to our new position in Ravine de Boussiers, or Death Valley. The ground all around was strewn with dead horses and men.

The drivers did good work in getting the guns into position. Before day break the drivers were covering the road back to the echelon, anxious to get off the road before it was light enough for German observation.

That night the second platoon followed the first, and another snappy night was experienced, the fourth section especially being lucky to get away without casualties.

At the same time the echelon moved back to Bois-de-Ville, where they stayed for three days, when they moved to the Caserne Niel at Thierville. This place had formally been a War College for Field Artillery and had received its share of fire. The barracks and stables, however, were still in fairly good condition and the men found good quarters, where they could be comfortable and fairly clean.

The echelon, however, knew it was at the front. A twelve-inch Naval Gun, which fired from an open track just outside of Thierville, brought German answers. The Germans were continually sending shells over Caserne Niel into Verdun, and at times dropped shrapnel on the echelon. German aviators did some strafing, killing two men and wrecking a truck by the use of hand grenades. This was at the gate of the echelon.

Every day, however, someone went to a commissary somewhere and brought back supplies, which were divided, half to be sent to the front. On Hallowe'en eve the boys celebrated. An entertainment was put on in one of the barracks, and doughnuts, coffee and apples handed out. It was an enjoyable evening and so more followed. The mess served was much better than we had been receiving, so that, all in all, the war at the echelon wasn't so bad.

At the position things were anything but pleasant. Heinie staged a party every afternoon at three, when he would try to send a whole ammunition dump over. Many of the men had close calls and some were wounded.

On October 23rd came the attack on Houppy Bois and Bois de Belieu. For days then it was merely a continuation of this attack with our Artillery supporting the Infantry. The men were suffering from the German fire. A number had been wounded, and practically every man was gassed, some so badly, they could not speak. But none went to the hospital, the only changes being as some were relieved for a few days by fresh men from the echelon. On the twenty-fourth, the third section piece had been temporarily put out of action, when it was struck by fragments from an enemy shell.

On November 2nd the firing Battery moved forward a short way and took up positions at Côte de Paivre, relieving a French battery, which had just suffered rather heavily by having the breach of one of their guns blow up, killing the entire crew. The change in some ways was a good one. Good dugouts and gun pits were ready for us. But also, directly behind us were some of the forts that guarded Verdun. The German shelled these forts incessantly, and every time a shell dropped short—and they were many now—we received the benefit of it. Two men were wounded and forced to leave for the hospital and we were being continually gassed. The very food seemed to taste of different flavors of Germany's worst.

About that time it was decided that the heavy artillery was too much for horses, and that we had better be motorized. The regiment was ordered to send a detail, comprised of a certain number of men from every Battery, to motor school. The required number of men were picked, many of them from those serving on the gun crews, as it was felt that they needed and deserved a rest.

On November 3rd the men who had been picked from the firing Battery prepared to move to the echelon. They were leaving the position and had almost reached the main road behind the position, when the Germans suddenly started a terrific strafing. One shell landed between Flint Grinnel and Ray Bertherman. When the smoke cleared away Ray Bertherman was down, severley wounded in the leg. A large shell fragment had struck behind his right knee, almost taking the leg off. Flint attempted to stop the flow of blood by applying a tourniquet. A stretcher was secured and Ray was taken to a first aid station from where he was rushed to the hospital. There it was found necessary to

amputate his leg. Ray really never recovered from the operation, the loss of blood having been too much. A few days later, we were informed that he was dead. He was buried in the cemetery at Limoges. Ray's loss was keenly felt, as he was one of the steadiest and best natured men in the Battery.

At two o'clock in the morning, November 11th, we received orders to move the gun positions into the open and to lay them well to the right. Orders were given for a schedule of fire that would keep the gun crews busy until five o'clock in the afternoon.

Then at nine forty-five that morning we received news that seemed too good to be true. An armistice had been agreed upon, and we were to stop firing at eleven o'clock. The men went wild. Up until eleven o'clock we gave Heinie everything we had. On the last shot every member of the firing Battery, all the cooks included, as well as a number of officers from G. H. Q., helped to pull the long lanyard which had been brought out for the purpose.

For a moment there was silence, not a gun to be heard anywhere. Then the men gave vent to their feelings. We joined the French in celebrating. Mess was forgotten.

Evening saw a wonderful sight. Huge bonfires were made all along the line of the front, every loose powder charge—anything we could lay our hands on, going into the fire. Flares were used as fireworks. At the echelon, there were flag raisings, parades, speeches and bonfires. It was a wonderful sight.

The position at the front was held two more days. Then, on November thirteenth, we pulled out from our last position in the lines and marched back to the echelon, where the Battery was reunited.

On the same day the first men from the Battery received their furloughs, twelve men leaving for Aix-les-Bains. Truly, the war was over, and we made up our mind that we would enjoy the rest of our stay in France. But we overlooked the fact that there were drill grounds, guard duty and other things in the S. O. S., and that G. H. Q. was already making plans to teach us how to be soldiers after our ten months in the line.

Ten months of hiking, shell lugging, firing, privations. Ten months of trying to fight like men and meet whatever came, like soldiers. Ten months continuous service in the line,—and we knew that the Forty-Second Division and the First were the only other American outfits to have seen as much. We were proud of our record. Mixed with our feeling of pride for the past were bright dreams of the future, and then—our air castles were ruined.

Post Armistice.

FINI La Guere! Sure enough it was over. No more lugging shells. No more lines to be run and repaired. No more firing at unholy hours—and finished the thousand and one details of a Battery in firing position.

Would we go to the Army of Occupation was the next and most important of questions. During the next few days rumor had us posted everywhere from a position in the Zone of Occupation to “Home for Christmas.”—Home for Christmas ! What a welcome sound. Strangely enough, we really believed it at first. Most of us had no particular longing to hike through Germany, and with the scarcity of horses, it looked as if we would have to “man handle” the guns.

However, it was at length decided that we were not to be part of the “American movement watch on the Rhine,” and on November 13th we hauled the guns from their last position and hiked back to the echelon, in Caserne Niel at Thierville. The men from the position arriving at the echelon found the men on that detail quite comfortably established in old stone barracks with stoves and bunks under quite agreeable conditions.

It didn't look so tough until we were shown our sleeping quarters for the night. Upstairs on a cement floor, not a pane of glass to be had in any of the windows, and apparently not heated since Caesar's conquest of Gaul. There we slept—or rather lay awake—for it was so cold that three men sleeping together with all their clothes and ten or a dozen blankets were unable to offset the bitter chill from the cement floor.

We were assembled early next morning for our departure from the Zone of Advance. All surplus equipment was turned in, wagons and all. It now looked as if we must carry packs without a chance to cheat. However, on this occasion, we were fortunate enough to have motor transport for our packs, and it wasn't with any regret that we loaded them on. After an all day hike we arrived after dark at Nubecourt, where the men had a delightful job sorting out their equipment by the light of a lone lantern. Finally, however, they reached a satisfactory agreement and sought sleeping quarters.

Assembling on the road the morning of the 15th, waiting for the "Forward Ho" that would start another day of hiking—along came old "Never be the same." T. P. Hazelhurst, back from the hospital, resplendent in a long overcoat with a court train effect. He certainly was accorded a real welcome.

The night of the 15th found us billeting in Levoncourt after a long day on the road. While Levoncourt boasted nothing more than the usual piles of wealth? about town, several noteworthy incidents occurred.

Lieut. O'Connor had been surreptitiously egging on the Grunt editors for a publication and here it was that the last and most slashing copy of that daring sheet was published. Posted on a ration wagon at the kitchen directly in front of the officers' quarters it was a center of interest.

Close on its heels came disaster. Great gobs of wrath descended on the tenth section, some of whose members were known to be chief offenders. Bright and early on the 16th came an order: "Sgt. Redfern, the detail will report for fatigue—clean stables, and police the town." That for our poor old Grunt! The detail was to be divided up among the battery to prevent any further outbreaks of near-Bolshevism; and in spite of the fact that the leaders of the Grunt issue offered themselves as sacrifices to save the rest of the personnel of their section, they became parts of other sections in very short order.

On the morning of the 17th the guns were hauled to Tronville to an Ordnance park and there left until further orders and on the 18th we bade farewell to our poor old, worn out horses—faithful old beasts, may their surviving days be of peace and plenty for they, too, are veterans of the Great War.

November 20th found us leaving Levoncourt, foot artillery with a vengeance, no horses or guns. We were once more in the condition we left the States, except, of course, in the matter of various personal changes and in a state of almost entire disillusion. Arriving at Nançois-le-Petit we were installed in very comfortable billets and the town itself was noticeably neat and tidy.

Here we spent Thanksgiving and although the ration issue for the day was "canned willy" and salmon, with hard-tack, we drew on the good old Battery Fund (thanks to the folks at home) and had a real dinner. In the evening we commandeered an old barracks in the town and staged an impromptu, but very snappy, vaudeville show. The show and the nine barrels of beer bought in nearby Bar-le-Duc, made a very successful Thanksgiving.

Now we began to get a taste of peace-time soldiering, it being decided that, inasmuch as the war was over we must learn to be soldiers, and drills and hikes became a part of each day's program. After ten days,



on November 30th, we packed up and moved to Loisey or "Lousey" as "she is spoke." Still in the same area with no apparent reason for moving except to move.

Now we had real cause to curse drills, for the only place the town afforded that was large enough for the purpose was at the top of a very high hill and this climb became more irksome as the days went by. Sick call had a heavy attendance every day.

Loisey was also inhabited by Brigade Headquarters, our late Colonel P. D. Glassford, now a Brigadier General, being in the town at all times. Talk about salutes—we even drew one Captain Von Kumer, a Disciplinary Officer, whose duty was to go around passing out \$5.00 fines and ten days in the jug for each unfastened button. Orders were read to salute all passing staff cars on suspicion that there might be an officer inside, and the boys went around with ever ready hand saluting beer wagons, wood carts and all vehicles for fear that they might pass some one up and get life.

On December 20th the cards were once more shuffled and this time we were dealt a train ride starting from Ligny and arriving on December 21st at La Ferte sous Amance, where we detrained and marched twenty-seven kilometers to Vicq (L'Haute Marne).



Vicq was the scene of our continued activity in the Peace-Time Soldier Game. Drill and hike. Hike and drill. Inspection and muster, not forgetting a few full pack hikes so we wouldn't forget our equipment.

In Vicq the "Own your own home" movement was speeded up and a large percentage of the Battery was housed among the good people of the town, beds being obtainable at one-half franc per day. Every stove and fireplace in town was busy each night cooking rabbits, steak, sausage and every other eatable for sale in the town, together with many, many Pommes de Terre. We who found homes here were surely sitting on the world.

December 25th—Christmas day—found us still in Vicq, and although we were to have been at home according to Dame Rumor, there was an ocean of very deep water between us and the best place of all. The day passed quietly, with a vaudeville show in the evening.

At Vicq our long lost barrack bags came back, but oh, how sadly depleted, bereft of nearly everything except dirty clothes—they were sorry looking sights. Lean and cadaverous and almost valueless.

Athletics were fast coming into vogue as a relief from the monotony of drill and football, soccer and many games helped to fill out the days.



Billet—Vicq.

One bright day, lo and behold, noisy and hungry as ever, in breezed Walter Wolf, prisoner in Germany since the battle of Seicheprey, to keep us entertained for many days with his tales of prison life in Germany.

The motor school detachment returned to us at Vicq full of knowledge of gasoline vehicles and weird tales of their soft jobs at Le Blanc. They also brought final verification and full details of the death of "Dutchy" Butts from the effects of gas received in Death Valley.

The tractor detail which left some weeks before came roaring into town one night spouting flames from the exhaust pipes of ten ton tractors which were to haul the guns we didn't have. This material had been ordered a year previous and this delivery twelve months later showed marked efficiency. The inhabitants were most curious and, in fact, we were very nearly in the same state of mind. However, after a few days they were rattled off to be turned over to another outfit at the Division rail head.

On January 24th, after the many events at Vicq, we pulled out in the morning for La Ferte sous Amance, there entraining for the Le Mans area, there to be cleansed and purified, de-cootieized and made ready for our trip home sometime in the indefinite future. Many stories came to our ears of the "Dirty Camp," the Belgian Camp, and the strict conditions existing in the Le Mans area. We were not greatly enthused at the prospect of several weeks stay under such conditions. However, we passed Le Mans and found that we were to be billeted in a small town in the area instead of in the main camp.

We detrained at Mayet and after hiking four kilometers to Pontvallain were billeted under somewhat crowded conditions. The entire regiment was assigned to this town and there wasn't any too much room anywhere. The town, however, proved not too bad from a standpoint of comfort and certainly we were not overworked here.

Sports and athletics were very prominent. Basketball, football soccer, and boxing were greatly encouraged even to the Divisional Contests at Écomoy, which lasted several days. Prize drill squads were trained, boxers speeded up, and everyone, who could find an athletic excuse, was ducking drill and details.

Now that we were nearing the final leg of our journey someone in G. H. Q. decided that we were ignorant and illiterate and should be educated. Classes were to be formed in French, mathematics, English and what not, with instructions from the personnel of each outfit. As long as the classes were an excuse to duck drill, they were a huge success; but when the time off was reduced to the hours necessary for class there

was a huge falling off in attendance. Finally, with the possible exception of the elementary class in English, most of them died a natural death.

Here also the non-coms received much instruction in the use of rifles, with which they were totally unfamiliar heretofore, and were, as a matter of fact, willing to remain ignorant.

One of the chief diversions of this area was chasing the elusive cootie. It was the original idea of this area to make us once again clean and vermin proof. To this end we were endlessly bathed, our clothes boiled, the seams smeared with a sticky substance, traps set, lynching parties organized, and finally our grey-backed enemies were exterminated. Each week we appeared before the medical officers and had our shirts examined for a possible hardy cootie who could survive the extensive offensive of the winter of 1919.

The much delayed furloughs came through in February and the lives of the officers, the Top and the Battery Clerk became one of constant labor, sorting out, answering a million questions, taking approximately the same number of kicks every day and even then everybody didn't get a furlough.

Every corner of France was named by enterprising young men in Olive drab for their sojourn of three or fourteen days as the case might be. Naturally every man wanted to reach Paris, but Paris was taboo. So all planned their trips with the great city as a connecting station where they might stop over for a few hours. The stories of these furloughs spent in Lyons, Dijon, Nice, Aix-les-Bains, and other places would make a book worth reading, particularly if the stories were written exactly as they were told. Many of us will have little giggles to ourselves as long as we live when we are reminded of our journeys as Permissionaires in France.

Some kilometers outside of Pontvallain lay a large wood reported to be infested with wild Boar, and the Regimental Commander set aside a day for a grand Boar Hunt by the entire Regiment. Armed with bayonets, clubs, and spears, but no guns, we chased the elusive "saugher" all day. The fruit of the hunt was one poor, little, scared rabbit, driven into ambush and slaughtered. He should have received "posthumously" the Medal of Honor for so gallant a battle—one rabbit against 1,200 men. True enough boars were seen, but they were too fast on their feet. This escapade was the cause of gales of laughter for many days among the inhabitants of the town.

On February 19 the inspection of the Division was held by the Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, General Pershing. It rained,

the field was ankle deep in mud, we stood roughly four hours waiting for the inspection (or rather, for the General to arrive). Bayonets and rifle barrels were rust spotted, clean equipment muddled; then a hasty inspection, and a tired and disgruntled outfit hiked back to Pontvallain.

Meantime the Battery Clerks were kept busy completing service record data, which was in very bad condition, making all kinds of reports, catching up on the many items that had gone behind and been neglected during combat days, and finally making passenger lists for the homeward journey and really busy for the first time in their L. A. career.

Finally the great day. On the 28th of March we hiked to Mayet there entraining for Brest in American box cars. Oh, the stories they told us ! No noise, no jeering the M. P.'s., no hopping on the S. O. S., no drinking or they would send us back for life. Further we must have full equipment whether for issue or not. Two cans of dubbin, two extra shoe laces or we would be detained at Brest. Some of us were hardened enough to laugh, but others, fearing such a calamity at the last moment, fell for this bunk and packed the works—and at that the greasy dubbin came in handy to help burn wet wood at Brest.

Arriving in Brest at about eleven o'clock at night in a downpour of rain, we detrained, wondering if we would sail as we had landed with old Jupiter Pluvius on the job as usual. We marched across the road to some model mess halls where we feasted our stomachs on beans and prunes, and our eyes on the marvelous efficiency of the Port of Debarkation Kitchens. System was the prevalent note here, and after a long up hill hike we found more evidence of it at the Camp de Pontanazen.

We were lodged in comfortable tents with Sibley stoves, and cots with springs and real mattresses. Quite livable, in spite of the terrible tales of the mud hole at Brest.

The final inspections were rapidly gone through as well as the last touches of red tape on the paper work. In the meantime a great part of the outfit was kept busy on detail work, for the greater part of the work about the camp was conducted by the troops stopping in the area.

On the morning of March 31st, we packed up once more and marched down to the docks, where we were, after a few of the usual preliminaries, checked off, and marched aboard the lighters which were to convey us out to the Mongolia, which lay in the harbor.

Along in the afternoon, up came the anchor, and the shores of France, the scene of many experiences for eighteen months, some of them hard, and some of them easy, and some of them regrettable, drew slowly from our sight. Needless to say, however, we were not at all displeased

to start on the last and final leg of our journey HOME. Even at that, it being April 1st, there was much pessimistic talk that they might be playing us for April Fools, and that we would wake up well on our way to Russia, or some other such outlandish destination.

For ten of the longest days in our existence we sailed the Atlantic, spending our time reading books from the Y Library which contained many pleasing volumes, playing cards, watching movies, singing, eating the fruit provided by the various welfare organizations on board, and standing in line at the ship's canteen.

The night of April 9th found us outside Boston Harbor standing at the rail, watching the harbor lights, and expectantly looking toward tomorrow, when for the first time in eighteen months we would tread home soil.

Dawn found practically the entire ship load of men crowding the decks, the windlasses, hoisting winches, and every other bit of available space; and while the rising sun spread the morning glow across the harbor, the Mongolia steamed slowly toward the dock.

Then what commotion. Ferry boats, small steamers, excursion boats, sub-chasers, skiffs, all manner of craft crowded the waters through which we were moving. Pandemonium reigned supreme. Amid the screeching of whistles, cheers from the passing boats, the shouting of the men, and the playing of the bands, everything from the banners on the various boats, the cheers of the people, and their smiling faces, gave forth a welcome to the home hungry men on the Mongolia. Can words describe our feelings. Service has found a bit of it in these lines:

Hunger not of a belly kind,
That's banished with bacon and beans,
But the lonely hunger of half-starved men
For a home, and all that it means.

Welcome Home ! It was glorious, something we will never forget.

As one of the sub-chasers passed close by us, we espied the first familiar figure. On the pilot house, bent in a posture peculiar to but one, his eyes glued to his glasses, stood a man, whose build and carriage left no doubt in our minds. Suddenly above the tumult boomed Ben Miller's voice, "Agnew, bring me a large piece of pie," and Captain Metcalf waved a smiling greeting in response. Beside him was our first Captain, now Major Hanley.

Reaching the dock, which was jammed to the very edge with home people who had come to help out the welcome, we were showered with every imaginable kind of eatables, cigarettes, fruit, candy, and what not. The air fairly rained good things, and many of us received staggering

blows from falling packages, which we minded not in the least. Never was a barrage so welcome.

Some few were allowed to go ashore and visit around for ten minutes, but this order was soon rescinded, inasmuch as we probably would have been there yet. Soon enough we were lined up and marched down the long gang plank, out through the sheds piled high with "canned willy" and salmon, at which we (at least some of us) surreptitiously thumbed our noses. Here we were given great attention by the various welfare organizations, and finally loaded on real American trains for our trip to Camp Devens.

The trip to Devens was a slow one, for the train stopped at practically every station, where we were besieged by hospitable people who crammed us with delicacies like so many spoiled children.

Detraining at Camp Devens it was our turn to wonder at the way of Army Camps. Real barracks, with steam heat, hot and cold showers, electric lights, canteens galore, Hostess House, Soldiers' Club, even the stables were better than our average run of billets. We could scarcely believe our eyes.

We were first segregated overnight in a tent camp, on suspicion that we might be carrying a few pets in the seams of our shirts. Early the next morning we were marched to the cleansing station, where we were bathed while our clothes were put through the machines and brought back to us wrinkled beyond recognition.

Throughout the days that followed the camp was thronged with visitors, our families and friends, who stuffed us on pie and cake, and home cooked grub, until the really good mess served at the kitchens was hardly attended. The Welfare League sent up many crates of fruit which were duly appreciated and given proper attention. Most of us divided our time equally between the shower baths, eating and wandering around the camp.

Large batches of men were given passes every few days, and how they did flock home. Providence looked as if it was under military rule. The reception committees worked themselves to death for fear that some one of us would get by without having shaken hands with the mayor and sundry other officials, eating their dinners, and receiving the theatre tickets which they were dispensing. We began to feel as if we really were of some importance, and most of us threw out our chests just a little farther and tried our best not to strut too much.

On April 25th came the great YD parade in Boston. A bitter cold wind blew all day, but the crowds swarmed the stands and the streets. From a military standpoint the parade was not a record one, but as a

demonstration it was unsurpassed. New England turned out that day and Boston was never so crowded, and the warmth of the greeting was worth the long line of march.

Directly after the Divisional Review at Devens, held on April 22, 1919, large numbers of our replacements were being sorted out and sent to the camps nearest their homes for demobilization, and it was with real regret and sincere admiration and friendship that we parted with these men from all over the country, who had, by their hardihood, courage, and loyalty, helped to make history for our outfit. Many of them we may never meet again, but deep in our hearts and minds will ever be the memory of these our comrades, through thick and thin, who wore their YD with all credit and pride, although their homes were many miles from New England.

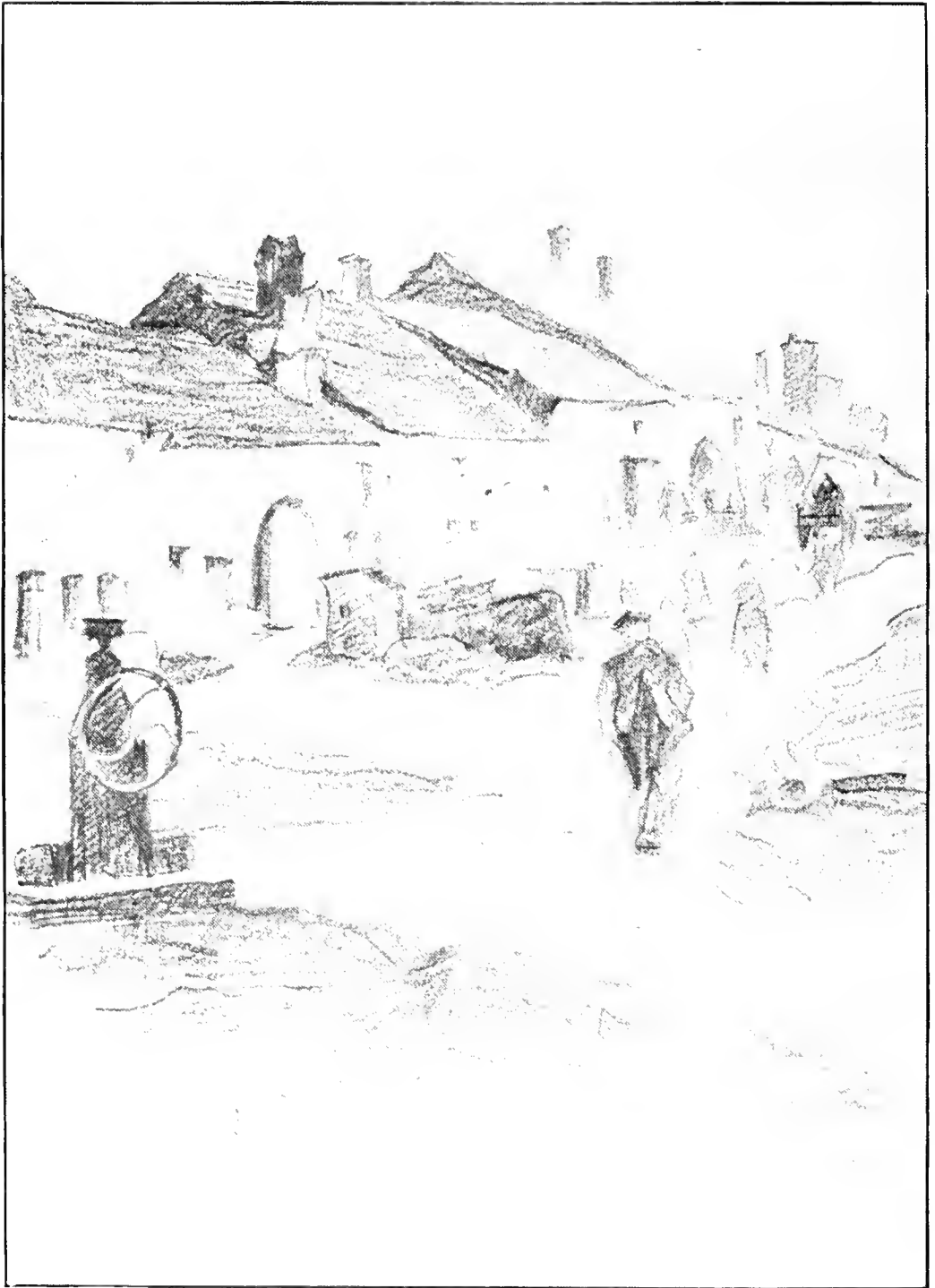
The last days were crowded with inspections, turning in of equipment, and all the final odds and ends of catching up, and on April 29th, the last great day, we drew our final pay and discharges and dashed for home and its comforts for ever and ever.

On May 5th we were once again called upon to parade, this time in Providence, and again we felt the keen joy of seeing friendly, welcoming faces lining the streets in the final demonstration of welcome to their boys.

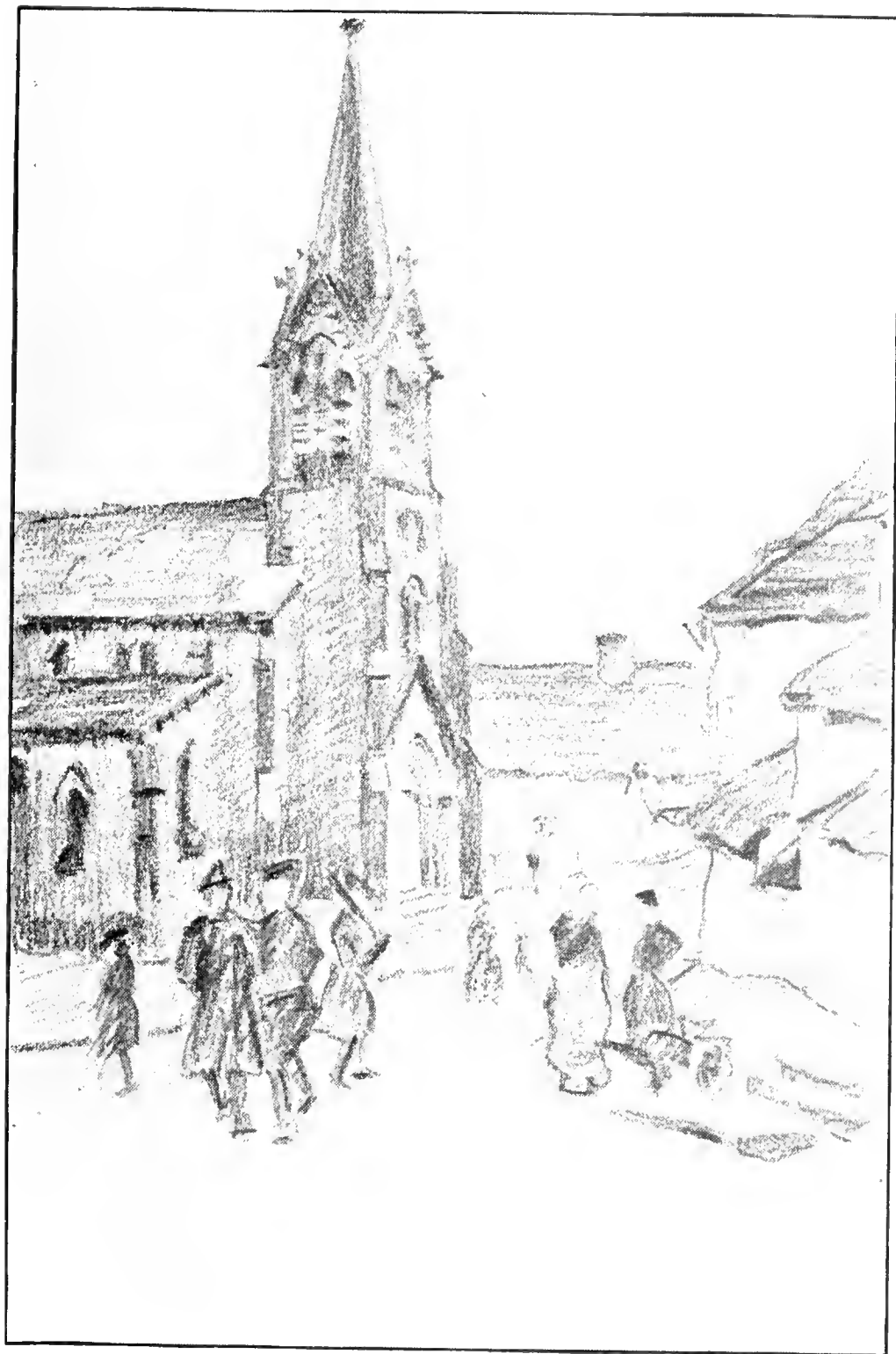
This was our last appearance as an active military organization. Our service was ended and by others will be forgotten, but for us, Battery B will always exist. The days of joys and sorrows, pleasure and hardships, which we spent together will always be real. Those comrades whom we with aching hearts left over there will always be with us. The spirit of the old outfit, of "all for one and one for all," will never die, and because of that it will not be until Taps is blown for the last of us that we can ever write the end of Battery B, 103rd Field Artillery, 51st Brigade, 26th Division.



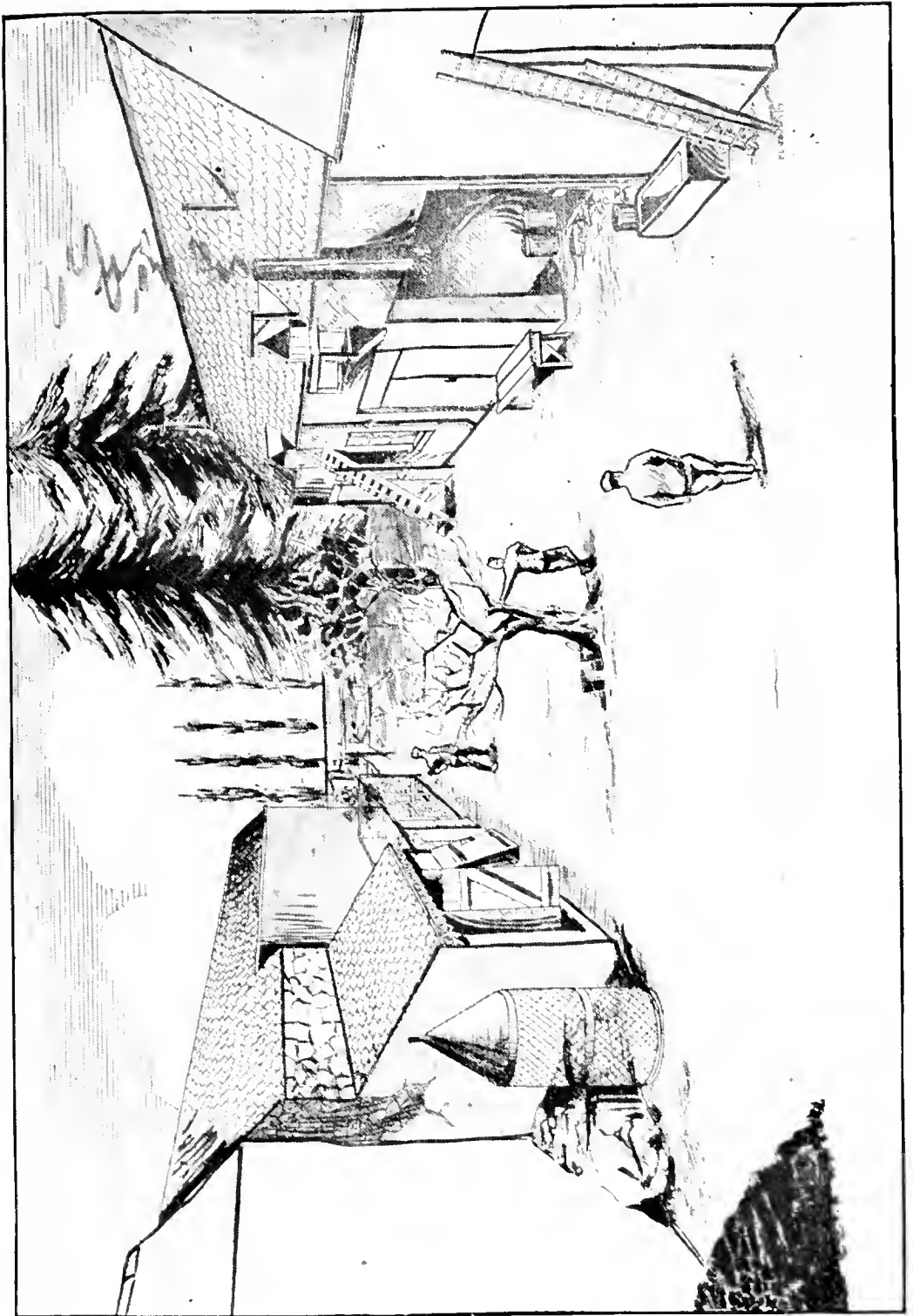
Result of Overindulgence in "O. D. V."



Showing our Billets at Vicq.



"Vicq."



Kitchen and Billets at Pontvallain

MARCHING SONG OF 'THE YANKEE DIVISION.

(Written to the tune of the Poilu's "La Madelon," by Wilmer H. Eicke of C. Battery, 103 F. A. Eicke was killed while serving with the Battery at Verdun.)

When Uncle Sam put his finger in the World War,
Boys from the States answered quickly to his call.
North, South and East sent enthusiastic troops,
But New England was first of them all.
Back there in Yankee Land they trained us,
Put General Edwards in command,
Then sent us sailing o'er the ocean,
Brought us at last to France's strand.
And now we're here to stay,
We're here to clear the way,
We're here to make the people shout and say "Hooray !"

CHORUS.

Oo-la-la-la here come the fighting Yankees,
Here are the boys from whom the Kaiser runs,
See the doughboys marching into battle,
Hear the crack and the crash of the guns, Boom ! Boom !
Onward they go, the Boches cannot hold them,
Every one knows they're sure to win the day.
Clear the way, the Yankee Boys are coming,
Its the old Twenty-Sixth on its way.

Since we've been here we have fought in many a battle,
Trenches or field work to us is all the same.
Starve, thirst or fight if it only wins the day, Boys,
That's only playing the game.
Come keep it up, we've got 'em going,
Show them what Yankee men can do,
Drive all the Boches o'er the border,
Edwards will tell us when we're through.
That's when the Kaiser fell,
Then we were marching well,
And then the gang will loose its step and yell like Hell.

CHORUS.

B Battery in Other Days.

B BATTERY of the One Hundred and Third Field Artillery could and did stand on its own feet. If we indulge in a bit of history then, it is not for the purpose of claiming that we are the continuation of some other famous "outfit." But the fact that "way back in '61" a Battery went forth from Rhode Island called "B Battery—Rhode Island Field Artillery" and established an enviable record, gives us a little additional pride, as that was our designation when we started, and we always felt that we were really still that.

What they did of course, is a tradition, not for us alone, but for every man who ever wears the American uniform. But would it be surprising to find that they followed our outfit with a little special interest? In the years to come if fate should bring another war, would we not follow the futures of Battery B, 103rd F. A., a little more closely than any other outfit? Certainly we would, and in a certain sense we would feel that we belonged to each other.

And so with Battery B of Civil War days. They, like ourselves, were members of the first Battery B of Field Artillery to leave this state to fight, and they certainly had their share.

In the Battle of the Wilderness and that of Gettysburg, the Battery was in the very thick of the fighting. In the latter engagement, one of the pieces of the Battery was struck as it was being loaded and the shot wedged in the mouth of the muzzle so that the gun could neither be fired nor the shot removed. The piece was removed with heavy losses. Today, this gun, "Battery B Gun," with the shot still in the muzzle is on exhibition at the State House.

In the Battle of the Wilderness, B Battery was again in the thick of the fighting. The following clipping is taken from a copy of the *Providence Journal*, printed at that time:

"Battery B, commanded by Capt. T. Fred Brown, has been attached to the 1st Division (Barlow's) 2nd Army Corps, and has been engaged severely during the recent battle. In the Battle of the Wilderness it was not ALL woods, and this battery took position in an open space in

the advance line. The enemy however could not be induced to leave the woods and face the muzzles of our guns, and so fought to the right and left of them with a stubbornness never before equalled. At Todd's Tavern four guns of Battery B were placed in the front line in woods so dense that a road was cut for each gun, and when planted the eye could not penetrate fifty yards in advance. On the afternoon of May 9, 1864, the battery reached the Po River and a section was sent forward to shell a wagon train beyond the river. A rebel battery replied, and the rebel gunners were fatally accurate. Private William Dennis and Private Ezra L. Fowles were killed. Dennis was a veteran. His left leg was torn off at the thigh by a solid shot. "Somebody take my sponge staff," were the only words he uttered. Fowles was literally pierced in two by a shell that passed through from side to side. The rebel battery limbered to the rear and in an hour Brown was over the Po following the Irish Brigade.

"On the 10th Barlow's Division was attacked by a greatly superior force and was ordered to recross the Po. Battery B was sent to take position on a high hill overlooking the river to cover the crossing. Two narrow pontoon bridges lay directly beneath the muzzles of Brown's guns, over which the Division must pass. An open plain stretched out beyond the river, terminated by a long strip of woods. Our men fell slowly back, and had nearly gained the bank when the exultant rebel confident of the capture or rout of Barlow's Division, emerged from the woods into the plain, in two long lines of battle. The shot and shell rained upon them from Brown's guns and large gaps were opened in their wavering ranks. Nothing could stand against the shower of shot and shell hurled against them, and the discomfited rebels retreated in disorder to the woods. The Division recrossed in safety, and the bridge was destroyed. During this time Battery B was subjected to an enfilading fire from a battery on its left, to which of course no answer could be given. Private Peter Phillips was killed, and four men were seriously wounded. On the 12th the battery was stationed all day within 500 yards of the rifle pits, where the desperate hand-to-hand encounter was carried on till after two o'clock A. M. of the 13th, and its solid shot did fearful execution in the woods beyond. A section was at once sent to the rifle pit itself, and with the muzzles of the guns almost touching the face of the enemy, double charges of canister were fired into the pit until the supply was exhausted. On the 15th it was determined to capture two rebel guns that lay abandoned between the lines of sharpshooters. All day on the 14th our efforts to secure them had

proved unavailing. Two men of Battery B, Corporal Josiah McMeekin and Private Stephen Collins, volunteered to run out and fasten a rope to the guns while a company of Infantry would pull them within our lines. Brown placed his guns to the left and suddenly opened a heavy rapid fire upon the works that gave cover to the rebel sharpshooters. At the same moment the ropes were adjusted and the guns hauled in. On the 19th Battery B was severely engaged, but escaped with the loss of only one man, owing to friendly cover given by the rebel works in which the guns had been placed.

“The men and horses of the battery are extremely exhausted, the latter having been in harness nearly night and day for fifteen days.”

Throughout the war B Battery found itself actively engaged in the major operations of the Union Army. We are proud of the record of that old outfit and sincerely hope that the survivors of that old outfit feel a little pride in what the new B Battery of Rhode Island did in the last war.

The Welfare Organizations.

WE had scarcely arrived at Quonset Point, before we were informed that the square building across the parade ground was a Y. M. C. A. Hut. Here during the days that followed we went to write letters and hear concerts in the evening. At Boxford the Y. M. C. A. was also in evidence and we took it as a part of our Army life and came to look for it wherever we went. After landing in France, and in the days that followed, we very naturally kept on the lookout for a Y hut. Sometimes we found one and sometimes we didn't.

It occurs to us that perhaps in dealing with the Y. M. C. A., we have all of us been a little too much influenced by local conditions, rather than a general consideration of the vast problem with which it was confronted.

We were chiefly concerned with the fact that “Y” goods cost money, which sometimes we didn't have and then it hurt. Then too, oftentimes, due to the fact that the staff was necessarily a large one, the “Y” was perhaps handicapped in securing the proper individuals as

secretaries. Some of the men in this field of endeavor were fine likeable chaps, whose heart was in the work, and who tried their utmost to make things pleasant, but there were many others who were sorry failures in dealing with red-blooded men.

Summed up briefly it follows that the "Y" was not nearly as black as it has been painted, neither was it as faultless as the "Y" heads would have us think. "Y" workers did their best according to their own lights, and the rules laid down for them, and what more can we ask.

The K. of C. came late. It was not until St. Mihiel that we met the first secretary of this outfit, and when we did meet him our francs were of no use to us, everything that he had was free. Some may not approve of giving to men, but at such places as St. Mihiel, Verdun, yes, any where in France, a little candy or a cigarette helped a lot, and we appreciate what the K. of C. did.

Of the Salvation Army enough cannot be said. Always to be found, even at the very front and in the toughest spots, its workers were always willing to do what they could for you. The only place in the S. O. S. that we found the Salvation Army was at Brest, and that sure is some record.

The Salvation Army was always the soldier's friend, for, broke or flush, you were welcome to whatever they had. If you could pay, very well, if not, take just the same. It will always hold high place in the hearts of the men.

The American Red Cross. The men in the hospitals know what that organization means. Some of us thought that that was all they did—look after wounded men. But many of the best things issued us for mess while at the front was the result of Red Cross activities.

Whatever the Red Cross had was divided evenly among the various outfits and handed out in the mess line, and most of us never knew where it came from.

But behind all these workers stood our own people—our own fathers and mothers and families. What all these organizations did was made possible by means of the millions of dollars which the working people of America gave. It is to them we really owe our thanks. Families, even to those who could ill afford it, gave what they could in order that their boy, somewhere "over there," might have some little delicacy. As always, the great mass of American people stood behind their fighting men and gave, that "their boys" might be as nearly comfortable and happy as possible. A tribute to any organization is but a tribute to the people at home who gave, and gave, and gave.

And giving this way was not all. Each section of the country had its own local organizations for Soldier Welfare. In Rhode Island the Battery Welfare League, The Junior Welfare League, and the Marine Corps of Artillery of Rhode Island were the organizations backing our particular Regiment. Repeatedly our Mess Fund was replenished by contributions from these organizations. All the while we were in France we were conscious of their work, and mere words can never express our gratitude to the people of Rhode Island who stood so loyally behind us.

A resumé of the Battery A Welfare League follows:

“BATTERY A OF RHODE ISLAND.”

WELFARE LEAGUE.

The Organization was originated in July, 1917, through the initiative of Mrs. Mary Downey, whose son was a member of Battery A, and had its first meeting through the courtesy of the Shepard Company in the recreation room of the Shepard Company's store, July 24, 1917. The meetings continued to be held there once a week until it was found that the Organization had outgrown its first meeting-place, and since January, 1918, all meetings as well as most of the varied activities to raise funds for the carrying on of the work of the Organization, have been held at the Marine Artillery Armory, Benefit street.

The original object of the Organization was to invite those interested in the welfare of the “Boys” of Batteries A, B and C of the 103rd Field Artillery and the “Boys” of the 104th Ambulance Company to meet and formulate plans for adding to the comfort and welfare of those “Boys” for the duration of the war, and to do whatever could be done to cheer and comfort those left behind. The first President of the Organization was Mrs. J. E. Osgood, under whose careful and devoted leadership the Organization steadily grew, and its purposes began to materialize.

Among the first things accomplished was the purchase and sterilization of hospital supplies which were sent to the camp at Quonset Point. A quantity of yarn was also bought, and distributed to volunteer knitters, the knitted articles being sent to the “Boys” as soon as need became known. Later, tobacco, chewing-gum, candy and other sweets were sent to the camp at Boxford, and eatables and knitted articles to those “Boys” who had been ordered to Newport News.

As soon as it was learned that the units had sailed for France, plans were immediately made for the sending of Christmas boxes overseas, and on the first of November, 1917, ten packing cases, filled with 1,200 bags containing all sorts of Christmas remembrances were shipped to the five units.

Packages of comforts and necessities were forwarded to the "Boys" until the ban was put upon "Overseas" parcels, and the League began to plan ways and means for raising money to increase the Mess Funds of the five units. Through the co-operation and faithful work of members and their friends all sorts of entertainments and suppers, ranging from card parties on a small scale to bazaars on a large scale, were successfully carried through and from the proceeds the League has been able to send, between June, 1918 and March, 1919, the sum of \$3,650 to these units, besides generous donations to all war drives, monthly contributions of \$25 to the Journal Tobacco Fund, and the purchase of \$500 worth of Liberty Bonds.

Since the return of the "Boys" to the United States the League has tried to learn the names of Rhode Island boys in the various hospitals, and where such names have become known, fruit, candy and other comforts have been sent, and as an expression of welcome from the League, fruit and chocolate were sent to Camp Devens as the units arrived.

The League kept abreast of the times by inviting speakers in widely different spheres of life to their meetings, all of whom gave instructive and impressive addresses.

It was the League's good fortune to hear from time to time a member of the 26th Division, direct from France, bringing personal news from the boys overseas and the encouraging message brought by each in turn, was a great source of comfort and cheer to the hearers. Among the members of the 26th Division bringing such news and messages were: Lieutenant Siteman, Corporal Cairns, Sergeant Jeffers, Private Emidy.

In February the League was honored by a visit from Major-General Edwards accompanied by His Excellency Governor Beeckman. Major-General Edwards in a thrilling address paid a glowing tribute to the men of the 26th Division, and was an inspiration to all who had the good fortune to hear him.

After his address General Edwards dedicated a Y. D. flag that had been presented to the Organization, and he and Governor Beeckman were made Honorary members of the "Battery A of Rhode Island" Welfare League.

Germaine Sylvais.

IN June of 1918 a movement was started through the "Stars and Stripes," the American soldier's paper, to have different outfits adopt destitute French children.



Battery Orphan.

This idea appealed to Battery B and enough money was raised on the first pay day to take care of one orphan for one year.

As we had our choice of orphans, we elected to adopt a light haired girl. As a result we were soon receiving letters from four year old Germaine Sylvais, whose father was killed in service. Photographs of our mascot were also received and proved so highly satisfactory that a second collection resulted in enough to adopt her younger brother.

During the rest of our stay in France we took care of our two orphans by pay day contributions, and when we left France we left enough money behind

to care for them for about two years. The veteran organization intends to keep up the work.

Lieutenant Metcalf had just given the Klaxon a whirl. Bill Mackie pays no attention to the alarm.

"Mackie, why haven't you your gas mask on?"

"Oh," says Bill in his usual jovial manner, "I just knew you were only joking."

The Viper. A Tale of the Sea.

ONE of the most treacherous and deadly snakes known is the Viper.

It is small and as far as snakes go harmless-looking, but it has a most terrible venom hidden in its poison sacks. However do not be misled, this is not to be a discourse on biology but a tale of the sea and a sad tale also. When a slim and slick looking craft slipped down the ways of a British ship-building yard, somebody possessed with the ability of keen prognostication smote the ship with a valuable bottle of champagne and cried out, "I dub thee Viper."

Her home port was Southampton and it was in this fair village by the sea that we were introduced to the malevolent creature. Oh, but she had the lines of a regal lady, but down deep in her heart she had the wickedness and inconsideration of a Siren. As in the proverbial tale she was the spider and we were the flies. With little knowledge of what was in store for us we slipped up the gang-plank and wandered over the ship, remarking about her keen lines and rakish appearance. Nature was also most unkind to us that night for she flaunted a fair moon in the heavens and a smooth sea underfoot. But it must be remembered that we were within the harbor and the channel currents outside were being whipped into a diabolical fury by the ever-increasing winds from the north. We knew nothing about the ungratious sea until we were outside of the harbor.

Slowly slipping through the peaceful waters of the sheltered port we bid farewell to Britain and her camps of tea and jam. Goodbye Southampton and more power to your emaciated soups. The majority of the boys were on deck to enjoy the lure and fascination of a silvery moon upon the waters. The others were below decks, yea well below, in the very bowels of the boat. They had made their bunks against the sides of the walled-in inferno and over their heads on hooks were hung their packs and rifles. Under compulsion we renewed our acquaintance with the girdles of "Baltic" fame, the cork surcingles or life-preservers. A picket fence would have been more comfortable than the floor when one had to wear these bracelets.

After having put a safe distance between us and the land so that a jump to terra firma was an impossibility, the furies were let loose to play their havoc. The celestial torch was extinguished, black clouds fur-

nished the vestments of mourning, the winds began to howl their loneliness in anathemas of hatred, the sea boiled in the maelstrom and we—we were in the Channel. Gigantic waves which wholly disregarded the peace which our stomachs sought battered the Viper from the starboard, port, fore, and aft and we were plunged into foaming cross currents each of which sought to outdo the other in spiteful vengeance. Stinging waves of salt water lashed those on deck as the vessel careened from side to side. The winds became icy. Slipping, sliding, rolling over the decks the boys grabbed masts, funnels, lines, rails, and anything tenable to serve them as anchorage but it was useless to try and remain in one place. They looked like Uncle Tom, ducking and dodging the whip of Simon Legree. Too often, too often did they retch and belch and hurl the semi-digested canned-bill to the denizens of the deep, who chuckled and leered at the suffering above. One poor guy, the battery tonsorialist, Elmer "Goosey" by name, lost consciousness and dreamed of the Elysian fields of Woonsocket where the surface of Mother Earth was content to remain in one place. Poor "Goosey" came to many hours later and found himself comfortably nestled in a pile of soft coal in the boiler room. How lucky for him that he could not appreciate what the malice of the English Channel is. But have we forgotten those down below?

The odors from a steaming boiler of carrion are as frankincense to those which arose from the torrid under decks. Is it possible that boys of such good rearing could cast the reeking remains of their gastric contents so indiscriminately? Can it be possible that the sons of Providence's elite chose the toilets as lounging rooms? Are such scenes but lurid nightmares? Sad to say the answer to this last question is No. Such events actually transpired and they may be attributed to the effects of the Viper's venom. If one were to cast his eyes onto the sight offered in the room where the under dogs were, he would immediately recall to his mind Dante's description of the Sixth Circle of Hell. A pit of woe, a caldron of suffering, a dungeon of fetid odors, and a heap of human forms, guns, packs, all indistinguishable. Every lurch of the Viper brought some hard Springfield onto the livid green face of a seasick youth, who was too miserable, too dejected to protest against the elements. Oh, who was it that said France was only twenty-one miles from England? If we were to speak of the joys of seeing the welcome port of Le Havre it would detract from the utter misery of this trip, so suffice it is to say that these were the doings of a Viper, a tale of the sea.

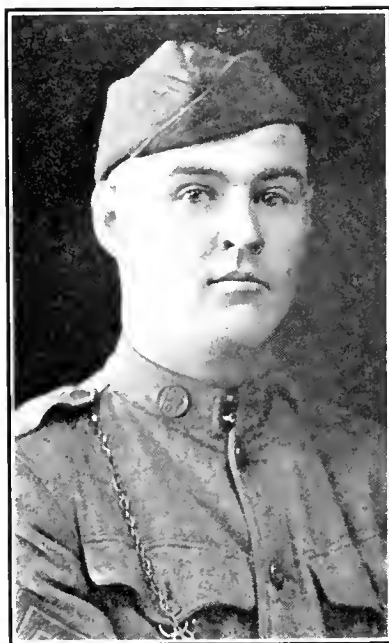
H. L. EMIDY.

Rangeval.

CLOSELY embraced by the green hills north of Toul lies the deserted monastery of Montpré, which sheltered the drivers and echelon men of the Battery while the division held the sector facing Mont Sec. Many were the letters home containing the beginning words of an old song, "I dreamt I dwelled in marble halls," for we were living in rather pretentious quarters, that is, when viewed from the outside. The furnishings inside were nothing to brag about, there being nothing but cold white stone walls and floors well worn by time.

The building was large and of stone. Quartered in the front facing Mont Sec and of course entirely segregated, were a few families of natives. Surrounding the monastery was a massive wall which enclosed what were once gardens, but now weeds had widely outgrown and killed the finer plants and flowers. There were numerous pools of clear water from the springs of the encircling hills, and one of these basins was the swimming pool for certain of the men.

The men slept for the greater part on cots which had been made and left by the French soldiers earlier in the war. A few slept on straw mattresses on the floor. The main corridor was the principal dormitory and in the rooms which led off were quarters for both men and officers, it being understood of course that they did not occupy the same rooms. Situated on the opposite lower floor was the Y. M. C. A., the refuge of the "leaders" (please use proper pronunciation) who sought knowledge from ancient magazines in preference to the more degrading physical pastime of manicuring the feet of horses. Seeing that we have very



Sergeant Holland.

little interest in the other batteries which were quartered in the same building, we will not mention them.

The cooks, those masters of the epicurean art, held congress and plotted the ordeal of food stuffing in the depths and darkness of the basement, where they belonged. It was in this place that the braised beef problem was thrashed out and placed before the men as the dish de luxe and supreme triumph of our noted chefs. Braised beef !! What a delicacy !!! Choice bits of tendon and ligaments diluted by watery tomato soup, floating an amazingly beautiful and iridescent multitude of drops of grease which served to lubricate the passage of the gristle through into the stomach. Scientists claim that snakes are able to digest the entire bodies of animals by means of powerful ferments in the stomach. The reptiles had nothing on us. The most powerful boa constrictor would develop dyspepsia if he were to feast on our braised beef. Be it so, the cooks did nobly, and we appreciate those days, at least Ben Miller does.

Many were the humorous incidents of life in Rangeval. John Broady, pal and bunk mate of Stubby Bourbon, chose to sleep on the wire support of his bunk for three months, rather than walk to the picket line and fill his mattress with hay. Of course Stubby did his best to rebuke John, but big Broady would so excite little Stubby that the latter's tongue absolutely refused to work.

Then there were the arguments between Walter Donnelly and the same Stubby. Each tried to convince the other that he stuttered, and both strongly denied the assertion, yet it took them days and days to debate on questions which would be explained by Baltazar and John Tufenkjian in ten minutes.

The tough crowd from Wickford and vicinity had their days also. Tully was going to do the Jack Dempsey stunt to some A Battery man and Cassidy looked like the Statue of Liberty, with a candle in hand, shedding light on the scene of the battle, and acting as Tex Rickard managing the bout and telling Tully to square off. The same belligerent Tully and his cohort Hopkins staged a football scene one night and threw Forrest Wood for a loss, much to the objection of "Rubberset." The latter evidenced his dislike of the whole affair by biting a piece off Tully's nose. Poor Tull was innocent of the whole affair for Hoppy was the man who tackled Forrest. However, Tully went out about sixteen times that night looking for the fat K. P. who had sunk his incisors in his nose, and vehemently declaring that he would

get him in the morning, but when the day broke he had completely forgotten it.

Chippy Sisson dashed madly in one night with the startling news that he had discovered a light signalling to the enemy. But on second sight he found it to be the moon rising from the hills.

Another lad, while under the thumb of *Vin Blanc et cetera*, had the habit of using saddle bags for a most unusual purpose, and Billy King one evening protested against the indiscreet treatment of his equipment.

Life at the monastery had its sorrows as well as joys. The greatest sorrow was the attention demanded by the horses. B Battery received a commendation from Divisional Headquarters for the immaculate picket line—the cleanest line of horses in the entire division. This necessitated a great amount of work on the part of the men, who struggled most diligently to keep pace with the horses which littered the lines at their own convenience.

Incidentally, the Kitchen forces received a commendation at Rangeval for the extreme cleanliness of their equipment, and general conditions. This was entirely due to Bill Mackie's brand new set of inspection dishes, and Steve Knowles most untiring energy with the push broom. Steve's unfailing diplomacy in dealing with inspectors is set forth in the following conversation.

Heavy Inspecting Officer—"Sergeant, this kitchen is remarkably clean, I do not understand how you keep it so." (Evidently he thought we didn't eat).

Steve—(in a most polite tone): "Oh, that is very easy, sir; you see, this is my inspection kitchen; we do our cooking over in the woods."

When the orders came for the departure from Rangeval, not one was sorry, for the place had become monotonous. The Battery moved to a town between Rangeval and Toul, called Lagny. This latter town was much bigger than Rangeval. The picket line was stretched in an open field, and the men quartered in various barns in the town. Lagny lies under the shadows of those hills protecting Toul and on the summit is a fort.

Life at Lagny was easier than at Rangeval, nevertheless, at the end of June, we were glad to leave the sector altogether, not knowing that we were going to more difficult and trying positions.

At Leugley:—

"What-ya-doin' fatigue for, Shorty?"

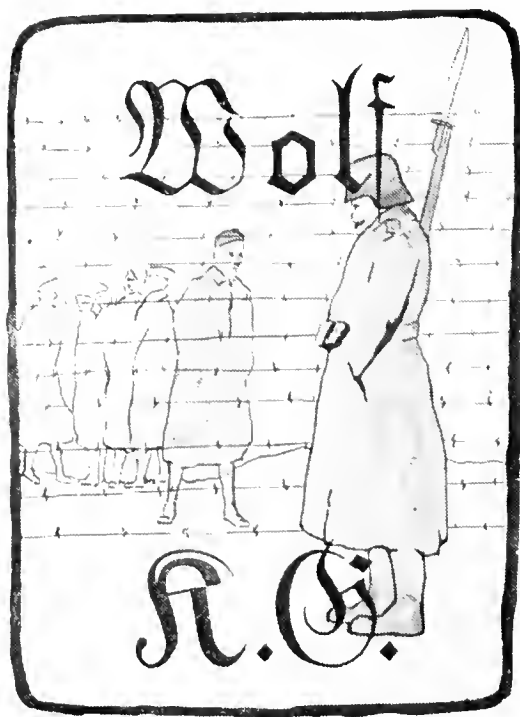
"I'm a Parisite," in Shorty's best form.

Walter Wolf, K. G.

THE echelon had just been established at the Monastery at Rangeval. No sooner had I arrived than I was informed by top kick, Drummond, that I would spend two or three days at an anti-tank school, because of my previous machinist training. I felt highly elated over the chance

offered me. Transportation came in, and without getting a chance to eat my supper (a terrible blow) I was off with the rest of the detail.

After a long and tedious journey we arrived at the training area, which was to prove quite different from what I had anticipated. Night had fallen, pitch black. At irregular and frequent intervals, I was startled by flares immediately in front of us. At this point the truck came to a dead halt, and we were told to dismount. The gang lined up in single file, each one putting his right hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him. Then "forward, ho," came in low indistinct tones. The rest



of the journey was just a bewildering maze, a jutting, drifting communication trench, with duck boards here and there; most of them trodden deep in the mud, offering no protection whatever from the slime that was everywhere. Halting at the whistle and glare of every star shell, shuddering at the ping of every machine gun bullet, and the whine of every shell, we at last made our way into Seichprey.

Here was our school, a few yards behind the front line. What an antithesis. Our piece de resistance was the thirty-seven millimetre gun,

commonly known as the one-pounder. A beautiful gun, with wonderful possibilities. Tranquility reigned, except when the usual strafing was on. The quickly passing days soon brought April twentieth, and we got a taste of real trench warfare.

At 3 A. M., I was awakened by the enemy's barrage, concentrated at that time on our front line. We went out and stood to, keeping our eyes peeled for signals from the infantry out-posts. As the minutes passed the barrage crept forward, and we were rapidly snapped out of it by a rain of shells, falling thick and fast and all about us. There was nothing to do but take cover, so away we went, but one 77 beat me to it, bursting just in front of me, and I found myself with a stinging wrist. The barrage lifted again cutting off all retreat.

In an instant the town of Seichprey was full of enemy infantry. The five who were in the abri with me, left hastily to join the doughboys and repel the attack. I stayed behind to fill my pockets with hand grenades. It took me but a moment, but that moment was fatal for when I looked out to see if the coast was clear, I found the front and back yards full of scurrying Boches. I dashed right back into that arbi and hid behind a thin wooden partition, hoping the enemy would pass me by, but through lack of forethought, I had left the candle in the entrance to the dugout still flickering, and they knew damn well that some bird was hiding there. Quite nonchalantly a few potato mashers came floating in, while I was busy bandaging my wrist. The thin partition saved me. All was quiet again. I peeked out, only to find the nozzle of a liquid fire gun pointed directly at me. Choosing between Scylla and Charybdis, I trotted right out among the boys.

This gave them great pleasure. One big fellow going through my pocket with one hand, clapped me on the back with the other, saying "Don't be afraid." One thing they did not get, however, my watch, which previous to coming out I had dropped down the neck of my shirt, and it now rested in my trousers leg. This watch I still have. The search completed, I was marched to the rear. On the way I joined the doughboys who had been salvaged in the same melee.

Finding that many of them had lost their shoes to the attacking forces, I walked through all the mud possible to make my own unpresentable. Our trip to the rear was featured by the accurate shelling of our own guns. The road to Thiaucourt was long and dreary, many of the men were severely wounded, and many without shoes. The remainder of the day was passed under lock and key in the village church. At nightfall we entrained for Conflans, from here I was sent to a hospital in Jarney,

where I spent one week, leaving for Germersheim, where my troubles began.

The hospital where I was quartered, was a white-washed warehouse, with a few small windows in the roof. There was no medical treatment whatsoever. One either died or got well. I had travelled fifty-two kilometers in the course of two weeks. In that time my wrist received no treatment. If the wound ran too freely, or the pus began to drip, a paper bandage was slapped on, to be changed only when the stench became offensive to any medical dew-dabbers who happened to come near. It was not until the middle of June, after the lapse of over two months that the wound was washed for the first time. The quacks had come out of the dope. The next day I received first aid treatment. Four men held me by my legs and arms, while another dug into my wrist with a pair of wire cutters and after much gouging brought out the shell fragment still lodged there. Then nature had her first opportunity at reconstruction.

During this period of partial convalescence, the food, as might be expected, was of the very best quality. Soup twice a day, noon and night, accompanied with a daily issue of black bread, equivalent to two slices of our own bread. It was not long before everybody had dysentery and started to waste away. Algerians, French, Italians, Roumanians, English, no matter what their nationality, all were affected in the same manner. My weight while here went down from one hundred fifty-five to one hundred and ten. The foul and fetid smell of decaying human flesh was unbearable. I was absolutely overjoyed when I finally left this stench for Darmstadt, where I passed two uneventful weeks. The Middle of July found me in Rastatt. I had been here about two weeks, when we were at last located by the American Red Cross. Words can not express our gratitude for the work they did for us. My wrist had not completely healed, so I was not subject to any "arbeit-kommand." Being useless here I was soon sent to an American Officers Camp.

While here, things went along beautifully. There was an amusement hall, orchestra, etc., for the enjoyment of the officers, who certainly led a mighty soft life. The only tough part of my being here was that I had to work. It was part of the rules and regulations to rise at six, to be dressed at six-fifteen, and to have the bunk ready for inspection at six-thirty. One chilly morning, all responded as usual except a man named Lewis and myself. When the inspector came in we were still marking time underneath the blankets. The little Hun was wild. He tore the blankets from Lewis' bunk, and yelled, "Was't deine nahme?" The

young man bravely replied "Lewis." The inspector made note of it for future reference in his fatigue book. Then he came to me sputtering the same phrase, "What " I cried, and down it went in the book, "Herr What." Let's hope "Herr What" got a good detail.

We were informed one day that Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria had quit, then finally that the armistice had been signed. What rejoicing, even by our guards. We were informed that in a few days we would be set free. Nine and ten days passed, and still we were held here. A few officers took the matter into their own hands, watched for an opportunity, and made good their escape. Then I became desperate.

Escape seemed possible. An Aviator, another buck private and myself worked together on the details. We picked a dark night, broke through the lock of our separate enclosure, and made our way into the first aid station, which looked out on the road, patrolled at that time by four or five sentries. Heavy wire gratings barred exit by the windows, still by skillful manipulation, two can openers were made into a pair of wire cutters, and pretty shortly we were one step nearer freedom. Before dashing through the window we stopped a few minutes and listened to see if our work had been overheard. Sure enough the interior guard had heard something out of the way, and came down to investigate. No one moved. There was not a sound save the step of the sentry approaching our door. We had hopes that he would pass by, but no. He paused for a moment, the key entered the lock, the door creaked and the buck private plunged out through the window. I went under the bed, and the aviator under the table. The guard turned the switch, but no light. We had shorted it just before he came in. Suspicious as hell, he started to examine the room. As he passed the table the Lieutenant dove for the door, slamming it as he went, the guard went out after him, but losing hope, came back just in time to catch me half way out from under the bed. The old duffer being old and nervous, I expected he would land me one on the bean with his rifle. He finally decided, with much muttering that the place for me was the guard house. What an unlucky night was this night of the twenty-first of November, my birthday.

To the guardhouse I went, with my carefully hoarded supplies, all taken from me. The rest of the night was very cold and unpleasant. In the morning the American Lieutenant Colonel in charge of the camp, came and told me that he would have me out in an hour's time. I never saw him again. I had been in there three and one-half days, when word came that the camp was to be evacuated. They took me out of the pen,

thank God for that. This was the end of my stay at Villigen's Officers' Camp in Baden.

Our next stop was at Constance, a town half of which is in Germany and the other half in Switzerland. We arrived here the day before Thanksgiving Day, and were assigned to certain quarters. But we took things into our own hands and toured the whole city, deriving great benefit and satisfaction therefrom. Money was easily available, for a cake of soap in exchange for delicacies brought at least the value of ten marks. Restrictions letting up a bit we had quite a party that night, coming back very late. We had a lieutenant with us, who marched us back to our quarters in the old squad formation, getting hell the next day for the same. Schnapps, of course, was plentiful. This was Thanksgiving Day.

The following morning at seven A. M., we went by train to Zurich where we received a wonderful welcome. As a result I began to lose my idea that it was a disgrace to be a prisoner returning from enemy territory. Still farther along we passed through Berne. It was here that I saw my first American girl since leaving home, and I will always remember her. After receiving rations, clothing, cigarettes and other luxuries, we left for Geneva. The Swiss Red Cross greeted us here. Their welcome was exceptional, for we were the first American prisoners returned through Switzerland.

The scenery during this whole trip was extremely beautiful. The train wound its way through deep ravines crowned with snowy heights, with many foaming cataracts coming down to the glassy lakes. Finally Belgard, that historic village of France, hove in sight.

At Belgard we hit a great Red Cross receiving station, where we found sleeping cars waiting for us. In these we were dispatched to Allary. Here we were held in quarantine for two weeks. Each man when physically fit, was given his chance of going home or returning to his outfit. Under such circumstances I said nothing about my weak arm, for I preferred to go home with the gang rather than go home alone as a poor, forlorn casual. So I was sent on to my regiment.

Then came the great day. Instead of finding myself disgraced for having been a prisoner, all the old men of the battery that were left, greeted me with arms wide open. When I learned of some of the changes I was given a severe jolt, especially as one of the boys who was not there to greet me was one of my best friends. And now I am back with the Battery again.

“The Battery Grunt.”

THE specialists had often taken pride in calling themselves the “brains of the Battery.” As a matter of fact they were considered by most of the boys as being lazy and useless, and sort of unnecessary anyway. One day, however, they vindicated their claim to brains in the eyes of the men.

A mysterious paper appeared on a tree at Leugley. It was the first issue of “The Grunt.” Snappy and sarcastic, the men found it highly amusing. At first, the officers tried to let it die a natural death. They noticed it, that was certain. Even Colonel Glassford stopped and gave it the once over. But it did not die. Some of the issues were not so good. The “Hourly Enquirer” sprang up as a rival, but was soon forced to unite with the “Grunt.”

Whether this “publication” ever did any good or not is doubtful. It did, however, voice the complaints of the men. The very thing the men had been thinking was appearing in writing. Some of it was justified. Some of it was not. It all could have been explained, but army discipline didn’t allow officers to explain to men.

We do think some good was accomplished. The mess certainly seemed to improve. It was certain that greater efforts were made to give us clean mess-kit water. In other little ways, things seemed better.

But with each new issue it became more the style to razz the officers. Finally, in Levoncourt, one issue was devoted almost wholly to knocking the officers. Some of it was well deserved, but most of it was not. As a result, Captain Green investigated the matter, found that the paper was published by the specialists, broke the section up for a while, putting the members on fatigue, and so brought an end to the publication.

Clippings from some of the “papers” follow:

“GRUNT” ISSUES:

THE HOURLY INQUIRER.

Vol. I, No. I.

LEUGLEY—COTE D'OR.

August 17, 1918.

(Gratuitous)

INQUIRIES.

- | | | |
|------|---------|--|
| M | — | Where are our seven-day furloughs ? |
| I | o'clock | Where is our June pay ? |
| II | “ | Where is our July pay ? |
| III | “ | Do we ever R E S T ? |
| IV | “ | What happened to our 30,000 franc Mess-fund ? |
| V | “ | When will the Supply Dept. come through ? |
| VI | “ | Can cooties die ? |
| VII | “ | Why doesn't Headquarters start a kitchen ? |
| VIII | “ | Why do we all want fatigue ? |
| IX | “ | Where's the Y. M. C. A. ? |
| X | “ | Where do they get this “double-time” stuff ? |
| XI | “ | When is canary seed to be our regular ration ? |
| XII | “ | Why pick on US ? |

Vo. I, No. II.

- | | | |
|------|-------|---|
| I | P. M. | How did you like our A. M. Edition ? |
| II | “ | How long, O Lord, how long must we endure such mess? |
| III | “ | How come, how come, this distressing, cold, black beverage ? |
| IV | “ | And these unendurably cold steak chunks ? |
| V | “ | Why pass general orders about the price of eggs to US ? |
| VI | “ | Do your folks Hooverize as much as we do ? |
| VII | “ | Why do you suppose Jeff winked as he left the mess-line for the last time ? |
| VIII | “ | Could you invest a franc if you had one ? |

- IX o'clock Is it inconceivable that one can starve in the midst of plenty ?
- X " Where do you spend your Spare time ?
- XI " Where's " Pole-Prop " ?
- XII " Can you truthfully say of all this, " C'est la Guerre " ?

(Some over-zealous reader took this copy off the tree on which it was posted, and put it on the Official Bulletin Board. A passing Inspecting Officer saw it, and Captain Cary caught Hell.)

THE DAILY "GRUNT" combined with THE HOURLY ENQUIRER.

Vol. I, No. I. LEUGLEY—CÔTE D'OR. August 18, 1918.

EDITORIAL.

We desire first of all to make public the fact that we were not responsible for the appearance on the Official Bulletin Board of the last issue of The Hourly Enquirer. Said appearance—as well as various addenda must be laid at the door of some too patriotic member of the Battery.

The noted effects of our previous efforts have been highly satisfactory, that is, discussions have started. But, now we demand Action ! On with the dance,—let's have it !

* * * * *

DISGRUNTLED GRUNTS.

- Grunt No. I. Glad to remark upon the improved mess situation. Will the good work continue ?
- Grunt No. II. Why not another edition to our much depleted uniform,—“blue blowzers, white trousers, straw 'ats and no bloody boots ” ?
- Grunt No. III. Sherman said, “War is Hell !” But *Rest-Camps* weren't within his ken.

Grunt No. IV. Chatillon—why not Dijon ?

Grunt No. V. Today, a pass—tomorrow, pay !

* * * * * * *

We have a picket line;
We have a Captain fine;
And a commissary Truck,
With only half a Dime !

BATTERY BUTTS.

Why not put the Cow out of its misery ?

A certain other Battery, last night, turned a quiet Cafe into a howling
bedlam. “ B ” Battery take notice, and do *not* likewise,—*even if paid!*

If Provost guards were more polite, their work would be more effective.

Use and Abuse—The Gentleman knows when to stop.

(To avoid undeserved criticism, please allow this sheet to remain
where posted.)

SPECIAL EDITION OF “THE GRUNT.”

(Posted on taking position near Ranzieres.)

When cooks are sick of cooking, let them join the Army !

With plenty of water a hundred yards away, why can't we have mess-
kit water ?

What happened to the two cases of beans that left the Rear Echelon ?

THE GRUNT.

Vol I, No. 10.

IN POSITION NEAR RANZIERES.

Sept. 12, 1918.

EDITORIALS.

Having noticed the many eager faces that approach the Bulletin
Board, only to turn away disappointed, the Board of Editors have
decided to post one copy of each issue in a Public Place, so that all may
gaze upon it, ponder and learn Wisdom therefrom. “We must be
happy !”

In the coming issues, desirous of being reported “snappy,” we would model ourselves on “Vogue ” or rather “Vanity Fair ”—but lack of space prevents. Classicism becoming popular, we must hereafter style ourselves “The Diurnal Grunt.”

* * * * *

BEE ATTERY ULL

In regard to the Tours of France, long hikes at Water Call, it is a question whether the beneficent effect of the water hasn't been non-plussed by the time we tie in !

“Men we're off for another Fight !”

As a bugler, Haigh is a good sign-painter; sure he is !

And so, as a wrestler, Rube Chase is a good singer.

We hear that Sir Charlie Thorndike is a Corporal—“Wow ! See what hard-tack did to me !”

Somebody was wondering whether Krautmeyer's brother lives around here !

Let's see men, that first bunch will be back from Aix-les-Bains in a day or two, won't they ? They left August twenty-eighth, you know. Are you an A No. 1 Preferred ? If you are, get slicked up, you're due to go next.

Every man who conscientiously feels that he has the Army licked, report to us for examination !

Due to our rapid expansion, we are in need of *another* stenographer, Red-headed ones need not apply !

To come down to this “Hart, Schaffner & Marx ” stuff, “Oh, Standish ! Bring me my Alpaca !”

To show that we are not all “Grunt,” here's to a man among men—Lieutenant Ramsey.

At Andre, who left the Muses and went to bed ? Ask the Old Man (Captain Cary), he knows. (Chorus: Boola, Boola, as sung by Perkins to the tune of “Annie Laurie.”)

Near Rupt: Five Minerva cookies and a demi-tasse for breakfast !
Oh Boy ! This is The Life !!!

Can a Stable Sergeant run a Garage ? If not, good-bye, Jack !

“Charge this man with a helmet ! And a shirt ! And a gas mask !”

* * * * *

LEVENCOURT.

November 17, 1918.

HERE'S YOUR OLD "GRUNT" !

Five loaves among a hundred men ! Our cooks can't perform the miracle of the five loaves and the two fishes.

Gee ! The beer tasted good at the Echelon ! Ask Demming, he knows !

Now that the war is over, the Supply Department arrives at the Front with its usual pair of shoes.

Increase in rank in our own Battery is subject to congratulatory remarks, but the comparative term of it in a certain other part of the Regiment is applied most appropriately.

Does the *Mounted Orderly* feed THE sugar to THE HORSES ?

Hooray ! Jocko stayed half an hour this time ! He must have had some good dope from somewhere !

Princeton is quite famous for her hard-boiled eggs.

Wanted: A man to muss up "Fast and Wrong." (We've got a snappy Ammunition Officer !)

My word ! It's getting cold, these evenings, Old Top ! We haven't seen our Alpaca for some time. Did the doughboys appreciate it *too* much or not ? Never mind, old scout, you stuck with 'em !

"The Twenty-Sixth have had their furloughs !" Sure, all four. Looking as if Solomon Levi had fitted them out !

The atmosphere of decadence left in the Supply Sergeant's Office by its last occupant still seems to linger.

"How would you like a YD on your shirt ?" My word ! Its a reality !

It is reported that the Machine-Gunners, under Baron Albee, are going through a period of much needed recuperation on the "Heights."

How soon will the *Official* supply of Murads be exhausted ?

A man from "Pershing's Pets,"—look him over, boys ! Alas, education is better late than never.

Some of the High mucky-mucks hiked it this last trip. Does chemistry teach us that cold reacts upon lead so that it loses in weight ?

Now that we are at Levoncourt for a day or two, let's start right in and clean up the town !

Notes.

As a result of this last edition, the whole "Seventh Section" was put on fatigue. Policing the town was the main feature. Also the section was scattered in among the other sections for "drastic treatment." A conference between the two especially responsible and Captain Green smoothed things out—explanations being very much in order, as is apparent ! Later the section was gathered together again.

With Pick and Shovel.

BATTERY B was introduced to serious engineering at Banc de Pierre in the Chemin des Dames sector, its first position on the line. No one in the Battery had had practical experience in dugout building and the only technical experience was that gained by the officers while at Coetquidan. It was quickly realized that Banc de Pierre offered just the opportunity needed for learning the rudiments of sheltering the personnel and that, together with the fact that the great cave, which could have easily afforded accommodations for all at the position, was too far away from the guns to enable the crews to answer promptly to a hurry call in the night, determined a plan of dugout construction. The services of a French Sergeant who had had experience in the line of engineering were obtained and a detail of men under Sergeant W. A. Grant began the work of digging under.

There were two types of dugouts in use during the war, the general deep dugout, whose roof was meters of virgin soil and the open cut shelter for which a fabricated roofing was necessary. Because of the nature of the position which lay behind a hill with a very steep slope the general deep dugout was chosen as the type best suited to the conditions.

An entrance at a forty-five degree incline and to be fifteen feet long was begun. As a general rule special rectangular frames are furnished by supply depots for dugouts but our engineers had to construct their own frames out of planking supplied them. As the work progressed the frames were set in one after the other, each succeeding frame being about eight inches lower than its predecessor. The space between the sills was planked firmly with one-inch boards. When the living quarters, or common gallery was reached there was thirty feet of soil overhead, making the gallery quite safe from anything the Huns could send across.

The work presented many difficulties. All dirt dug had to be relayed by the shovelful from man to man to be finally deposited under a net of camouflage which screened it from aerial observation. This precaution was necessary because freshly turned earth photographs distinctly and is indicative of position operations. The limited working space increased the labor and once a huge boulder, which had to be attacked with sledge and drill, a long process and dangerous for it caused the earth to tumble down unexpectedly, barred the way. The air spaces above the frames and on the sides had to be solidly packed with sandbags so as to relieve the concussion of our own guns which otherwise would cause the collapse of the whole work.

The grand gallery was constructed at right angles to the descending gallery under the same working plan, except that the frames were fitted evenly so as to make a flooring over which was laid a layer of planks. Here the guncrews slept and lived when not occupied with firing. Double deck bunks were built in, whose springs were chicken wire or thick boards, yet no one complained of a hard bed.

The dugouts on this front never had to undergo the test of enemy shell-fire and the real value of the work was in giving the men practical experience in dugout construction which proved to be of great assistance later on.

In the Toul sector the Battery occupied two positions known as Bryan I and Bryan II, a platoon being at each. At Bryan I dugouts, which had been built by the division we relieved, provided shelter, but the damage done to the German batteries by our guns soon brought a

beautiful retaliation, and the dugouts proved almost worthless, crumbling under the attacks of the heavy shell as does a clapboard house in the path of a cyclone. At their best such shelters have a huge task to withstand the demolishing effect of a 220 mm. shell and the only thing the first platoon could do was to keep the dugouts in a state of constant repair by using cement and I beams, sandbags and broken rock.

At Bryan II, a position well camouflaged in a wood but where the soil was marshy, there were no dugouts. The battery which held the position before our arrival had its men sleeping on the ground in elephant iron shacks, taking life easy. After our guns had been firing a few days with effect on the Hun it became quite necessary to dig under. Plans were laid for five shelters of the open-cut type, quite different from the ones built at Chemin des Dames, and easier of construction. Rectangular pits ten feet wide, ten feet long and ten feet deep were dug in the surface of the earth, a flooring of planks laid and curved corrugated iron sections set in place for walls and roof. Each iron section had two holes near the top into which two plugs of the corresponding section fitted. The interior was propped by heavy beams and planks and a roof of beams supported by soil was set under the iron. The space between the curved iron and the roof was solidly packed with earth. Dirt was shovelled over the whole to a depth of eighteen inches, over this were spread iron "I" beams, then more earth, reinforced cement beams, and finally a hard layer of rock and earth. The theory of construction was that the velocity of a shell which struck the hard layer and cement beams was retarded, giving the fuse added time to act, so that the burst of the projectile was caused before it settled deeply enough for effective work.

The marshy condition of the soil necessitated the installation of pumps in each dugout. Occasionally the water gained on the pumps and in one dugout particularly it has been reported that the men found their shoes sailing about and the water oozing between the planks of the lower bunks in the morning.

The Toul sector was the last attempt at dugout building. On the big drive the men slept in their tents near the guns or under whatever shelter was handy. At St. Mihiel, wood and elephant iron shacks were thrown together for protection from the weather only, but on the last front, Verdun, the ground held was formerly German territory and dugouts were available for most of the men. Some of the crews, however, had to remain close to the guns and they slept in pup tents on the slope of the hill which screened the position in Death Valley from direct observation by the enemy.

Rest Camps a Fallacy.

HARK back with me boys to those iniquities of war, the Rest Camps. In the first place they should have been called Test Camps, of patience and endurance. Can you recall them in your mind's eye.

Slippery, slimy, sticky, stinking seas of mud, floating on their glistening bosoms, derelicts of what were once "Rain proof" tents. Those breezy, blustery affairs, which should be sheltering (the term is misleading) tubercular patients, must have been anchored by two ton mud hooks, which would have done justice to a modern superdreadnaught riding out a sixty mile gale. And do you remember boys some of these tents were camouflaged? What more useless waste of artistic ability; why paint these, when they and the atmosphere were one and the same thing? Imagine the Hooverizing of space that was attempted, putting ten full-grown Americans in these gross exaggerations of bee hives. It would take an expert interior decorator of a "Phillipe Canard Sardine tin" years and years to accomplish what these conserving Britishers tried at Southampton, and Le Havre. There was a comfortable position in these tents, and that was standing up, but we were not Chinese coolies or horses, who fortunately can sleep while standing. Of course, a dwarf who had backward curvature of the spine, and loss of sursation in the hips and shoulders, might have been able to sleep around the center pole, providing he received a hypo of morphine or a gallon of ether vapor. Teachers of modern hygiene advocate ventilation in crowded quarters. We practiced it, never mind advocating it. The only thing between the sleepers (another misnomer) and the air was a first-class sieve of some cloth material. The hard wooden, not hard wood, floor served as an excellent absorber for the water "au-dessous." Had we been rubber dolls, we would have been all jake. As it was we were very close to nature—veritable Joe Knowles. Then the rain, those torrential down-pours, which diluted the mud to the consistency of army coffee, and of the same color,—namely black. Skid chains on our feet, would not have helped us. What we needed were pontoons. The old familiar guard cry at night of "Who goes there," should have been changed to "Who swims there."

Oh, delightful places were these rest camps, yea, for alligators or mud puppies. Not only were the outside of our miserable hides kept saturated, but the cooks soaked our insides with beef stew (accent on the stew), bean soup, and that delicious demi-tasse. In certain more progressive rest camps, such as Southampton, "duck boards" to walk on. The term duck board is well chosen. They float, bridges would have been more appropriate. So far we have spoken only of conditions of the camps. Will you ever forget the REST part of the farce? Remember Leugley.

Consider the lillies of the field, "they toil not neither do they spin." We must have been sun flowers. Foolish "squads right" day in and day out. The horses had to be groomed at least forty times daily. One would think that we were preparing 'is Majesty the King's 'orses for a prance along Rotten Row. The picket lines had to be immaculate. The guard had to stand ready with shovel and broom, at the convenience of the horses. They should have issued roller skates to these equine chambermaids. Time and back bending would have been saved. The only thing lacking was the table cloth on the ground along the picket lines. It seemed to the unfortunate guards that the horses were either eating a great deal or else they were receiving double rations of bran mash instead of oats. Then they had to be watered scores of times daily. They should be ashamed to look a river in the face today.

Standing gun drill was another favorite diversion for the officers. They put the drivers through foolish tricks on the guns, and the connoneers grooming from the hock down. Its a good sport hopping around a gun ready to fire a salute to the new governor of Rhode Island, where a curious crowd gazes in wonder and admiration at the efficiency of the gunners, but its our idea of nothing at all to do the same thing before one or two French peasants, who are totally unappreciative, and who are as familiar with guns as they are with reeking mounds of stable debris piled in front of their humble homes. After gun drill, of course, inspection was in order.

"Fold your blankets with the northeast corner toward the Constellation of the Great Bear. See to it that the fourth rivet in your mess cup is in line with the tiplless lace of your middle shoe. Sharpen your bayonet and clean off the blood of the last combat." These were typical orders issued before the all important inspection, on which depended the fate of the American Army, yea, the entire allied forces. Then we had to stand at attention, with a tropical sun beating on our

backs, stirring the striped ones into galloping over our anatomies like young gazelles, but sinking their tusks into a us like famished full-grown hippopotami. If we attempted to scratch ourselves, we were rebuked, but relief had to be obtained some way, and the line looked like a bunch of "shimmy" experts. After the inspecting officer had played telescope with our rifles, to see if some ungracious fly had taken a subway walk, and hesitated in the middle and walked on, we were dismissed, and allowed to suffer ennui for five minutes before plodding our weary way to the mess line, wondering whether it would be braised beef, or rice and karo. Then came guard duty, with protests to the Battery Clerk, who was as familiar with the keys of his Corona, which spelled our names as he was with the duties and requisites of a first-class "Lead tail."

Walking up and down behind the rear ends of the chevaux, seeking and coaxing them to cease their arguments. Why should we interfere with their private disputes and quarrels? Why were we expected to stumble and stagger through the Stygian blackness of the night, trying to play bloodhound on the trail of a plug who was troubled with insomnia or somnambulism? The "pauvre beastie" knew where he was to get his breakfast, he wouldn't wander far. Any way he could always be found near the stable Sergeant's bunk. Not that he was seeking to avenge himself upon this soldier who wore the insignia of the traffic cop on his arm, although he had grievances enough, but the Sergeant always sought the protection of the paulin which covered the oats. Now do you know why the wanderer was in the vicinity? We always wondered why guards were placed on the picket lines. I guess after all it was to protect the hay and grain, which in reality were more valuable than the consumers thereof. Or on second thought it might have been to see that the stable Sergeant was not disturbed in his slumber by wandering horses. The cry of kindness to dumb animals is hackney. They should be taught to be kind to us.

Oh, for some auspicious drug which would forever blot out of our minds the word Rest Camp, and all the memories it evokes. Of course carbolic acid would do it, but then it would also destroy reminiscences of Marie, Germaine, pay day, cognac, mail, etc., etc. Let us demand of our next envoy to the League of Nations that he not only favor the abolition of poisonous gases and liquid fire, but also make the Rest Camps past, horrible nightmares, not future possibilities.

“The Old Plugs.”

FROM the first day that we became acquainted with Ginger and Tom, and the other brutes at Quonset, until the day that we turned in the last Cheveau, we alternately cursed and loved them.

During our days of soldiering in the States, the horses meant little to most of us. Our real acquaintance—and we needed an introduction in French—began when the horses came at Coëtquidan. After a few days of loafing, Trouvé with a detail of picked men had been summoned to the stables by Capt. Hanley, who was acting as purchasing agent for the brigade. A number of French remounts had been sent for the Captain to pick from. As he accepted a horse, men from the different outfits beginning with A Battery of the 101st, would take the chevau away, after Johnny and his detail had branded them. After about three weeks of this, B Battery began to draw horses. In three days we were assigned one hundred and forty-five and then no more. We were starting out short of horses, for we should have had two hundred and five.

The drivers now, and especially Trouvé, began to realize they were in the army. No more ducking calls. The first few weeks were the hardest.

In the first place after branding the horses the hoof numbers had to be taken. Never before had we heard such scientific cussing. The fours looked like sevens and Trouvé told us all about it.

Then the nags had to be paired up according to size and color. Later they had to be shifted according to the way they pulled together. After the “pairing off” the different sections were assigned their proportionate number and then the drivers really began their army work.

Good care must be taken of the horses. The first thing in the morning, feed; at night, after a hard day’s work—look after the horses; first, brush them, water them and feed them. Of course in training camp it was more a matter of calls, but here the drivers were imbued with the order of “Horses First,” an idea which later went a long way in pulling the outfit through tough places.

Besides learning to take care of the horses, the drivers learned—or attempted to learn, how to handle them. Monkey drill and iodine became inseparable. The toughest part of it was that at “come on,” and “Whoa,” they simply cocked an ear and said, “Pas Compris.” So the drivers took to visiting the cafés at night in order to learn French to talk to their nags.

Of course while all this was going on it was impossible that the horses should escape without names. “Haigh” and “Haigh,” they went together as lead of the garbage wagon. “Red” a fire eater; “The stable hound,” Bill Bacon’s favorite; and others equally fitting.

As the time approached for leaving Coëtquidon we began to wonder about loading as some of us still remembered our Davisville experience. But all horses were in box cars in less than a half hour in spite of the fact that some had to be man handled. After this, loading horses meant nothing to us.

The horses made the trip from Coëtquidon to Soissons very well. There were many wild tales told by the men, who were assigned to the different cars to look after the horses. But none of them really kicked or showed a great desire to be relieved. Eight horses and two men, gave the men more room, grub and liquor than they could have had in a box car with forty men.

At Soissons we received about a dozen horses—American horses this time. Also we began to lose horses—forage poisoning, according to the “Vet.” This made good business for “Pop” Harwood’s detail. The only work for the horses was the night trip to the front and this wasn’t very bad.

The first real test for the horses came on the hike to Toul. For days we followed the road to Toul, averaging twenty-one kilometers a day. The horses stood it well especially considering the fact that we were short of horses, so each one had to do more than his share. One horse absolutely gave in, and Johnny had to shoot him. The rest reached Toul, a little thin, but still going strong.

At Toul the horses were called upon every night to keep ammunition and supplies going up to the front. They became as familiar with Dead Man’s curve as the drivers, and perhaps dreaded it more. They had a right to, as they couldn’t duck. Five horses were lost while standing in Mandres. Although the picket line at Rangeval was exposed to shell fire, nothing happened until the day after we had moved to Lagney.

The biggest test the horses received was during the Chateau-Thierry drive. Just before the drive we lost a lot of horses from eating poisoned grass. After the drive started the horses "got theirs." Often they would have their harness on day and night. Shell fire caused a number of losses.

Grain and water was scarce, and the horses with their numbers reduced, often had to accomplish tremendous tasks. At Beauvarde one shell killed six horses, another literally shot Besser's big black "Nemo" out of his hand.

On the fourth of August we were relieved. At the same time we received orders to evacuate all horses with the mange or harness sores. This left us exceedingly short, but then we received replacements.

After a short rest at Leugley we started on our second great offensive at St. Mihiel, with only one hundred and twelve horses. Before the drive had hardly started we had to evacuate the odd twelve. One horse was now doing the work of two. So it went through the days that followed, horses were lost by shell fire; were shot because they were "all in," or evacuated because of mange, so that when we finally pulled out of St. Mihiel and started our great hike we had only eighty-nine horses. Men had to carry everything possible and at times get "on the wheels."

Verdun saw more losses from shell fire, gas and mange. On November fourteenth, sixty-nine who were too tough to be worn out, pulled the battery from Verdun to Levenecourt. Here sixty-one were turned over to the Army of Occupation probably to be worked to the very end. The remaining eight were turned in at Vicq.

And so we were once more horseless artillery. Tractors were to take the place of our old "friends." It sounded good at first—but most of us realized that no machine could ever take the place of those faithful hard working nags. No reward was theirs. Hard work and harder knocks was all they received for the most part, and it was not until after they were gone that we realized what we owed and how much we really cared for the good old squealing, kicking, fighting "nags" of Battery B.



PERHAPS it was the recollection of what happened to the men who went to school with the "anti-tankers" and "ninety-fivers" when we were up northwest of Toul, that caused Holland to look dubious when he received orders to pick a detail to go to motor school; or perhaps it was just his usual natural inclination to be fair that caused him to ponder. At any rate when he finally made up the list it included such men as Girvan, Gifford, Bertherman, and many more hard workers who deserved a rest. Immediately some of the "others" started looking for a chance to go—and some met with success. On November 3rd, the day before it was to leave, a severe strafing from Fritz left vacancies in the detail. Also at the last minute a few of the chosen were ordered to the hospital as a result of the gassing experienced in death valley. A few more substitutes of the "others" were chosen and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the seventh the detail lined up under Sergeant Howell.

As Ted viewed his detail he groaned. The orders had been to fall in full pack with all equipment. "Perkins, Short, Jordan, where are your rifles?" The three good soldiers all denied any knowledge of any such useful article—for travelling in the S. O. S. Ted could do nothing but march the detail away. Seeing this a half-dozen more good soldiers immediately lost their soldierly appearance. Outside the echelon the detail joined those furnished by the other batteries of the regiment and under command of Captain Henderson started for the railway station at Verdun.

At the railway station it was found that the train which was supposed to be there was not. Of course, we should have expected this. But as the hours passed, and we thought of the boys at the echelon having a "nice mess," some began to doubt their wisdom in joining the detail. Had it not been for "Pop" Henderson we would probably have all starved to death. He finally found rations for us, and then, like good

soldiers, the detail was happy. About eight o'clock our train arrived and we drew third class coaches.

At first this seemed a luxury—but when we came to sleep—how we did wish for our old friends “Hommes 40.” Late that night or better early the next morning we reached St. Dizier—better known as “Dizzy”—where we were marched to a camp—La Tambourine—a rest camp. That alone was enough to our ears, but here we found an improvement. The powers that be had conceived the idea of cement floors for the barracks, but no cots—not even chicken netting. There was nothing to do but stretch out on the floor and wonder if the inquisition had anything on rest camps. In the morning after mess—and what a mess it was—the boys thought they had found a redeeming feature to their rest camp. It was said that in the French canteen real beer could be bought. But before the rumor could be verified the boys were ordered to fall in, and were marched over to the train and started on their way again.

During the day stops were made at various stations and each time refreshments found a way into the coaches. It was a merry company that left the train that night at Vierzon—a little town whose inhabitants had never before seen American soldiers—or said they hadn't. “Pop” told the boys not to get too heavy a load on as they had to leave the next morning. Imagine the result. The first time in many months that most of us had really had such freedom. The detail from each battery tried to keep the rest of the boys sober by drinking up the wine supply first. Girvan and Gifford were put on guard, thereby proving that Howell did not go to college for nothing.

In the morning many big heads—but none missing—lined up for the final lap of the journey. A short ride brought the detail to Le Blanc.

At first we thought we were in a town too small to notice. All that could be seen from the “gare” was one café and a few trees. But a short hike brought us to the top of a hill from which we could see the town, and in that first glimpse there was something about the town we liked. Much like every French town it somehow had a more prosperous appearance than most towns we had seen. When we reached the center of the town we saw no less than two hotels, two large cafés, and many smaller ones, besides the usual line up of small stores. It must be a good town!

We were halted in the square in the center of the town to await the pleasure of the officer in charge. While waiting, other soldiers began to gather around us. The four hundred and umpty-umps, when they heard that magic number “twenty-sixth,” showed the proper respect. Also

they carelessly showed francs—many of them—and a disposition to buy souvenirs from the front. A German button, with a little tale of cutting it off the clothing of some German who had fallen to your rifle, would bring many francs. A belt buckle had a fabulous value. What a chance of becoming a millionaire! As it was the boys did pretty well—thank you.

After the usual unnecessary questioning the authorities decided to believe "Pop's" statement that we needed something to eat, and we were directed to a kitchen. Here, of course, we had to wait until the cooks got something ready, and during the wait what was more natural than a crap game. The game had been going just long enough to be disastrous to the representatives of B Battery when an S. O. S. shave tail breezed in, stopped the game, and how he panned us out. Right away we saw trouble. In order to keep us out of further mischief the usual inspection was held. We were found to have cooties—lousey the medic called us. We were permitted to eat—under the watchful eyes of officers, then marched to billets and quarantined.

The afternoon of our first day we were decootized. At this time the effects of the gassing which Al. Butts had received at Death Valley became too much for him. He reported to the hospital and was immediately sent to bed. In two days he was in serious condition, and few of us, who were permitted to see him, would have known him on the third day. The next day we were informed that he was dead. With us from the start, Al. had made friends of all by his good nature, and his death caused gloom in the entire outfit. Corporal Wilkinson took the body to Chateauroux, where it was buried in the American cemetery. "Died of disease," it was reported, but Al. died of wounds received in battle if any soldier ever did.

The "cleaning up" orders had worked fine. We were permitted to throw away all of our equipment and after a bath to draw new as we pleased. Things were looking up. Following this the riot act or something was read to us. Its main note was military discipline. It had no effect. That evening a number of the boys went to a moving picture show. There not being enough present to warrant the showing of the pictures, the boys hired the theatre. Then the proprietor tried to give us our money's worth and the result was we were all arrested for being out after taps and given fatigue—the fatigue consisting of one hour's guard, during which time it was perfectly permissible to sleep.

The next day the detail was divided up and "sent to school"—some to learn about tractors, some about motorcycles, some to mechanics'

school, and the lucky-Ryley to auto school. School didn't prove so bad. Part lectures, and part practice, the lectures were easy to duck, and the practice furnished a lot of fun.

The fourth day of our stay at Le Blanc brought word of the Armistice. The Frenchmen seemed to have gone crazy. A celebration was arranged, and of course there had to be a parade. As the 103rd had been in France longer than any other American soldiers in the town they were given "the place of honor," and allowed to ride. After the parade a general celebration—in the cafés—followed. All in all it was some time. The next day we were back to our regular routine, although excitement was still running high, and the different papers from Paris were sold almost before they were on sale.

At night and the "work" over it was customary to find a place at which to eat. It being forbidden to buy bread, eggs, or meat in the town, the more public places had to be avoided, but nearly everyone found some quiet little place where everything could be had.

This lasted for six weeks, when we "graduated." At the same time we were told that we probably would not go back to our own outfits. Many prepared to go A. W. O. L. until "Pop" Henderson persuaded them to wait awhile. "Pop" was putting up a great fight to get us back, and we certainly appreciated it.

We were transferred to new billets and a new battery—from the details of the 103rd F. A., 106th F. A., and 315th F. A., was formed. Lieut. Doherty, whom we all knew in Coëtquidan was in command, assisted by Lieut. Shryoc of the 103rd. A regular army sergeant from the 315th was top kick. Jordan was made battery clerk.

Some of the boys became instructors for new men arriving in town, but for the great majority it was a case of drills and details—but here again the 103rd won out. Jordan was allowed to pick the men for all details. The result was soft details for us, and all the tough ones for the 106th and 315th—the men of the 315th getting the toughest of course—they being the newest soldiers. Orders were received to send men to Camp Hunt, La Courtine, and other places. The 315th was sadly depleted, the 106th lost heavily, and only two men went from the 103rd. Ray seemed to have learned Joeko's job pretty well.

Things went along in this way for another month. No one worked hard through the day, and at night, the "Foyer Soldat"—where you could buy chocolate for two cents a glass—and the cafés made it a "good war." But we were getting restless and wanted to be back with

our own outfit. Finally the orders came and one evening we marched up the hill to the station to our old friends, the box cars.

That the 103rd was leaving friends behind was shown by the number of citizens who turned out to see us leave. One of them, Minnie—who had been a great friend to the boys from the start, “presented” us with a large bouquet.

The trip back as far as St. Dizier was made under the command of some new “shave tail.” He thought it his duty to prevent the boys from getting refreshments on the way, and “Short,” Perkins and others were told to consider themselves under arrest. Consideration was as far as it went, and the shave tail finally becoming discouraged buried himself in his coach and we saw nothing more of him.

From “St. Dizzy” on, it was a good trip—no officers to be bothered with. We found the battery at Vicq, got settled and, in a few days were wishing we were back in Le Blanc. After all it was a good battle we fought down there.

The Toughest Hike of Them All.

FIVE o'clock, of a bright October afternoon, as the sun was lowering in the West, we pulled out after a day of rest in a meadow near Rupt en Woivre, and started for a new destination.

As per usual we knew absolutely nothing of where we were headed or what we would encounter, but if we had known in advance what was in store for us, we would scarcely have been happy about it.

As it was we sloughed along at the usual marching stride, cussing and wondering what was coming. Rumors were rife of course, rest being the chief among them, but as we came up to a cross-roads about dark the decision was final though painful. One road led to the rear and REST, the other was marked with the name of a town that will ever be remembered when men talk of battles, VERDUN. Thus read the signpost and along the road so marked we shuffled along behind the guns.

As it grew dark, the orders came down from the head of the column, “NO SMOKING.” More curses and grumbling. “How come this NO Smoking stuff?” For a while the orders held good, but as the miles rolled by, little gleams showed here and there, the tell tale glow of

cigarettes. Very soon an officer rode down and ordered all cigarettes out. This procedure was repeated many times, until finally he rode up to the Captain and the following dialogue ensued.

“Captain Green, sir, those men behind the fourgon won’t stop smoking.”

“Did you tell them to stop, Lieutenant?”

“Yes, sir; several times.”

“All right. T’ hell with them; let ’em smoke,” and that ended it.

On we went, and on again, and as our weary feet began to tell us that the usual number of kilometres had been passed, the grumbling grew louder, but still no pause. On again, and as we rose from the rest periods, our feet were like lead, and for many steps there would be absolutely no feeling in them at all. Great stuff, this hiking game.

Suddenly as we were in the middle of a ruined town the order came down “Halt!” and directly after there was much talk and excited reading of maps at the head of the column, then more noisy talk. Busy officers dashing up and down and everything balled up for some few minutes.

The next move came in the shape of an order to right about, and out we marched again and back over the same road. While we were not exactly sure what had happened, we were beginning to have our suspicions. They were surely well founded, for herein lies out tale of woe.

It is the usual custom in making a long move, to place men on the cross roads in advance of the column to direct them over the proper highways, thus preventing any mishaps or wrong moves. But in this particular instance on one of the most important highway intersections, the officer in charge had neglected to place the usual marker. Net result, a battalion of men completely lost, and some extra twenty kilometers to walk. Did we enjoy it? We did not!!!

Back we went over the road, with a groan for every step, for by this time, we were about done up, and on again over the right road, and at five o’clock the next morning, after twelve hours of continuous marching, covering fifty-one kilometers, we reached our destination, the most bedraggled, tired out gang of men that ever stepped.

As soon as the horses were taken care of we sought rest, which was sadly needed and only chow call brought us out.

Well did we know that “some one had blundered,” for hiking an ordinary distance is scarcely a pleasure, but hiking an extra twenty kilometers is hardly a pastime that would become popular.

Battery Athletics.

WHEN Battery B first got together one thing was evident,—it was a “fine bunch of men,” as the top kick put it. Knowledge of this made the men anxious to do something. As the Germans were still far away, and we couldn’t start a real first class scrap without landing in the “cooler,” we prepared to “beat up” all corners in legitimate ways.



“Our Mascot.”

Consequently a baseball team was organized as soon as we reached Quonset Point. Due to the fact that the other team always brought their own umpire, and bribed the adjutant into putting B Battery on regimental guard every time they were scheduled to play, we were somewhat handicapped. Still we managed to win four games out of six, and so did not feel so bad. Our time was coming.

It came with the transfer of our regiment to Boxford. There the manly game of rugby was started. One of the finest teams possible, fully equipped as a result of a Battery collection, prepared to meet all comers. Emidy was elected captain, Lieut. Langdon agreed to coach the team, and Sergeant Churchill was made manager. The team lined up with Emidy and Redfern as ends; Howell and Smith, tackles; Melarkey and Mason guards; Donelly, centre; Stewart, Chase, Tillinghast and Crowe in the backfield, with S. Roberts, Albee, Allen, Miller, Wolf and Ryley ready as subs.

An attractive schedule was arranged but the second battalion pulled out, much to our disappointment. This broke up the schedule. A game, however, was arranged with F Battery who claimed to be good. They went down 30-0. They didn’t even have a show. Redfern showed his utter disregard for the human anatomy when he broke an opponent’s leg when tackling him.

Having tasted blood, only one thing would satisfy. We must have A Battery’s hide. Accordingly a game was arranged for the next

Saturday, but A Battery, after talking over what happened to F, begged off, on the ground that they needed more practice.

Headquarters company and a lieutenant were substituted. The ex-cavalry men were rugged. They fought hard, and at the old driving game it seemed a toss-up who would win. But the value of brains and a college education showed up. Emidy doped up a couple of trick plays, told them to Stewart, they worked them—final score, Battery B 14, Headquarters Co., 0.

Loudly now the call rose to "Bring on those A Batteries." A date was set but again we were denied. Rumor has it that every man in A Battery used to say a prayer every night that something would intervene to save them from the impending defeat. Their prayers were answered. Before the date of the game we were on our way overseas.

After arriving in France we had little or no time for athletics except of the indoor variety. Jordan seemed to have the upper hand here as he could talk faster than anyone else. Poker and crap teams were also battling for a thousand—at times. There is still a question as to who went broke oftener, A Battery or B.

The next real opportunity came along in May of '18. The drivers at the echelon at Rangeval organized baseball teams and many interesting intersectional games were played.

Just before the start of the Chateau-Thierry drive, the men at the rear echelon took part in a regimental track meet. The results were highly satisfactory. B Battery won the "big event," the regimental relay race. Marcotte, Devine, Lawson and Stewart turned the trick. Stewart was the big star of the meet, winning the 220-yard dash and placing third in the 50 and 100. B placed second in the meet.

At Leugley during our notorious rest period a ball team was organized. Lieut. Ramsay, whose enthusiasm led to the formation of the team was coach. The line-up was made from the following men: catchers, Devine, Bergen, White; pitchers, Gifford, Hurley; infielders, Hodgson, McCaffrey, Boardman, Bebee, Tillinghast, Smith; outfielders, Patterson, Perkins, Arnold, Hazelhurst.

One game resulted. It was one of these moral victories we read about but the actual score was A Battery 11, B Battery 4. Before we could get even, we moved.

While on our way to St. Mihiel, we parked for a few days along the road outside of Souilly. After ordering an inspection, Colonel Glassford thought of a track meet. As it was ordered—so it was. B Battery got only one place, first in the high jump, Ted Howell clearing the bar at a height nearly equal to himself.

No more athletics until after the Armistice. Then with the Germans out of the way B Battery prepared to start in where they left off at Boxford.

Soccer football was enthusiastically taken up by the regiment. B Battery had a team which performed brilliantly. It never lost a game, which was to be expected when one considered A. Roberts and Craven, who had been shouting, "eads hup" and "hover" ever since they were kids. Holmes, Plant, Jim Richardson, Patterson, S. Roberts, Cahill, Craven, Allen, Hughes, Needham and A. Roberts made up the team, with DeSisto, White, Boardman and McCaffrey as subs. The sweetest game of all was when "B Battery beat A Battery." The scores of all the games were: Battery B 1, Battery A 0; Battery B 2, Headquarters 0; Battery B 2, Battery D 1; Battery B 0, Battery C 0, in game that went overtime twenty minutes.

The game proved so popular that a regimental team was formed. The first game with the 102nd resulted in a 4-4 tie. A week later the entire regiment, led by the Colonel marched to the 102nd stamping grounds. After sixty exciting minutes the 103rd came away a winner 1-0. B Battery was represented on the team by Craven, S. Roberts and Allen.

After the regiment moved to Vicq battalion teams were formed. A Battery and B Battery lining up together beat the second battalion at both soccer and rugby. A regimental rugby team was formed. The team was beaten by the 101st and it was largely through the work of Nick Bergen and Ray Booth that the 101st was stopped from running up a much larger score.

At Pontvallain our regimental soccer team continued to win and in a number of games played throughout the division was never beaten. Owing to the fact that one of the batteries of the 103rd became "puffed up" dissension was caused in the ranks of the regimental rugby team. Perkins, Short, and others who could probably have carried the team through, quit in disgust. The result was a thorough beating at the hands of the 102nd at Mayet.

Basketball teams were formed. B's team composed of the following men: W. Davis, Hopkins, Kaufman, Harding, Hazelhurst, Clough, Elmer and Mahoney, played seven games, winning five and losing two. Section games were also played but did not seem to create much attention.

Prize drill squads had been organized in the different batteries. Competitive drills were held, B's Battery squad defeating everything in our own regiment first, then cleaning up the 101st and 102nd Artillery teams. At Ecomoy a team from the infantry barely nosed them out for divisional championship. The Battery was very proud of its representatives.

While all this was going on boxing had been encouraged. Practically every man with any ability was going around with marks on his face. Boxing bouts were held at Mayet and Ecomoy. Ray Cook, S. Roberts and Kaufman won many bouts. "Young Kloby" of the 102nd defeated Lajoie of our own regiment for the divisional championship in a fight that will long be remembered.

Orders to leave for Brest put an end to our athletic endeavors, but looking it all over, we'll say Battery B was there!

Those Medics!

“PAINT it with iodine and mark him duty,” or “Give him C. C. pills and mark him duty.” How often these two phrases have sounded in the ears of some healthy young gent from B Battery who had managed to duck calls until sick call and then fell in hoping to get light duty.

And how the “docs” could pick them out. Sometimes one of the boys who had never had a sick day in his life could fool “Doc Hascall or one of his sergeants into giving a light duty or “quarters” sentence, but not very often. A strong dose of salts, etc., often helped a man to decide he wouldn’t answer sick call again and made him seek some other way of beating drill.

So of course “iodine, C. C. pills and duty,” made the mention of the sanitary detachment bring forth rather sarcastic but generally rather “enlightening” remarks. Besides that, there was the “Fall in for—inspection” call, and the “doc” looked us over. What nuisances, and then too—well perhaps that is enough.

But on the other hand we never lost a bit of time in heading for the sanitary detachment if we were really sick. We might “ride” them at times, but when things felt topsy turvy we knew they were the men who could straighten us out. They looked after our health and certainly any man in the outfit will admit they did it well.

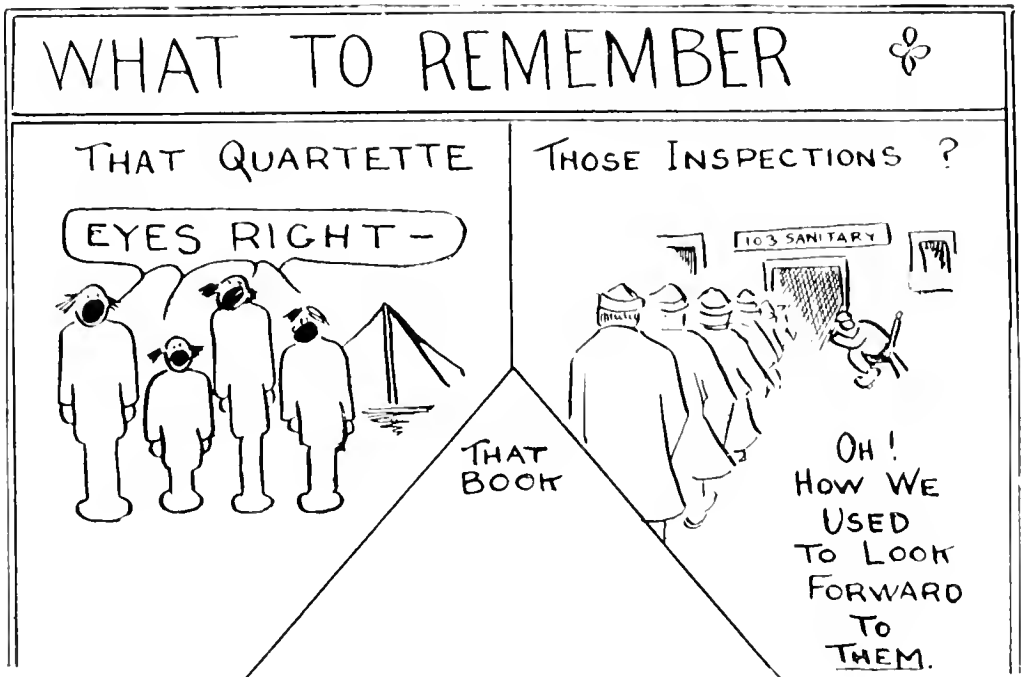
And besides this there was their work at the front: At Verdun, at the “ninety-fives,” at Chateau-Thierry, and many other places, the medics showed that they were game. Certainly this book would not seem complete without some mention of Captain Hascall or of Guindon, Frarry, Barnard, etc., for in reality they seemed a part of the Battery—and we certainly wouldn’t want them to think that we had forgotten our old friends who handed out “C. C. pills and Iodine.”

Reminiscences.

MANY people thought that a soldier's life in France was made up of worry and fighting. As a matter of fact when not actually engaged we often found life extremely interesting, and even in beating the Germans many rather humorous incidents happened. Those listed below are absolutely vouched for.

THE MODEL KITCHEN.

Located in a sort of Hawaiian Bungalow with its whitewashed walls was the celebrated Model Kitchen at Rangeval. Here, each morning



bright and early (about 10:30) our luminous Mess Sergeant wielded the push broom around the courtyard with the ease and grace of an Exchange Place white wing.

As the only passage from the stables to the blacksmith shop lead through the kitchen, the work of the Sergeant with said broom was sadly but greatly increased. Many a cheval was cursed as he made a flying trip through the yard "on the receiving end" of an ever ready "pomme de terre" thrown with the accuracy of a Walter Johnson.

One morning our Lieutenant, with his "Varsity 55" appearance (he would have made the heart of any dashing debutante beat double time) came rushing out to the kitchen with his golden locks giving off the aroma of brilliantine. In a thunderous and gruff voice he said "Sergeant Knowles, the Divisional Inspector will be here in an hour."

The Sergeant made a few unkind remarks about Inspectors, which if heard would have given him a nice "stone mansion somewhere out West," for at least twenty years. Then he grabbed the broom and started to work. Everyone hustled like beavers and put the kitchen in fine order, but oh—the utensils—horrible. We were ruined!

But no! there was the brand new kitchen equipment which lay dormant in the bottom of a powder box in the secluded corner of the monastery. With hands and arms loaded down with dirty meat saws, cleavers, etc., we rushed to the monastery and made the exchange which later brought us fame.

Now all was complete, and sitting calmly under the reeds of our "bungalow" we waited with joyful anticipation the arrival of said Inspector. He came—he saw, we conquered! Ever afterwards ours was the "Model Kitchen of the Division."

"Motto." You can fool some of the inspectors some of the time, you can fool most of the inspectors most of the time, but if you have a Mess Sergeant like "Steve," you can fool all of the inspectors all of the time.

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"Who was defeated this time." Bryan II.

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Word was one day received that Colonel Smith was coming around for inspection of the Battery position, meaning that all guns, etc., must be cleaned and polished. Lt. Metcalf made a very pretty little speech urging the men to prepare.

Just before this, two orderlies had spent much time in washing the above mentioned officer's underwear, and he with the vision of clean clothes, took a bath.

Meanwhile, the men went to work on the guns, etc. Polish and clothes were needed to put everything in first-class condition. The only cloth available was a suit of underwear hanging clean and dry on the barbed wire. It was immediately commandeered, and the guns were cleaned in the most approved manner. Then the men turned their attention to their personal appearance. Polish was needed, and on a table lay a nice large box of ox-blood, prized very highly by a

certain gentleman whose boots required a great deal of polish to cover their surface. He lost his prize, but the men were prepared for inspection.

The officer finished his bath. "Agnew—bring me my clean underwear." Agnew did his best, but returned empty handed. "It's gone, sir." "What," shouted the Lieutenant, "Gone? Gone? I'll see to that." Time however was valuable and other underwear had to be donned.

"Oh, Agnew—polish up those boots." Again a report of missing equipment from the bewildered and scared orderly. "What, my new box of polish?" And a hunt took place which was interrupted by the Inspecting Officer.

The inspection was held and the men highly complimented both on the appearance of the guns, and their personal appearance, and the Colonel departed.

Imagine the rest for yourself, Lieutenant Metcalf had been putting two and two together during the inspection, and arriving at four as the answer, even Sergeant Aylesworth received fatigue duty as a result.

What we were doing or were going to do had, of course, to be camouflaged from German spies. Here's one sample of the way it was done.

FOOLING THE GERMANS.

The curtain rises on a scene in the telephone dugout at Bryan L. The time is about 10:58¹/₂ P. M. Seated at the board is an operator more than nine-sixteenths asleep. The board buzzes and the "op" comes to the position known as action front, shoves in a plug and the following conversation takes place:

Operator—"Bryan L operator, sir."

Voice at Lundy's Lane (believed to be Lt. McCormick) "Give me Hanley."

Operator then plugs Mr. Mac through and listens to the following line of junk.

Mac—"Hello, Hanley. This is Mac. Are you getting any perfume¹ over your way?"

Hanley—"Yes; Bailey just came in and took off his boots."

Mac—"Is it pretty heavy?"

¹Perfume—Gas

Hanley—"Fairly—not bad on the nose but terrible on the eyes."

Mac—"You'll be wild wooly and full of fleas¹ soon."

Hanley—"Good Lord, is there no rest for the weary? The coots are defeating me now. I was down sitting on Alf's bunk this afternoon and they're fair running off with me."

Mac—"Let me know if you get rid of those fleas OK."

Hanley—"Sure, good night. Oh, by the way Mac, what's all this talk about Metcalf going to E."

Mac—"Fact Hanley, they need him."

Hanley and Operator, in chorus—"Good; we don't."

Mac—"Yes; Smith got out an order on it tonight."

Hanley—"Good for him; its the only favor he ever did this Battery."

Mac—"Here's a party² for you Hanley."

Hanley—"Bailey get out your pencil."

Mac—"Ready?"

Hanley—"Shoot."

Mac—"At H hour and Q minutes put 10 beggars factotum³ on 6634."

Hanley—"Can't be done. My horses⁴ are out in the grass not in a stable."⁵

Mac—"Well, try one horse over this course then, starting him at the same time. Put him over the 6679* course and load him with 50 bipeds falsetto⁷ and give him an hour to do it in."

Hanley—"Here's something for you, Mac. About 100 wild women⁸ just came into my house and drank up a lot of grape juice."⁹

Mac—"You won't be thirsty for a while then. Keep cool and let me know if you need any dogs¹⁰. Good night."

Hanley—"All right. Good night."

¹Wild and wooly and full of fleas—The fourgon with rations.

²Party—Order to fire.

³Beggars-factotum—F. A. Shells—L. R. Fuse.

⁴Horse—Piece.

⁵Horses out in grass and not in stable—Guns not in position to fire.

*Numbers such as 6679, etc., signify German positions, or any point of fire.

⁷Bipeds-falsetto—F. A. Shells—S. R. Fuse.

⁸Wild Women—German shells.

⁹Grape juice—Incoming Gas.

¹⁰Dog—Ambulance.

THE RAID ON BRYAN I.

(Here's the only time we thought we needed our bayonets.)

Scene:—Second Section dugout, Bryan I.

Time:—About dusk.

Most of the Section Gun Crew sitting around board playing poker. The night is dark and stormy.

"Hubby" Ellis has gone to Mandres for a supply of cigarettes, chocolate, canned fruit and condensed milk. After having been gone about an hour he returned very much out of breath. He came back to the position by way of Dead Man's Curve, a rather hazardous trip, and had been unfortunate enough to try it just about the time that Heinie had taken it into his head to give the curve a little attention and drop a few over. "Hubby" swore that they chased him all the way around the curve.

After recovering his breath he sat in the game with the rest of the crew. Everything was going along nicely when suddenly a number of sharp reports made every man sit up and hold his breath, then more reports, sounding very much like hand grenades. That was enough, some one shouted, "The Germans are over, they're raiding the 1st section." Someone else shouted, "Put out those lights," and out they went. Every man grabbed his rifle and started for the door trying to fix bayonets on the way out, resulting in one man having a bayonet mixed up with his pants. Outside, and we all started toward the 1st Section, then we heard the reports again, and discovered the cause of the "raid."

A battery of 75's had taken up a position in the woods in our rear and this was the first time they had fired and the peculiar crack they gave when firing sounded to us like a hand grenade exploding.

We returned to the dugout calling ourselves all manner of names. "Highpockets" Harding, stuck his head out of the powder abri, where he was on guard and wanted to know "what in Hell was the matter," claiming that he was afraid to stick his head out for fear he would catch a bayonet where he didn't want it. The rest of us went back to the game, hoping that the rest of the outfit wouldn't hear about it.

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THIS HAPPENED ON THE RANGE AT COETQUIDAN.

It was the first occasion on which we had worn helmets, and a certain cannoneer was entertaining his friends between shots. Part of the program consisted of throwing rocks in the air and letting them bound off his head. Wearing the iron hat at the time, he did not suffer at all.

A call to the gun, and then another rest, and the same young man continued his performance. This time he tossed into the air a good sized "dornick." It came down on his head with a crash that jarred him to the soles of his feet, for this time he had neglected to put on the Carnegie Derby.

This is vouched for by Charlie Gardiner.

IN THE MONASTERY AT RANGEVAL.

Lt. Garrett and Melvin had been out celebrating and were returning feeling pretty well. As they entered the monastery Garrett put his arm around Melvin and whispered solemnly.

"Sh-sh, Melvin, don't wake up the men."

And Melvin came back.

"Sh-sh-sh, Jawn. Don't wake up the soldiers."

Things that never happen:—

Ormiston's Fifty Franc Note—at Bucy-le-Long.

Stewart—On the Park Wagon—one wheel gone at Mandres.

Havard—(shouting down dugout to Lt. Stark)—"Hey Lieutenant how many mens you got down there?"

Stark—"Five."

Havard—"Well send up half of them will you?"

Officers' Statements.

To Battery B, 103rd Field Artillery:

On the eve of the battle of Xivray-Marvoisin, I reported to the placid village of Boucq and was assigned to the command of the 103rd Field Artillery. I was then a Lieutenant-Colonel. See what the 103rd Field Artillery has done for me.

The stirring days that followed are all recorded in this little book. We shall re-live a thousand times in memory that first great offensive against the Germans, where for seventeen days our big guns thundered continuously against the retreating enemy, and advancing each day we more than kept pace with our infantry.

Through this and other campaigns the aggressiveness, steadfastness, and valor of the men of the 103rd have indelibly engraved the fame of this regiment in the history of the World's Greatest War.

(Signed)

PELHAM D. GLASSEFORD.

Brigadier General, Commanding 51st Brigade F. A.

At Banc de Pierre, February, 1918, at 2:45 o'clock, sudden call for emergency fire on Fox Salient to smash enemy attack. B Battery first to fire with a speed and accuracy in delivery of "obus allongée" at enemy concentration points and machine gun nests that brought an official expression of appreciation from General Commanding 22nd Division Infantry (French) for "your efficacious intervention in the affair of the 19th."

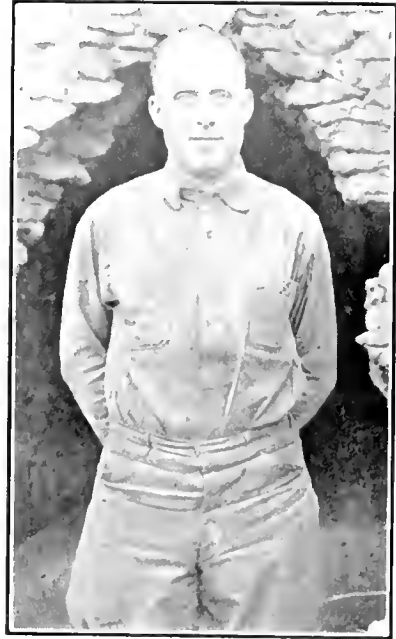
April 20th, enemy concentration at and in the vicinity of Lehayville to follow up Seicheprey attack. Bryan II places her little 98 pound darlings in the village square and on road and trenches leading out to the northeast. Observers reported town smashed, trenches bashed in, and Boche blown twelve feet in air. Another report was sixty per cent German casualties. Enemy attack not made.

Before Courpeil in July, enemy battery shooting up our infantry lines, woods and town with deadly effect when its location was given by airplane. Volleys from B Battery and its ancient rival Battery A at German position, and she never opened again.

These are three from a long list of efficient services on the field of battle. The knowledge that sixty seconds of your work at any time,



Brig.-Gen. Pelham D. Glassford.



Major Hascall.



Lieut.-Col. E. S. Chaffee.



Father Farrell.

in meeting such emergencies was so vitally important to the country, must repay for great sacrifices and unending devotion which you gave to make Battery B.

(Signed)

E. S. CHAFFEE.

Formerly Lieut. Col., 103rd F. A.

To the boys of my outfit:

It is only natural that I should feel that B Battery was particularly my own, and I feel proud of the fact that I was the first commander of that outfit.

Through the training days you made my job easier by putting your hearts and souls into the work, and your performances through the trying days at Bryan I and at Chateau-Thierry were more than gratifying to the officers.

I could not at the time express my sorrow at leaving the old outfit at the end of the Chateau-Thierry scrap, but I always watched with pride the doings of my boys.

GERALD T. HANLEY.

Captain, Battery B, 103rd F. A.

To the Boys of Battery B:

As I start to write you a word of greeting the Mongolia is steaming westward, bringing you, my old comrades, back home; and it is with the greatest impatience that I am waiting to greet you, when you enter Boston harbor.

In reminiscencing of the old days, my thoughts are sometimes humorous, sometimes sad. It was my great good fortune to serve with you for eight months, and I was very happy and content while acting as Battery Commander. Later when as observer I watched your firing, I could not be blamed for being carried away by the work of my boys, and several high officials who at first went nearly crazy at my reports, soon learned that "my boys" meant the boys of Battery B.

In the joy of your home coming I feel deep sorrow in realizing that such men as Harmon, Black, Coats, and others will not be with us in our reunions. The memory of the brave boys who made the supreme sacrifice for their country will always thrill me, and I shall lift my head higher, because of the pride I feel in having served with the splendid men and officers who made "up my old outfit."

DUNCAN LANGDON.

1st Lieut., Battery B, 103rd F. A.



Capt. Carey



Lieutenant Grant.



Lieut. Duncan Langdon.



Lieutenant Deuel.

Lieut. Wheat's Statement:

My regards to all the men of Battery B. I certainly wanted to be in Providence when you all came back, though no more than I had wanted to be with you on the Marne and in the Argonne all last summer and fall. I've always been awfully proud of having been with Battery B and wish you all the best of luck in the world.

RENVILLE WHEAT.

2nd Lieut., Battery B, 103rd F. A.

To the Men of Battery B, 103rd F. A.

I am certainly glad to have the opportunity to set down in black and white the extreme pleasure and pride I had in serving with you men in what has so aptly been called the "recent unpleasantness." At times, I am afraid that it was truly unpleasant. We of the Sam Brownes often made you do things that you did not want to do, and grabbed the best billets and all that sort of thing. And as for you, you will probably never know all the worries you gave us and the number of times we soothed the injured feelings of a justly irate town mayor. But in the end we were just a little proud of one another — were we not — and played the game. That was the thing, and it was an inspiration to see you play it, for you did it so well, like the red-blooded Americans that you are.

It was as a proud relation that I watched your fine work in the Toul sector, at St. Mihiel and at Verdun, and to have served elbow to elbow with you during those heart breaking, weary days and nights at Chateau-Thierry will ever remain one of the most cherished memories of my life.

Wishing you all the success in your future life that you so richly deserve, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

NORMAN D. MACLEOD.

Major, 103rd F. A.

To serve under men like Glassford, Chaffee and Hanley was a pleasure. To work with men like Drummond, Grant, Chaffee, Holland, Knowles, and all the rest, was a privilege.

Mud, overwork, lack of sleep, cold and cooties are to be expected. Shortage of clothing, equipment, rations, and overdue pay-days, were some of the things the men faced as part of the price of getting there first. They faced them all as they faced the enemy, with a smile and a joke. That is why their officers were proud of them.

E. T. H. METCALF.

1st Lieut., Battery B, 103rd F. A.



Major Norman D. MacLeod.



Lieut. John J. Hickey.



Capt. E. T. H. Metcalf.



Lieut. Thomas L. Robinson.

At first I was in command of E Battery, and when things were turned upside down and I found myself with B Battery, I felt rather out of place. Outside of a few "grunts" however, the men and I have gotten along fine together and I am more than satisfied with the outfit.

The men may growl at times and say they are through with soldier life, but in the years to come when they read this book they will never regret the days spent in Battery B.

WALTER GREEN.

Captain, Battery B, 103rd F. A.

In January, 1918, when with two other issue officers I was assigned to Battery B, 103rd F. A., I little realized how fortunate I was. But even in those days of early training, slopping around in the mud of Coëtquidan with Johnny Garrett and "Feets" Metcalf, I began to appreciate the spirit and determination of the outfit.

Through the soft war at Chemin des Dames and the more trying days at Bryan I, where we still had reveille at six o'clock, my respect for the boys grew. The way the boys kept their spirits when they had Chateau-Thierry substituted for furloughs at Aches and Pains, then St. Mihiel, and the final days of the war at Verdun, impressed upon me that fact that I had fought the war with an outfit that was second to none.

During this time we had all grown up, so to speak, and the experiences will never be forgotten or regretted. As my service with the Battery lengthened my attachment to the men increased proportionately and I am proud to feel that I belong to Battery B.

F. W. BAILEY.

1st Lieut., Battery B, 103rd F. A.

I feel as if I sort of climbed aboard B Battery after it had won its reputation, but it is the only outfit with which I was identified and I am proud of it.

For the men themselves I formed a deep liking as no one could command a Battery like ours without becoming attached to it and interested in every member of such an outfit.

EDWARD HUTCHINS.

1st Lieut., Battery B, 103rd F. A.



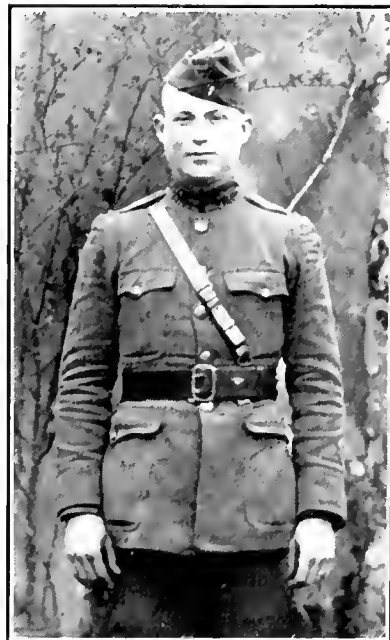
Capt. Walter Green.



Lieut. Lawrence M. Ramsay



Lieut. Edward Hutchins.



Lieut. F. W. Bailey

It is superfluous for me to say how pleasant a war I fought with the Battery and how much I care for all the fellows with whom I was associated. I have never known a better or more likeable crowd than the men whom I knew best in our Battery—the drivers. After I came back to this country, I found how different it was to be placed with a lot of men who seemed to have an entirely different attitude in regard to the relationship between officers and men.

JOHN GARRETT.

1st Lieut., Battery B, 103rd F. A.

I am unable to put into words the admiration I have for the men of Battery B, 103rd F. A. I watched the Battery change from an organization of recruits to seasoned soldiers of the line, able to comply with any order given them, no matter how difficult or dangerous.

I consider it an honor to have been associated with such a fine organization of men, and regret that I was unable to go through the whole show with them, but shall always look back upon the thirteen months I served with them as the happiest of my army life.

JOHN H. SITEMAN, JR.

2nd Lieut., 103rd F. A.

As good luck would have it when the officers were shuffled up and dealt out I landed with B Battery. I soon learned one thing, the heart of the Battery was sound. Behind the lines in France I never doubted its beat. "A" Battery might make a Battery, but "B" made a battalion.

Sorry that I could not serve with the Battery at the front, although I never lost faith in you, and from the grandstand in the rear I looked on and applauded and appreciated the result.

RUSH STURGES.

1st Lieut., B Battery.



Lieut. John W. Garret.



Lieutenant Siteman.



Capt. Rush Sturgess.



Lieut. John Stark.



Lieut. MacDonald L. Edinger.



Lieut. Harold T. Phinney.



Lieut. Howard C. Rather.



Lieut. P. C. Drummond.



1917 — 1919
IN MEMORIAM



WILLIE J. BACON	ALFRED C. BUTTS
RAY C. BERTHERMAN	ARCHIBALD COATS
EDGAR P. BLACK	WILLIAM H. FRANCIS
WILLIAM J. BRAILSFORD	FREDERICK A. HARMON
HARRY LEEMAN	

DULCE ET DECORUM
EST PRO PATRIA MORI



Edgar P. Black.

Specialist sergeant. "Ed" was highly respected by every man in the Battery. He was always to be seen spotlessly clean, even amid the dirtiest of conditions. A good soldier, his death came because he stuck to his job while suffering from a severe cold. Died while we were leaving the sector north-west of Toul.

Gunner corporal. The ideal type of soldier; big, strong, good-humored and hard working, but above all, game. Severely wounded as he was leaving our last position at Verdun. He died shortly afterward.



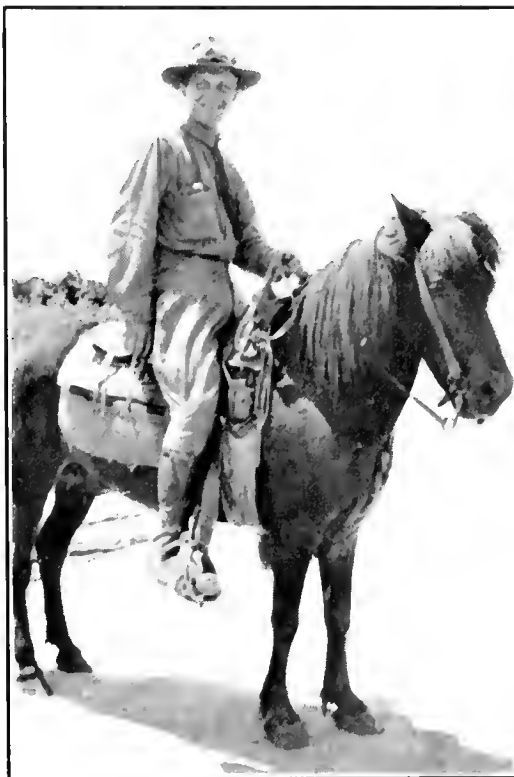
Ray C. Bertherman.



William J. Brailsford

Quiet, capable and willing, "Bill" was popular with every man who knew him. He was the type upon which the Battery's reputation was founded. Killed during an attack by German aviators at Chateau-Thierry.

"Dutchy" was just a little, quiet chap, but his friends were numerous. He loved horses as probably did no other man in the Battery. He died at Le Blanc as the result of the severe gassing received at Verdun.



Alfred C. Butts



Archibald Coats.

A royal good fellow who was given a commission and assigned to another outfit. Our loss was their gain for Archie was one of the best. He stood the test and his record proves him a soldier. Died from wounds received in action.

When Fred went, his voice and cheery personality left a gap in the Battery which was never filled. Killed at his post in the position at Bryan I, northwest of Toul.



Frederick A. Harmon.

WILLIE J. BACON.

A boy from the country with plenty of humor. Happy-go-lucky and reliable, he took things as they came and never worried. Died as the result of disease contracted at the front.

WILLIAM H. FRANCIS.

His voice was weak, but who can forget the strength he showed while working around the stables. Suffering all the time from disease, he was never heard to complain, but worked hard until he was forced to leave us at Chateau-Thierry for the hospital where he died.

HARRY C. LEEMAN.

A breezy Westerner who, though not long among us, had many friends who sincerely mourned his death. Killed by shell fire at Beauvarden, on the Chateau-Thierry drive.

DAME RUMOR.

Old dame rumor of army woes,
Was a queer old lady with a big hook nose,
And monstrous ears that stuck way out
To catch each word, be it whisper or shout.
He took great delight as the stories grew,
Till where they had started, no one knew.

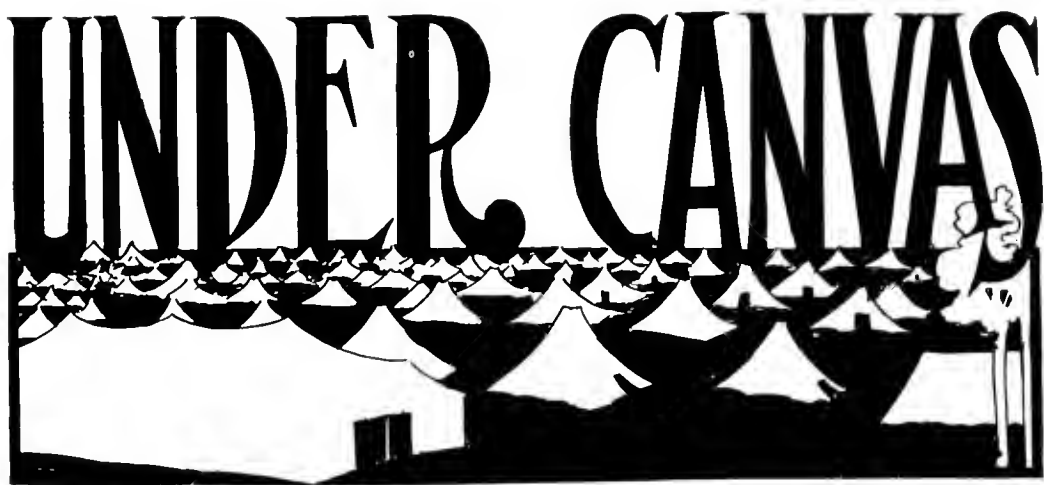
Rumors of gloom and those of cheer,
Stories of rest in the far away rear,
Rumors of "leaves" that we didn't get,
Tales that we wouldn't believe, and yet
We hated to be the ones to find fault,
So we swallowed them all with a grain of salt.

"Home as instructors," came through at Toul,
"We're going to run a Divisional School,"
"Parade in Paris the 4th of July,"
And the doggone train just tore right by
To the war torn sector at Chateau-Thierry;
Those blasted liars they made us weary.

Here is a sweet one, "We move tomorrow,"
Get all the dough you can beg or borrow.
"We're getting our furloughs, the dope is right,"
Then Glassford's, "We're off for another fight."
"After this sector we're due for relief;"
Get this one, now, "there's no more canned beef."

"After the Armistice, we go to the Rhine,"
Then "Home for Christmas by White Star Line."
"The next time we move we go by train,"
We did—hiked fourteen hours in the rain.
"Full equipment, or stay in Brest,"
Honest, that rumor hound is a pest.

So till the day that they turned us loose,
Rumors would start with the least excuse.
All kinds of stories came to our ears,
Filling us with all manner of fears,
Till we turned our backs on O. D. at last,
Glad as hell that 'twas done and past.



Battery B Personnel.

ADAMS, FRANK A.

"Fat," whose platform during the recent campaign was not G. O. P. but O. D. V. One man who will never say a word against a steel lid. A soldier of real ability, he proved his worth in more ways than one.

AGNEW, CHARLES

"Agnew, A-G-N-E-W—Bring me a BIG piece of pie." An Orderly Sergeant. He at least stuck to one job, and judging by results, did it well.

AITKEN, JAMES D. S.

Commonly known as "Jickey." A soldier before the Armistice—but then—a triangle hound. As a member of the fourth gun crew he needs no further recommendation. He surely stood some punishment in more ways than one.

ALBEE, GERARD O.

"Jed". Member of "the suicide squad"—machine gunners. Ever ready "to do or die" when the comanche yell of Standish announced an airplane.

ALEXANDER, DONALD B.

Not "THE GREAT," but just "Whoofy," the "Cooties Choice." Major Leatherbelt's son and P. C. Booth's favorite to pick on. A whale of a good telephone man, even to testing lines in his sleep.

ALLEN, FRANK

Report to Corp. Allen for athletics. The Walter Camp of the Battery. A good caisson corporal. Also a bit of a tonsorial artist.

ALLING, THOMAS B.

Tom. "Assistant Veterinary" and a great friend of "Jickey" Earl. If dispositions are contagious he contracted "Trouve-ites." Tom sure did work around those poor nags and finally contracted a bad case of trench feet from constant standing in mud around the stables.

ANDERSON, GUSTAVE C.

One of our latest recruits. Wished he had joined us sooner so that we could have known him better.

ANDREWS, CLARENCE R.

"Red." Always quiet but always ready. We're mighty glad the C. A. C. couldn't keep you "Red." No. 1 man on the second gun crew. He pulled the old lanyard quite a few times.

ARNOLD, MILTON C.—"Comprendre-pas"

The Paul Revere of the "Champagne" Front. Another of the "Oriental Sergeant's Crew." Author of the book, "Bringing Good Cheer" to the officers. Did excellent work at OT43 and also in many other sectors on his old switchboard.

AYLESWORTH, HOWARD E.

"Why do they call you 'dizzy' Howard?" We could never figure it out ourselves. A non-com, but that isn't to be held against him. A hard worker who deserved all he got. Commander of the Terrible Terrors—the 4th Section.

BACON, CAMILE

“Show the ladies where you were wounded.” “Daisies won’t tell Camy, dear.” A. K. P. of renown. Held his breath for five minutes at Bryan II.

BAILEY, FERDINAND W.

One of the so-called “issued” officers, received at Camp de Coëtquidan. In spite of this handicap he became a popular officer. During the Front Line Work he was a fearless and brilliant reconnaissance and Firing Officer and was often the mainstay of the Commissioned strength of the Battery.

BARBER, HARRISON C.

Came to us at St. Mihiel, but time enough. Rather late, but gave us the benefit (?) of his S. O. S. information. The Watchman’s Rattle personified.

BARNES, DECATUR B.

Came to us at Toul but left for the hospital before we got acquainted. Never came back!

BARNES, JAMES E.

“Tubby.” A combination of Lew Dockstader and “Dick” Canfield. Infected with joy-bugs. A regular guy as they say. Another Anti-Tanker.

BARNES, P. S.

“Phil.” A classmate of “Jawn” Garrett, but not in the army. “Phil” left us to become a Chemical Warfare gent. The S. O. S. certainly gained a good thing when they got “Phil.”

BALTAZAR, ZAJO—“Back piazza!”

Now of the Soviet Army. His schooling in an iron foundry at home made him a valuable man on the ammunition detail. Spoke three languages—and some broken English. Rode (?) as orderly for Garrett at Coëtquidan.

BARTLETT, AUBREY C.

Quiet, oh, very quiet; but what a hustler. Tireless worker and good fellow at all times. Gunner corporal of second section, then a sergeant and sort of a strong right arm for everyone to lean on. Dependability personified.

BARTLETT, VICTOR N.

The boy who wanted to see a barrage. Hope you saw all you wanted, Victor. If you had joined us sooner you certainly would have. One of the best of those who joined us later.

BASSETT, WILLIAM G.

Known as "Narrer" for various reasons. Slept on the Western Front in a chamois lined "Waterman." Official jester for "Steve." From incenerator king to cook.

BAYNE, DANIEL P.—"Those Bayne"

"Danny." Would try anything once, even to tinkering with time fuses. Did as much (?) as the rest of the mechanics. Headquarters pawned him off on us at Rangeval. Its an ill wind that blows nobody good. Like the barber, he was very proud.

BECK, RUDOLPH M.

Started to raise a moustache, but the mange set in. Had to go the the hospital, but not because of the moustache.

BEEBE, LAWRENCE C.

"Bo-Jack." "How's the Javy?" A sunny dispositioned lad from the Middle West. Popular with all the boys. Swung a wicked Coffee Ladle.

BELL, CHESTER

You were only with us a short while, but from what we saw of you we sure would have liked to seen you lugging shells in France.

BENNETT, RAYMOND A.

Known as "Sarge." Successor to the alley Rabbit. Worked hard for the welfare of the Hanley mounts. One of the best riders in the Battery and that's saying quite a bit.

BENOIT, JOHN B.

Capt. Green's handy man. Did everything for him—even to cooking. Judging from the Captain's appearance you must have been a good cook, John. Napoleon said, "An army moves on its stomach." Benoit says, "and he never met our officer."

BERGAN, NICK T.

"Nick." Made the boys step some. The Jim Thorpe of the outfit. Good athlete and good soldier, you've got to hand it to "Nick." How he could lug shells—he sure was a big boy.

BERGIN, FRANK E.—"Frances" "Windy"

He hails from Riverpoint, that's enough. Good natured, quiet and a willing worker. He did his share of the work. Still he got "his" when the mess line formed as few could beat him to "seconds."

BERGIN, W. E. "Bill"

Two big handicaps. He came from the C. A. C. a corporal and had Frank for a brother. Like many of the other men from the Coast Artillery you did your share towards making a real outfit out of the Battery.

BESSER, SIDNEY S.

"Stokes." Nearly died twice. The first time when he gave the gas alarm while asleep in the Sentry Box, and the other when "Nemo" was shot out of his hand. A friend of Perkins, Short and Jordan, he lost all sense of discipline at Vicq and Pontvallain.

BLACK, FREDERICK E.

Guidon "Ferdie," the Pawtucket Flash, whose specialty was rumors. As guidon and courier he was equalled by none. Usually quiet, but firey at times. Well liked by all, including the Swede.

BOARDMAN, JOHN W.—"Mother"

"Cy." A cannoneer and ball player. "Cy" was inclined to take the army seriously. Just how seriously "Fritz" could probably testify to, as "Cy" was one of our best "little" cannoneers.

BOOTH, PALMER C.

Had the detail licked till they found his middle name was "Caddenhead." Left us to become Headquarters Radio man. Sarcastic, but well liked by all. Ask any member of the "detail" about his coolness under fire. No, No, we don't mean the battle of Paris!

BOOTH, RAYMOND I.

"Exzema" of the jaunting car fame! A good soldier and a whale of a football player. The gunner corporal on the 4th piece. He served from start to finish. A popular man always, although sort of a human tornado at times.

BOURBON, ARTHUR P.

"Stubby." The boy who will give any athlete a "rub." Answered all "Jawn" Broady's questions and that was enough to keep any man busy. Still he found time to learn to become one of the best drivers in the Battery.

BOURGET, ARTHUR W.

"Art." "Goosey's" younger brother, whose conscience would not allow him to tear the beard out of his fellow warrior's face. A sober serious worker.

BOURGET, ELMER J.

“Goosey.” That’s him all over. “Goosey” by name and the same by nature. He certainly did wield a wicked razor. Next !

BOURKE, WILLIAM D.

“Messkit Spiller.” Every time he opened his mouth he put his foot in. But when all was said and done there wasn’t a better natured, harder working boy in the outfit than “Billie.”

BOWEN, CHARLES P.

Supply Officer at times. We did, however, by virtue of our scouts, and Lt. Metcalf’s pure nerve get two cars of lumber from him.

BRAILEY, JOHN H.

“Jack” was inclined to hand out a little sarcasm along with the grub. A cook extraordinary he was enticed away by the M. P’s. His beef steak pie was Blondy Jack’s making.

BRIDEN, EVERETT A.—“Ev” Also another caller at Number 19.

“ On and off ” the water wagon at the same time. Harrison’s side kick and equally fiendish. One of the three men who “Jickey” Aitken shunned. We wonder why. Played the ponies, therefore caisson corporal. But he didn’t let that change his 170 lbs. of square deal.

BRIEN, LEO

A good-hearted chap from Woonsocket. He horned his way into the Band and eventually Headquarter’s Company. That was unfortunate Leo, as we would have liked to see you stay with the Battery. He and his watch parted company at Southampton owing to the H. C. L. The Ingersoll was later recovered and Leo then fought a peaceful war.

BROADY, JOHN, J.

"A broth of a boy," to quote "Stubby." Asks more questions than a census taker. "What time is it?" "Let's take your fountain pen." "Got a shoe lace?" Strong for Karo. When told to put on a gas mask, he said, "Have another sandwich, sergeant!"

BROWN, HARRY R.— "Dirty Dan from Denver."

Made a lot of noise and took up a lot of room. Another one of our members who followed the M. P's. at Pontvallain. He should have made a good one. "Don't fuss up, I'm from Colorady."

BROWN, HOWARD C.

"Big Brown." A good natured chap and a hard worker. Outside of training wheel horses, he also trained cigarettes to hang to his upper lip. He trained both well.

BULLOCK, HAROLD A.

Veterinary's Assistant and tamer of dogs. Souvenir hunter of the first water having only one peer—our own Standish.

BUNCH, LUTHER

From Missouri—he had to be shown. A member of the sixth section, his army life was no cinch, but he took all details as they came.

BURLINGAME, HAROLD W.

The latrine architect and toolless mechanic. "The border was tougher than this war," said "Burly." "Burly" was a good scout in spite of a few pessimistic views.

BURNS, CHARLES J.

Not the detective, just a corporal. A sticker for detail, and one who enjoyed working hard. Handled the sights on the 3rd piece throughout the war, except when he was running the ammunition detail.

BURRIES, DEE

Could absorb more heat than any other six men in the outfit. No Eskimo blood in his veins he was always ready to let some cannoneer ride on a cold night. "Too bad there wasn't more like him," says cannoneers.

BURTON, WALLACE

"Wally." Specialist Sergeant, he was typical of his section. Left us for officers school and became a lieutenant. We know he made a good one, unless he changed a lot.

BUTLER, FRANKLIN C.—"The Adjutant"

Through several observation post details he came up smiling. A good all around man, although many of us didn't really get to know him until late in the game. Also served as a cannoneer, and worked hard.

BUTTERWORTH, WALTON B.

Ike-addicted to cigarettes now. You should hear him holler when the commissary truck didn't have his Edgeworth. And he was such a nice boy when he enlisted! Never mind "Ike," you didn't change, much, and you certainly showed some of the other boys how to make good.

CABOT, HENRY

During his short service in the Battery he proved himself a wizard at firing data. Would probably have turned out another good "issue" officer if he had remained with us.

CAHIL, PHILIP J.

"Little Flip," the smallest man in the army. What he lacked in stature he made up in nerve. If he wasn't turned up so far at the bottom he would have been a tall man. Says "Flip," "You don't need length to be a good soldier," and we agree with him.

CARRNS, GEORGE J.

"Corporal Efficiency" alias "Lifter Pound." Where do you get that "over the top" with dress suit stuff? Sort of an advance agent for Battery B. Deserved his title of Corporal Efficiency.

CALLAHAN, JOHN J.

"Smiling Jawn," a son of Old Erin. One of our best drill-masters. The old Chevaux worried him for a while but perseverance won out. In fact a good all around man, whom everyone was glad to know.

CAREY, MELBERT

Followed regulations heavily. Came to us with a wonderful "rep" from the Connecticut outfit. Left for staff school. A good officer, never gave us cause for complaint.

CARNAHAN, FRANK

"Fo fo's aint with a damn. I got fo ones." To meet Frank on the street was a pleasure, to "sit in" on a "little game" with him was one of the most enjoyable pastimes possible. And we'll state right here that "Carney" was sure some "li'll o'l poker player. A big slow going chap, but a darned good worker.

CASSIDY, VINCENT T.

"Cass." Hop along, Cassidy, the Karo Kid. Tully's fellow townsman. Wealthy in pure lead. The penrod of B Battery. Scared the S. O. S. half to death with his tales of life at the front. His feet helped him lick the army on the long hikes.

CHAFFEE, THIRAM E.

"Hi" was a good sergeant. Became a lieutenant after much delay, and sure did deserve it. A hard working efficient enlisted man and afterward a popular officer whose rise in rank changed him not at all.

CHASE, REUBEN R.

“Homely.” “The little black doughnut king.” His sole accomplishment—words and music of “Madelon.” He would always help make a quartet, or get into a wrestling match. He could make doughnuts or drive a pair and really was a pretty useful man.

CHASE, KIP I.

One of the most efficient non-coms we inherited from old A Battery. Rather inclined to be G. H. Q., but made plenty of friends before he left us for Plattsburgh. We know he made plenty there.

CHEEVER, WALTER E.

He proved his worth at the ninety-fives. That was a tough detail for you Walter, but you showed that you were a soldier every inch, and the Battery is mighty proud of you. Incidentally Walter was a good six feet tall.

CIESLIKOWSKI, OTTO J.

No, Otto, its easier to say “Murphy.” One of McCarthy’s charges. He was quickly shown how a Battery works. A little late in joining us, but everyone soon knew him. Too bad you’re not a New Englander, Otto, so as to be around to the reunions.

CLARKE, BENJAMIN F.

“Ben” was rather hard to get acquainted with, but after one knew him they found him a prince. A hard worker who never grumbled at the many details thrown at him.

CLAYTON, ERNEST

We lost a good man when the Q. M. grabbed him at Coët-quidan. Sorry you couldn’t have stayed with us old top, but we know you made good wherever you were.

CLOUGH, IRVING H.

“Sir Cluff.” One of the specialists until the Armistice was signed. Then he started to learn the manual of arms with the rifle at that late date, and made the model gun squad that beat A Battery. Also a basket ball player of note.

COMSTOCK, THOMAS H.

Met with an accident which deprived the Battery of his services. “Liked France pretty well,” he says, but was glad enough to get back to the Battery to come home with us.

COOK, E. M.

“The third day he arose again”—Another of our best curry-comb pushers. Only smoked his pipe once—from the day of enlistment to the day of discharge. One of our faithful drivers.

COOK, RAYMOND G.

Not very tall, but very energetic. Did great work on the Anti-Tank gun crew. Cool, calm and collected on that Red hot morning of April 20th. Well liked by everyone for his disposition was a winner.

COOK, WILLIAM M.

Whose monicker is “Arches.” The “Julian Eltinge” of the Battery. One of the C. A. C’s contributions. He proved a valuable asset on the gun crew. One of the best song birds in the Battery, he did more than his share in helping to keep the boys smiling.

CORCORAN, EDWARD F.

“Eddie” the boy with the perpetual smile. As a lead driver he was without a peer in the A. E. F. Eventually became a caisson corporal and certainly did deserve it.

CORFIELD, CHARLES K.

“Cauliflower.” “Lieut. Ward’s friend.” “Three cans for one dollar.” “Large families, special rates.” One of the quietest, best natured boys in the Battery. We don’t see why C Battery’s chesty should pick on you, and we’re glad you showed him where he got off.

COVENEY, JOHN J.

Sort of an in and outer with us. Here today and gone tomorrow. Ellis's shadow, he proved a valuable one. Just a good natured kid, we're glad he was with us for a while.

CRAVEN, HORACE

"Before I was in the jug no one knew me, now everyone says 'Ello Orace.'" Orderly from the start, but fell from his position through a cigarette on the St. Mihiel drive. A corking good soccer player, he proved himself a real Englishman. We bet he still remembers his soldiering at Seicheprey.

CROSS, RALPH N.

"Should have come home with his two stripes," says the editor of fair play. Ralph always was a conscientious boy, but what became of Metcalf's champagne? Co-author with Bill Mackie and Jeff Lord of "Over the Top on a Ration Cart." For a quiet boy you liked plenty of excitement, Ralph. Sure to talk about the messkit water.

CROWE, ALFRED B.

We knew "Old Crow" pretty well, but not this fellow. Few of the boys in the Battery really knew "Al." Possessed of self-confidence, he was as efficient as a machine gunner as he was as a line plunger on the football team, and that's saying something.

CURLEY, CORNELIUS J.

"How ar' yez, Martin?" One of the boys from the fighting town of Ballykilhagity. A horseman of no mean ability, his horses were among the best looking in the army. A Sinn Feiner of the first water but never known to do a McSwiney.

DAVIS, MILTON E.

"My gracious, I'm starved." The boy of a thousand baths. Started out as a driver but changed to a cannoneer. Fought a good war until he forgot to leave the Big Ben at "Tubby's" ear.

DAVIS, WARREN E.

Came to us under the handicap of already having three stripes. Rather *quiet* especially for a sergeant. One of our star basketball players.

DEMING, PERCIVAL B.

Between his motorcycle and his ukelele he fought a peaceful war. As an "insectologer" he always had a good specimen with him. One of our best entertainers. Headquarters demanded a lot of his time.

DEMPSEY, JOHN J.

"A bit of a boxer." Bright and smiling, he was always to be relied upon. Another representative of the C. A. C. He showed his early training by being on our prize drill squad—that beat 'em all. Did fine service as a gas guard.

DESISTO, SANTO

Fingered the mandolin to perfection. As for doing a "Weston" however, page the ambulance. Cannoneer of the first section. He worked hard especially at the front.

DEUEL, HALBERT B.

The snappy owner of the Alpaca coat. Through a misprint in a "grunt" he was done an injustice. A real soldier who had some tough moments on liaison with the Infantry.

DEVINE, EDWIN K.

Mickey, not the "Olneyville Slasher." He "boiled" with enthusiasm. Good work, Mickey, only ten with cooties on March 7, 1910. A hard worker and always good natured. "Mickey" was one of the best liked boys in the outfit.

DEVRIES, GEORGE T.

One of "Ted" Howell's crew. He drove wheel on the park wagon. Even this couldn't affect his sunny disposition, and George could always be found smiling, and eating, if there was anything to eat.

DONNELLY, WALTER B.

Went to Brigade Headquarters but couldn't agree with the General so came back. A border veteran. He was one of the best specialists in the Battery.

DONNELLY, WALTER J.

"Stubby" Bourbon's rival in debate. "What's your number, Donnelly?" Of no mean ability with the dotted cubes, he cornered many "frankers." Besides driving the water wagon he did good work in the kitchen whenever a butcher was needed. Helped get some of our best meals ready. "Steve" says he weighed more when he was discharged than when he enlisted.

DRUMMOND, FRANK C. P.

The only top sergeant who had an orderly. Ambition got him and he became the perfect soldier. As top sergeant he drove himself and his men without mercy. Red tape delayed his commission, but it finally came through and with it he left the Battery.

DYSON, JAMES

"Dynamite Jim." "Only another month," says you, January, 1917. The "triangle hound" of Verdun. A quiet easy going chap, well liked by all.

EARL, THOMAS E.

"Sunbeam" or the "Rag Doll." The dogs barked at Rip Van Winkle but they laughed at "Jickey." When in doubt, salute K. of C. Cooked the drunken goose of Coqui. K. P. or stable orderly, "Sunbeam" was cheerful no matter what the job; and believe us some cook.

EDINGER, MACDONALD L.

From buck private to Lieutenant. He fought a pretty tough war, so some of the boys thought, but not so, says Mac. Mac showed the value of college French in finding the best the country could offer in liquids. "Can't give you size ten, will two pair of fives do?"

EDWARDS, LEONARD J.

"One of the little business men." A "boulder" for rumors especially as far as the Battery moving was concerned. A product of the "Burlingame Harvard school." Was never known to forget that he was a mechanic.

ELLIS, HERBERT C.

Familiarly called "Hubby." "Put the bloodhound to bed, 'Coveney.'" A good worker so he was generally found "on detail." We're glad you got the fever and enlisted before we left Boxford.

ELMER, GUY

The boy who proved that one could be a real "horseman" even if he did come from the C. A. C. You came to us a corporal and was a corporal when we finished and certainly no one deserved the two stripes more. Four blacks and a fourgon, a steady hand and rations for the gun position.

EMIDY, HERMAN L.

"Joe." "Sanitary detachment present or accounted for." Then he joined the Battery and did many things, ending up by taking a trip to a gas school. Quiet but capable, everyone had confidence in Joe.

EMMONS, CLIFTON O.

Sole representative of the Bull Durham Company on the Western Front. Had a peculiar nose for gas. Managed to live pretty well in spite of the fact that Charlie Pillar was generally looking for him. "Not such a bad war, at that," says "Clif."

EMMONS, JOSEPH G.

"Spotless." Known as the model soldier. As a chief of section he held high favor for his efficiency. No man in the outfit had more friends than our Joe. What happened at Chambrey and Aix-Les-Bains, Joe?

FINLEY, HAROLD R.

“Bud.” He stored up like a chipmunk. Get your barracks bag, “Bud,” the commissary truck is coming. Quiet and efficient cannoneer. Went broke lending to his friends, and he had many.

FEELEY, RICHARD J.

“Rickey.” Though he spent most of his time hobnobbing with the adjutant he held allegiance to B Battery where his friends were numerous.

FOSTER IRVING G.

Another of the Pluck and Luck series. From horse pusher to motorcycle driver. No walking for you, my boy.

FORSYTHE, PERCY C.

A smart little bit of a man. Boxer, barber, driver, and “there” on anything assigned to him. Motorman haircuts a specialty. The only man in the outfit who enjoyed grooming.

FRIGON, GEORGE H.

A very quiet man, who was there on the gun crew. He made very little noise but he worked like blazes. He sure could *parlez-vous* and got some of the boys many good meals by acting as “interrupter.”

FULLER, CHARLES H.

Drove on the slatted wagon. Cleaned up on the cubist contest one time—many, many francs. Quiet and well liked.

GARDINER, CHARLES D.—“Hank”

One of the mainstays of the first section. Somewhat of a “cut-up” (at times). A hard worker and a credit to the outfit, except when he bounded a rock off his own bean at Coëtquidan.

GARDINER, SHIRLEY D.

Very G. H. Q. as to handing out the vittles. "Help yourselves, boys?" Knew the Cook's manual from cover to cover and never guessed an ounce out of the way. Earned Mess Sgt. Chevrons. Suffered from palsy in covering distance from pan to mess kit. Really, however, Shirley was a conscientious, hard working soldier.

GARRETT, JOHN W. II.

"Jawn" with the Hind attached always, His horse lines were as perfect as his riding breeches. Even G. H. Q. inspectors spoke of them (the horse lines). Sort of a brother to "Ike" Melvin. Well liked by all the boys.

GAUVIN, ARTHUR G.

Fat and then some. Even hard work couldn't wear it off. "What! On guard again? I was on last night!"

GIFFORD, HAROLD U.

The Iron Man, a title shared with Girvan. When "Giff" got his hands on anything, something had to give. No wonder the 4th gun crew was good with this man-size man lugging shells. The type on which the Battery's "rep" was founded. Also a bit of a ball player.

GIRVAN, JAMES G.—"Lucky"

The other iron man. A man from the land of the Blue Noses who was bashful as a girl but was some boy. A handy man at Bryan II. With a yard stick he went around looking busy as blazes. A hard worker when hard work was needed.

GLOSSENGER, LEROY F.—"Moss Back"

We certainly picked a winner when you went with the horses. This boy was quiet but the chevaux must like them that way. "Gloss" sure had them licked. Was caisson corporal and deserved it. Also wielded a wicked axe.

GOUIN, PHILLIAS P.

"Pete" they called him and he answered. Sort of a shadowy individual, here today, missing tomorrow. Probably had more passes than any man in France. (He took them and got away with it). Helped out many a man who couldn't *parlez-vous*. "Here's a kiss for you, Pete."

GRAHAM, ARTHUR E.—"Cracks"

Our Gas Corporal. Knew the different perfumes and spent many hours on guard. He and Ormiston made a team of "promising" business men.

GRANT, ROBERT S.—"Lassiter"

Bob fought a tough war, but always came out on top. Oh, boy—how he could handle those gigantic wheelers. A real good fellow, somewhat inclined to cynicism at times. With the Armistice, "Bob" decided that work was over. The Army got a worse licking at Pontvallain than the Germans got at Chateau-Thierry.

GRANT, WILMOT A.—"The War Eagle"

Corporal-Sergeant-Top Sergeant-Lieutenant, and always just "Bill" Grant, everyman's friend, a real soldier, the best in the Army. What more could be said of any good man.

GREEN, WALTER

Skipped our outfit for a time. An old-timer who came up from the ranks, and whose conduct toward the enlisted personnel proved that he knew it was tough to be a buck. He showed marked consideration at all times, and hated inspections as much as we did.

GRINNELL, FLINT

Always kept cool, and was game. First to aid Ray Bertherman in Death Valley. Good humored and likable at all times, except when he decided to "chew ears."

GRINNELL, WILLIAM E.

Lost the makings of a snappy moustache doing fire guard at Banc-de-Pierre. It was the making of him for he proved to be a regular soldier and a regular fellow.

GROVER, LUTHER W.

The man who tried everything in the Army from dusting the famous alpaca to bugling. Also tried Brigade Headquarters, but that was too easy, so he came back to "work."

GROSVENOR, OLIVER W.

An officer who received his orders from "Hop-a-long" Cassidy, and thus a popular one, for he always obeyed them. Not with us very long; we wish he might have stayed longer.

HAIGH, ROBERT E.—"Snufflebeak" (see Booth).

An incurable joker. Did much to keep the outfit in good humor. A "Tex" Rickard in the entertainment field. Always there with a brush painting anything from a messkit up to one of the pieces. A handy man to have around.

HALE, ELMER R.

Hale was a running mate of Dorsey Hall. In this case two of a kind beat anything in the Army. Received training in the C. A. C., and so could learn very little from us.

HALL, DORSEY

Hale's shadow. Had a record all his own in the Battery. Helped Hale to lick "Big Brown" from Denver.

HAMILTON, EDWARD D.—"Hecker"

Always in the way of something, either Lieutenant Ward or German H. E. shells. Through all his hard luck he always came up smiling. Nearly forgot to come home with us.

HANLEY, GERALD T.

Our original skipper. In spite of his promotions, he always remained "Cap" to us. His was the hard task of making soldiers out of rookies, and he deserves much of the credit for anything the Battery accomplished. Even while striving for efficiency, "Jed" always kept the welfare of his men above all other things.

HANSEN, ALVIN

Jordan collared him at La Courtine. As things go by opposites, he was correspondingly quiet. A hard worker and good scout we are glad he came to B Battery.

HARDING, CLARKE T.—"Pop" "Highpockets"

The long, lean, gunner corporal of the second section. He was an example of what good nature and a good soldier should be. Also went in strong for basketball.

HARRISON, FRANK C.

Frank enjoyed life highly at all times. Number one on the third piece, he slammed the old breech block on many a 155 compliment to Fritz. A real likeable boy.

HARRISON, HERBERT E.—"Bert"

The wingless bird with the seagoing binoculars. He hailed from Pawtucket and boasted of it. With his rival for the dizzy title he was champion ear biter and harasser of many people, using razors or any other weapon. A collector of souvenirs. With all his irresponsibility no man ever deserved his rating more, nor was any man a better soldier.

HARROP, JOHN A. (Sometimes known as Shirley)

Aide-de-camp to "Jocko" and then to Shirley Gardiner and equally fond of both jobs. Glad to have had you in the kitchen as you did cook us a good meal. Not very sarcastic, and really a good fellow.

HARWOOD, CHARLES S. "Pop" or "Just a hair Charlie."

Was the "big noise" in the Battery Rendering Co. Quiet and retiring, something like a barrage. Age unknown, but was probably Corporal of the Guard the night Washington crossed the Delaware. Never mind, Pop, you showed up some of the younger birds at that.

HAVARD, RAYMOND A.

"Liff up you mens." Never hiked a step. After good work with the Battery he went to motor school, and from there to another regiment to take charge of the Motor Transport Corps.

HAZLEHURST, THOMAS P. "Zero" "Hazel."

He'll never be the same unsophisticated youngster again. He learned many things, among them, what a "butterfly" will do to a man's head. A hard worker and the Oriental Sergeant's right hand man. Ask him if anyone ever got his goat.

HEATON, ALFRED T. "Our Alf."

The only man in the outfit who could keep step with "Broady." This was doubtless due to his Boy Scout Training. Cannoneered with great efficiency. Also like Lippold, he swung a wicked jam spoon.

HEDITSIAN, TATEOS M.

As a soldier he was a great button mechanic. A veritable Morris Plan. Much sought after by the "foolish little officers." At the front showed real worth, and was an Ai man in a gun pit.

HESKETH, ALBERT

If silence was golden this man would never be broke. Sorry you were so quiet as it leaves us flat for a slam. Still waters run deep and so we have our suspicions even if you were one of our best cannoneers.

HICKEY, JOHN J.

Lieutenant Hickey was our idea of a regular fellow. Came to us from a Connecticut Battery, and believe us they had cause to be sorry. As an echelon officer he was the works, but as an ammunition officer he was surpassed by none.

HIRD, EDWIN A.

“Ed” for short. “Puff, puff” made a name for him. No entertainment was complete without him. As a character man he was “there.” His horses were among the best.

HODGSON, GEORGE E. “Our Tenor”

“Sing that one about the YD, Jigger.” A hard working driver and a popular young man. Willing to do all he could at either work or play, and that meant that “Jigger” generally did a lot.

HOLLAND, PAUL F.

A hustling top kick, he threw terror into the hearts of the Lead Brigade (that is except a few). The man who named “Krausmeyer” officially. As chief of the first section he was some boy, and as top sergeant he was even better. His remarks at reveille would stir a dead man to action.

HOLMES, GEORGE F. “Nobody”

The Park Wagon specialist. Author of a book, “Are rubber boots an aid to fallen arches.” A good worker on the telephone board, and a member of the Special Detail.

HOPKINS, HOWARD A. “Hoppy”

The reformed bugler. A companion of “Tully’s.” How is it that all the boys from Wickford were thirsty. One of our best drivers and the only man in the outfit who ever carried thermite bombs in his saddle bags.

HOWELL, EDWARD—“Ted”

Shy and retiring as regards to vittles. The man who drove Steve to Paris. A hard working and earnest soldier who earned his chevrons by painstaking endeavor.

HOWLAND, STANDISH

“Whoops Standish Aeroplane.” He revelled in the collection of everything from candlesticks to church steeples. The souvenir hunter de luxe. Also a very efficient machine gunner.

HUGHES, JOHN M.

This bird had a fund of real wit which he could call upon at almost any time. A pal of "Tubby" Barnes. A driver of the first water and a real friend of the horses.

HUTCHINS, EDWARD

Why didn't we always have you "Eddie?" Won the hearts of all the men in a very short time. Didn't go in much for heavy duty stuff. Didn't care for hooch except for an occasional "nip" with a friend. He had no enemy. The type of officer always admired.

HURLEY, JOSEPH D. "Dirty Mike" (We don't know why)

Like the great Omnipotent, on Christmas Eve he slept in a stable. Star pitcher on the baseball team. Always a model young man we fail to see how he got mixed up with "Perky" and his gang at Pontvallain. Well liked, and a willing worker.

ILJAN, HERMAN—"Sailor"

Speaks five languages and a slight smattering of English. A man of the world, and yet he chose Pawtucket for a home. A good soldier at all times.

INGRAHAM, JOHN E.—"Jocko"

Our very efficient clerk, ably assisted at various times by damn near all the Battery. Even drove Standish to cigarettes. Beloved by all. His claim to fame lay in his knowledge of Major Moss's Army Paperwork.

IRISH, HENRY A.

The gloom bugs didn't have a chance while "Hen" was around. Kept us cheerful in many a dull hour, with his lively conversation. One of our best gas guards, and liked by all the boys, including "Broady." A man of rare personality.

JACKSON, GEORGE E.—“Cedric, that Son-in-Law of Pa’s”

Nature favored him and placed him on the skeleton gun crew. As “Steve” Knowles says, “He’s a good cannoneer, despite his weight, but where in hell does he put all the food he gathers in.”

JEFFERS, FRANK E.

“Jeff” was a mighty good soldier, and had darned hard luck. Any man who could stand what he did crossing the !!?? x x x Channel, and at “Cokey,” has our sincere admiration. Sorry you couldn’t have stayed with us way through, “Jeff.”

JONES, HENRY H.—“Parson”

Cited for plumbing at Coëtquidan. One of the members of the popular L. A. Brigade. Did good work at the front, and was wounded for his pains. However, he could see no sense in drilling after the war was over.

JORDAN, RAYMOND E. “The chocolate hound”

The man who tried every job in the Army except cook. Was wounded on the 95 detail but galloped back at Chateau-Thierry. Held high favor with “Jocko” ??? An ardent follower of the clickers. Finally as motorcycle expert and chauffeur he toured the country. Great on explaining things. A real good scout.

KAMP, ESTEL

A slow going young boy from the prairies, but as a wrestler Kindig will vouch for his ability. He well knows the weight of a 155 mm shell from his service on the ammunition detail. One of the best from the Middle West.

KAUFMAN, CARL W.

Not the \$2.00 hat bird, but a wee bit of a boxer. Quiet and one of the late comers; we haven’t much on him.

KEELEY, DANIEL J.—“Snake”

Small and happy. Went to Headquarters Company early in the game and there acquired a “Black Jack” reputation!

KENASTON, ARTHUR V.—“Parade Rest” “Cap”

“Sergeant Drummond, I want a raise or I’ll quit the army.”
Made a hit with the French officers at Banc-de-Pierre. Had
no use for Vin Rouge. One of our best French scholars.
“Vive la France, Pomme de terre,” was his greeting to the
French demoiselles. Canned Willy vs. Vin Rouge. A fair
exchange is no robbery. A great worker at all times.

KENYON, FRANK C. “Fall in.”

He literally did fall in on the Baltic, and was ever after
known as “Fall in” Kenyon. A driver of real ability, and a
good worker among the horses. Did his share at all times.
He was, however, on “Steve’s” black list.

KENYON, PARDON H.—“Pard”

Driver of the Officer’s Jam and Poultry Wagon. Not noisy
but accomplished many tasks without a grumble. A likeable
chap.

KINDIG, RAYMOND—“Shindig”

“The Strangler Lewis of the outfit.” 220 lbs of avoirdupois.
Kamp showed him something. Shines with a messkit. How
can one man know so much and live?

KING, WILLIAM J.

One man whose name Captain Hanley soon learned. Started
off wild, but finished well. Nothing phased him, not even
Eau de Vie.

KNOWLES, STEPHEN D.—“Steve”

Words fail us. He should rate a book by himself. Most of
us would be without nick names but for “Steve.” Death on
Kitchen Spies and Mess Kit rattlers. His keen sense of humor
and dry comments helped smooth over many a rough spot.
Took a trip to Paris at the close of the unpleasantness, and
we were right glad to see him back.

LANGDON, DUNCAN

"Dunc" Langdon was a great scout, believe us. Left us to become an observer in the Balloon Squadron, and kept track of us from the air, sometimes directing our fire. We surely wish he might have remained as one of our officers throughout the war.

LARMIE, GEORGE A.

Worked like hell for the second section. Red headed and with the usual energy given to men of this type, he soldiered for all he was worth which was some worth, believe us.

LATTINVILLE, JOSEPH A. "Jake the Hounder"

The inventor of a new language. "You can't do him a speck." "Say, you haven't got a dirty, old, wrinkled, torn five francer, have you?" was "Joe's" favorite greeting. The last man to take off his gas mask and helmet in Providence. Author of "Journeys with a Bicycle through France."

LAVIN, GEORGE E.

The only man in the A. E. F. who could chew Bull Durham. A sanitary K. P. The Fox Puttee model. It isn't rheumatism boys, its the putts. A hard working young man.

LAWSON, WILLIAM C. "The tipsy violinist"

Of violin fame. Drove a snappy park wagon hitch. One of the General's Fiddlers. Not given to noise making except through his music, he was a nice retiring kind of a boy.

LE CLAIR, HOMER

"Can't do a speck on double time, Lieutenant Doodle." Had his own ideas of soldiering and generally got away with them.

LEPERE, GRATIEN L. "Booby"

A master of the French language. An excellent driver always dependable. Went on a furlough with "Stubby." Heard they had a good time. Gave up a chance for a cushy job as interpreter in the S. O. S. to stay with the outfit and do a few specks on seconds.

LEZOTTE, LESLIE W.

The bird with the regular army past. Evidently learned foot drill somewhere. What we want to know is, "who painted his helmet on the Mongolia?" "Good morning, my name is Butts, have you read my manual?"

LINCOLN, LEROY D.—"Linc"

Abe had an ear for music. How he could murder "Parlez-vous." A driver of renown, even fortunate enough to be featured in the "Yanks in Action" (see Captain Cooper). A good fellow always, and the army never had him licked.

LINDSEY, HAROLD A.

In civil life a tire agent, in army life, a gent tired. Saw service at Saint Aignan. From what he said, he evidently enjoyed life in the S. O. S.

LIPPOLD, HERBERT W.—"Jam Hound"

Little Piggy Deerfoot. Some wielder of the knife and fork. Could get thirds before the rest of us got through firsts. With all this grub inside, no wonder he was a good man.

LITTLEFIELD, MARSHALL E.

Left the Special Detail for Aviation where a young man has a chance to rise. Read his book, "Twenty hours in the Air," illustrated by Haigh. One of those conscientious boys who always do their best, the army was mostly work and no play for him.

LOVELL, KENNETH W.

A battle-scarred chief of section on the 95's, where he did corking good work. "Ken" had brains and was often disgusted with the way things were run in the army. He didn't hesitate to show his feelings and so got in wrong with the powers that be. A good soldier and a better fellow.

MACDONALD, LESTER A.—“I-Beam”

An ex-telephone lineman, he found himself indispensable in repair work on the battery telephone squad. Known to the boys as “I Beam,” probably because of his ability to stand the gaff. One of the mainstays of the special detail.

MACKIE, WILLIAM A.—“Willie,” per Steve

Dirty, tired, peeling potatoes, his big round face shining with sweat and good humor. His potatoes were not always perfect, but his spirit was priceless. From cook to the Villain’s assistant. Violinist in the Jazz Band.

MAHONEY, JAMES P.—“Jim”

“I wish this damned war was over.” “Naw, get tuhell outa here, I aint got no shoes.” In spite of the fact that he always talked as if he was about to gobble a man up, there wasn’t a better hearted, better liked, or harder working man than Jim.

MASON, ORIN A.

Old King Brady, an A. E. F. Sleuth, or Intelligence?? Officer Bet he had a good time in Paris?

MARCOTTE, JOSEPH M.

The vain driver of the greatest pair of plugs in the army. Trouve’s eternal enemy. “He shot my horse because his nose was running.” Didn’t mind the army, but disliked the whistle of shells.

MARTIN, ROBERT E.

A big fellow who came to us late in the game, but in spite of his short experience a good soldier.

MARTINSON, JOHN A.

The Hanley mixologist. “Come seven, five franc limit.” A good cook.

MARTINEZ, JULIAN

A good hombre. A strong man on the ammunition detail doing great work lugging shells. Very quiet indeed.

McCABE, CHARLES P.

A heavy driver who took up horses on coming from the C. A. C. Like all the Coast men he proved a good soldier and a welcome addition to our organization.

McCAFFREY, FRANK E.

Mail Orderly, cannoneer, spare driver, and K. P. A regular old trusty. Mac could be relied upon for almost any kind of a job that came along, and you could be satisfied that when it was done it was well done.

McCARTHY, HENRY W.—“Mac”

The boss of all the 6 x 3 details. The only man outside of Napoleon known as “the little corporal.” Like Napoleon he was most efficient and a good soldier. His knowledge of police duty was equal to his knowledge of five franc Vinegar Blinck.

McCULLOUGH, CHARLES E.—“Tim Toolin”

The champion of the day. “Will three eggs do you for breakfast.” A happy go lucky sort of an individual and a heluva good fellow. At his best when handing out chow to the mess hounds. Suffered from thirsty-itis.

McCULLEY, CHARLEY. “Young Un”

The lonesome boy from Mississippi. A great big fellow who assisted in the kitchen. Not much known, but under a quiet exterior he had a very likeable disposition.

McKAIN, LORING.

The rather small and rather quiet Lieutenant from the regulars. Suppose that is why we almost forgot him. A good drill master and a regular fellow.

McLAUGHLIN, BERNARD J.

Barney left us for Plattsburg, and we were truly sorry to lose him, for he had the makings of a very popular and efficient non-com. for B Battery, and that kind of men are always needed.

MCLEOD, NORMAN D.

From our Senior 1st Lieutenant to Battalion Commander. A very popular officer at all times. As Regimental Adjutant he never forgot Battery B. Also came back as commander for a short time. One of the few National Guard Officers whom we were able to retain from start to finish.

MCRAE, DONALD

Short in stature, short in stay. Left to be a 2nd Lieutenant via Plattsburgh, and we don't know what became of him after that.

MELARKEY, JOSEPH F.

His war experiences made him a fitting candidate for Prohibition Enforcement Agent in Rhode Island. Went to the Supply Company and worked hard getting out the grub, so that he was always really working for the outfit. Feverish at all times his thirst was never quenched.

MELVIN, ERNEST S.—“Ike” “Chips”

“Poor old Ike.” “Take that cannon off my foot.” “He's a good fellow is Jawn.” The original hard luck man, put his foot under a gun, and than had a caisson run over his hand. John Garret's helpmate. “Oh, Melvin, bring me a bottle of champagne, and Melvin, don't forget the change, will you.”

METCALF, ERNEST T. H.

The biggest man, and the greatest kidder in the A. E. F. He had most of us guessing for fair, but under an exterior that was most difficult to penetrate lay a genuine interest and affection for the men who served under him. Beat us across by many weeks, and was many bottles ahead of us when we landed. (We never caught up until he left us.)

MILLER, BENJAMIN W.—“Big Ben”

Broke the record for the long distance plunge at Rangeval. Pluck and Luck series for boys. “From Picket line to Field Range.” Please furnish recipe for spaghetti a la Miller. After all a bear of a cook.

MITCHELL, REUBEN J.—“Reub”

Formerly of the Scully line barge “Sarie Ann,” and Capt. of mud scow “Mary Lou.” A cook of value who could make hash and flapjacks without a cook book. A woman hater and prohibitionist from the very first.

MONTE, WILLIAM A.—“Private Monte of the A. E. F.”

A good driver and somewhat of a cook, as the O. P. gang at St. Mihiel will assert. He enjoyed some strenuous moments in his folding cook shack.

MORRIS HARRY.

Lieutenant Hickey’s assistant. His knowledge of French made him a valuable purchasing agent.

MORRIS, JAMES I. “Diaz.”

“Morris—I command you to trot.” The slow young cannoneer of the first section. He never hurried in his life. However, like most men who take their time he generally got there.

MOREAU, LOUIS J.

The States went dry so he went to the MP’S. A valuable horseshoer with wide experience. Battery B was lucky to have his experience in this line.

MOULTON, CHARLES H.—“Chuck”—“Little Lead”

The smallest man in the Battery but small in stature only. He went big with the boys. Did keen work at Seicheprey. A great pal of Carl Short. The two “cleaned up” Leugley.

MUIR, JOHN P.

As a driver he was always on deck, and right here our information stops. Those quiet chaps could hardly be heard in the midst of the din we noisy ones made. A worker and not a mess hound—there’s something to think about.

NANCE, HERBERT W.

“Hey, Dominick, blow taps for me, will you?” Like all the Middle Western boys he knew the game and held his end up with the best of them.

NEEDHAM, EDGAR—“Enry the Eighth, I am”

“’Enry the eighth, I am.” Another good cannoneer. Having learned to shout “H’over,” at a young age, it was no wonder he was one of our best “footballers.”

NELSON, GEORGE O.

The other business man. Also a kitchen spy. A great man with hammer and saw. “Latrines made while you wait.” A hard worker.

NEVINS, J. BENJAMIN

Benny was a B Battery man, although he had many jobs in the regiment ending up with the M. T. C. Finally got his commission and it certainly was deserved.

NICHOLS, CLYDE K.

He of the classical features and imperial French moustache. “The chocolate soldier,” or “The orchestra’s mascot.” Nick was Mac’s assistant and then took the supply job. How a man could keep smiling then was beyond us—but Nick did. Guess you had the right stuff, Nick.

O’CONNOR, HUGH—“Rhode Island Red”—“Our Hughie”

The little red top from the corner of Broadway. Bright and brainy—but he preferred a slide rule to good liquor. Youth is a fault we all outgrow. After all is said,—a good scout.

ODEN, LLOYD A.—“Blinky Olaf” the pride of Stockholm.

Nothing phased him, not even Metcalf. A good hearted chap; you were welcome to anything his friends possessed. A gunner of no mean ability, was Axel. Also plenty of ability for having a good time. That is why he was—our only lance corporal.

OKELL, JAMES E.—“Toothless”—“The Billiken Kid” or
“Jack O’Lantern Jim”

Used whale oil for a beverage. “Champagne goes to the head, use whale oil for de-feat,” says Jim. A big linesman with beaucoup nerve,—strong as a bull and not afraid to use his strength. Jim was a good corporal.

OLSON, CARL G.

Never said much except to ask questions. But when it came to riding bucking horses, Carl won. Here was one boy who could really handle the “Chinese Flag.” Also a bit of a “rivet king.”

OLSON, ROY G.

He didn’t stay very long, so we didn’t know him very well, but he looked like a shavetail who would have been a valuable addition to the outfit.

O’NEIL, ARTHUR R. ‘Top’ O’Neil! Shave!”

The man who went in for light housekeeping on the Chateau-Thierry drive. A cook who could really make pastry. Seems that he once guarded a wine cellar at Pontvallain.

ORMISTON, PERCY B.

Between bunk fatigue and hospital life he was kept quite busy. Hated a game of draw, but was never known to pass up a game—with his fifty franc note. But he worked when it was needed and gave a good account of himself.

PARPENTEAU, OCTAVE J.

He scattered slum our way at Vicq. Served as a cannoneer through the war and well he knows the weight of a shell. Finally became the driver of a camouflaged, “galloping Dodge,” and made up for some of his hard working days.

PATERSON, ANDREW M.

“You flatter me, Doctor Hascall.” He chased all over France to join B Battery and his brother, and we’er all glad he came.

PATERSON, GEORGE G.—“Pat”

One of the best ball players in the regiment. He did his work without talking about it—and then forgot it. “Well, sure, I’d sit in for a little while.” “He does well,” says Steve.

PECK, JOSEPH J.—“Pekker”

He looks like N. Bergan. Which is which? Only Steve Knowles could tell. Had a lot of rough luck, but reached Devens with us all right.

PERKINS, FAELTON C.—“Perky”

A regular Houdini at escaping drill. He and Ray had the same ideas about the Army and they could usually be found carrying out those ideas. Whatever “Perk” did, he smiled—the smile that won him friends and kept them. He tried many jobs, driving “Haigh & Haigh,” anti-tanking, tanking, mail orderly, and cannoneer. “Do what you have to, and don’t worry,” was his motto.

PHINNEY, HAROLD T.—“Pete”

Chief of the Second section and later a Lieutenant. A regular fellow for sure. No chief of section was ever more popular with his men. A thorough going good soldier throughout the war, he earned and well deserved his commission.

PILLAR, CHARLES G.—“Uncle”

Let it be here said that he was some horseshoer. He could make a horseshoe out of a karo can. His dry Connecticut humor was always amusing. The man who almost brought down a plane. (What kind?) Loves mules. Says he, “Its a turrible waste of good liquor.”

PITT, FRANK

In the culinary department he had no equal. Could do more with ringboned and spavined beef than any chef in the A. E. F. Although sarcastic and impulsive, his friends, and they were many, swear by him.

PLANT, ALBERT

Five feet seven inches of empty stomach. One of the many carrying the sobriquet of "Jickey." Some kicker—at football of course. Also a kitchen spy. A good chap except at mess time.

PONCELET, ARTHUR L.—"Creeper"—"Greek"

As driver of the fourgon he did fine work. His nightly dash with the "four whites" would make a Wild West Show stage coach look sick. His horses were always immaculately groomed. Luckier than Girvan.

PREFONTAINE, GEORGE J.—"Jump o' the Brook"

Nicked again at Chateau Thierry. How many wound stripes now? A good interpreter.

PRIEST, CHARLES E.

The old saw, "Like father, like son," knocked in the head. Mr. Priest, Sr. was a General. Charlie brought good cheer to us more than once as our official postman. Also served as a snappy driver and as machine gunner with Baron Allbee.

RACICOT, ARTHUR—"Louis Moreau's Orderly"

Robillard's side kick and fellow bootlegger. Always ready to help us out. Handy man with the nags.

RAMSAY, LAWRENCE M.

A much liked officer whom we would have liked to have had with us at all times. A man of rare understanding he took us by storm and held high favor with every one. Did much to promote athletics in the Battery.

RATHER, HOWARD C.

A Lieutenant inclined to be stout. We didn't have him very long. He tried hard to do everything expected of a Shavetail, and it worked out well in the end.

REDFERN, THOMAS N.—“Shortlip”—“Tom”—“T. N.”

Responded amiably to the call of the “Chinese Sergeant.” “Tenth section, three men absent.” He never grew up. Tom was a hounder for rumors, especially the gloomy ones, but he didn’t believe them at that. A good scout all around, and a popular young man with the boys.

REMINGTON, FREDERICK A.

Served a lot of time in hospitals throughout the A. E. F. A good cannoneer while among us, and a hard worker. The third section was his hang-out.

RICHARDSON, JAMES—“Jimmy”

A quiet likable fellow was Jimmy. An all around worker and always on the job.

RICHARDSON, JUSTIN B.—“Richy”

Drummond’s pal. A real honest to goodness soldier in spite of all obstacles. Knew more about guns than Old Man Howitzer himself and proved it all the way through. Also a master of foot drill and the manual of arms. One of the few men who still maintain that crossing the ocean was worse than the channel.

ROBERTS, ALFRED—“Alf”

“H’over, ’Eads up.” One of our best young kickers. A slight red-headed chap, full of the vigor of life, which he enjoyed to its fullest extent. As a cannoneer of the second section, he was even better than as a soccer player, and that is some recommendation.

ROBERTS, SIMEON—“Simmy”

“What’s h’up, Sim?” “A bloody ’orse is down, that’s what’s h’up.” Simmy held the same views on Prohibition as Tully. “H’avez vous vin blanc, madam?” A bit of a boxer, but where he really performed was seated jauntily on a pair of old plugs. A mighty good driver.

ROBILLARD, WILLIAM—"Rubberset"

The man with the "gimmes." Most of the boys had a good passage on the Baltic, but Robby "pas de tout."

ROBINSON, THOMAS L.

Lieutenant Robinson was with us but a short while in the Toul Sector, but he made friends on every hand. Displayed real nerve at Bryan I. We mourned him as lost at sea on the way home, but were glad to learn that he came smilingly through as usual.

ROLLINS, FRANCIS W.

"Rolly" left us for Plattsburgh, and rose to the rank of Captain of Artillery, proving his real worth, for he was a good soldier.

ROSS, MYRON

The Middle West sent him to us, and we thereby gained heavily. Quiet, a good scout and a hard worker.

RUERAT, JULES

"Ruerat absent again." Can dig a six-by-three with no means of measuring. "Practice makes perfect," says he. Jules was all right at that, and he certainly did his best to lick the Army.

RUSSELL, JOHN F.—"Jack"

"His Eminence." A well known young man. One of our best at all times. To be seen pushing along a mangy pair of lead horses. Awarded the O. D. V. for distinguished service. His numberless friends swear by him. Like McCarthy, he had a terrible thirst.

RYLEY, NORRIS W.

For a long while some of the boys were inclined to razz Norris, but he showed that he had the "guts" at the Davis position. Volunteered twice to go around "Dead Man's Curve" for ambulances. That's a recommendation for any man.

SANVILLE, ALBERT

"Let's go, one for me and one for the tape." Sandy always drove something, either a horse or a motorcycle. Even tried to be a bugler without much success and changed back to driver for the good of the service.

SEAMANS, LOUIS H.

A former wearer of hair pants. He sports a natty mustache and can handle a wheel team to perfection.

SHELDON, WILLIAM

The master of the Ooom-pah horn. Blew into the band on the great big horn. A genial soul and exceedingly popular wherever he went. Probably it was because he could play anything from the piano to bridge, and sing and tell a story as well.

SHERIDAN, ROYAL F.

"Wet wash, 35c a basket. Intimate apparel a specialty." As an indefatigable worker he "leads." A bit pessimistic, but a good scout withal.

SHERMAN, ELMER R.

Another of those quiet birds. With his rifle he performed well on that memorable morning of April 20th. A veritable Sphinx. One who said little and did a great deal. A real soldier.

SHORT, CARLETON W.

A lover of African golf. Paris looked better than three stripes. Good nature is his strong point. Come easy, go easy. The man whose friends were a multitude. One of the prominent members of "Perkins' Pontvallain drill-duckers."

SIMMONS, TONY M.

Acting Corporal of the Guard of the Fourth relief. Also a horseshoer, at least he was listed on the pay-roll as such. A sort of Questionnaire.

SISSON, FRED R.—“Chippy”

Any September Morn looks good to this young artist. From the country, quiet and easy going, a driver from start to finish and A No. 1 we rise to state. With a brush—well, just look through this book.

SITEMAN, JOHN H.

The first Top Cutter of the Battery. Received his bars (and patronized many.) One of our most efficient officers. Strict, but always fair, and therefore popular.

SMITH, LINCOLN B.—“Link”

Good natured and a very good man with the long faced brutes. Do you remember Mandres, Link? One of our most popular caisson corporals.

SOUZA, JOSEPH F.

The Globe Trotter. Fox Point to Norfolk and return. Bon voyage. The vociferous type. Troubled with his ears. “Whistling shells aggravates the complaint,” says he. A likeable lad, who swung a mean pair of dice.

SPONHOLZ, ALBERT H.

A nice little fellow whom we were glad to know. Showed marked interest in the outfit. Visited Providence and liked our town.

STANSBURY, FRANK—“Santa Claus”

The Canfield of the Battery. “Time for me to go on guard now.” As a worker he equalled his record as a pokerist.

STEWART, CARROLL C.

Drove along with us right through. One of Harrison’s victims. A good scout even if he was a rumor hound. Helped to keep the Battery in front in athletics.

ST. PETER, JOHN—“The Garrulous Frenchman”

“Salt Peter” was jockey on the Jam and Poultry wagon. “Pete” orderlied and gas guarded throughout the war, and at intervals was sort of a wet goods merchant for us all.

STAPLES, ROBERT L.—“Bob”

Left us early at Coëtquidan to be a Regular. Lieutenant in the 6th Field Artillery. A fine fellow, and his rapid advance proved that he was there.

STROM, WILLIAM R.

A pinch hitter for Louis Moreau. Made the anvil ring with two frankers. Easy to get along with, he made many friends.

STURGES, RUSH

Unfortunately Lt. Sturges was not allowed to stay with us. Left us to become a Captain of Ordnance. A square deal was always assured when Rush had anything to do with it. Well liked by all the men of the Battery.

TATE, GEORGE H.—“Joe Gans”

A very popular cannoneer. Worked hard and continuously. His section would have missed him sorely, and so would many more of us, for his ready grin was never missing in spite of anything that might happen.

TEDESCHI, DOMENICO

“Make a little whistle Domenic.” The Garibaldi of the Battery. A typical Italian patriot. A former engineer in the Italian Army and one with whom Doc Cook and Baron Munchausen could not cope.

THORNDYKE, DON C. “Don Throckmorton ”

“Now you whoa.” “See what hardtack did to me!” Left the Battery for Headquarters Company. A bit young in years and in experience, but a good worker and a likeable lad.

TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM B.—“Tilly”

Little known, occasionally neglects sick call for football. Tilly was a driver for the third section. Football and baseball player extraordinary, and like all good soldiers, ready to drill if he had to.

TOMICI, MARKO

A native son of the Golden Gate. Paul Holland's orderly. “He was a bit of all right, was Marko.”

TOLL, ERIC O.—“McFlubbin”—“Ozzie”

The analytical member of the Detail. One of the Grunters. “Here's my head, etc.” One of the three men perpetually absent at roll call. An all around specialist, telephone man, and observer; also good at camouflage (all kinds). The fastest dresser in the A. E. F., but was caught bare-handed at Coqui.

TRELA, WLADYSLAW—“Tarantula”

Always to be found in a heated argument with Baltaza. Worked hard on the ammunition detail. Always ready to pick up a few francs.

TROUVÉ, JOHN V.

“Iodine Johnny.” A real friend to the underfed and mangy cheveaux. Worked hard to alleviate their suffering. A horseman of real ability himself he could not understand poor horsemanship. Rather hasty at times, but his heart was in the right place. The main reason why B Battery horses stood the test so well.

TUFENKJIAN, OHANNES—“John No Knees”

Didn't know much about the Army and cared less. The sick book always found him a faithful servant. Poor “John No-knees,” he had piles of trouble. “I think I be sick like Lippold.”

TULLY, VINCENT G.—“Tull”

One hundred and twenty pounds of good fellow. Old iron legs. The staunchest advocate of prohibition in the Battery. One of our best drivers, a really dependable fellow in spite of his seeming nonchalance.

VINCENT, JAMES—“Ted’s Orderly”

A breezy Westerner, who drove on the Park wagon for Ted Howell. “These yere hosses is different from cow ponies.” A friendly man, he made friends.

WALLING, ELWOOD W.

“Notorious famine.” Another driver who swung a wicked grooming kit. Always on the job. His work was commendable.

WALSH, RAYMOND J.

Left us to be a Lieutenant via Plattsburgh. A good man and thoroughly likeable, we were sorry to lose him.

WATSON, LOUIS A.—“Gum Drops”

A new addition to the K. of C. Speaks Hog Latin with remarkable fluency. A member of the Fourth Section; that is sufficient recommendation. A cannoneer and a weeper of a good one.

WATSON, WILLIAM A.—“Sliding Billy”

One of “Jocko’s” best assistants. He even survived him. Of course he also did other things, such as licking the Army with the Special detail. Still Bill was one of the best boys that ever dashed off a guard list on the old Corona. He should have been in better business.

WEST, RAYMOND B.

Smiles, sunshine and song. A dynamo of optimism. A valuable asset to the Special Detail. As an entertainer we are indebted to him. Another Grunter.

WHEAT, RENVILLE

Sometimes known as "Reveille." Came to us at Coëtquidan with the official issue of Plattsburgh officers. For a while we thought he was going to be O. D., but we soon found him to be a regular fellow. The Seicheprey fight deprived us of his services, but during that engagement he brought credit to himself and the organization.

WHITE, JEREMIAH F.—"Pat"

He never said a word at home or abroad, but his smile spoke many words. As broad as his full round face, it was worth a lot to see him grin. A hard working cannoneer of no mean ability.

WHITMARSH, HENRY A.—"Pop"

Sort of a general banker, at least he always had "jack." Looked the Battery over, tried out as a cook, and then went to the "ninety-fives." After that he went to Paris as a machinist. We'll bet he appreciated the big ville!

WIETHOLDER, FRANK H.

Never made noise enough to be well known. Never neglected his job, and that speaks well for any man.

WILKINSON, PERCY C.—"Wilkie"

The boy corporal with the face of a cherubim. "Wilkie" stuck to the guns from start to finish, and we hereby stand up on a caisson and announce to the whole wide world, that he was some gunner and some soldier. Also one of "our artists."

WINSOR, HOWARD F.

A good driver and a good fellow. Had many friends in the outfit. Never shirked his job. A heavy mess kit swinger.

WOLF, WALTER S.

A peculiar sort of duck until you know him. One of our best faultfinders. Still swings a wicked empty messkit in spite of his verwundeten arm. Famous for night riding at Coëtquidan. One whom a friend could always depend upon.

WOOD, FORREST E.—“Forrest Evergreen”

“Three cheers for 47.” Rennes papers please copy. Vive le Pinard. Pay day is Woody’s holiday. One of the best workers in the Battery and well liked.

WOODMANSEE, WALTER M.

A man of very few words. We suspect that he must have been in love. A driver in the Fifth Section who performed very well indeed. Also a bit of a K. P.

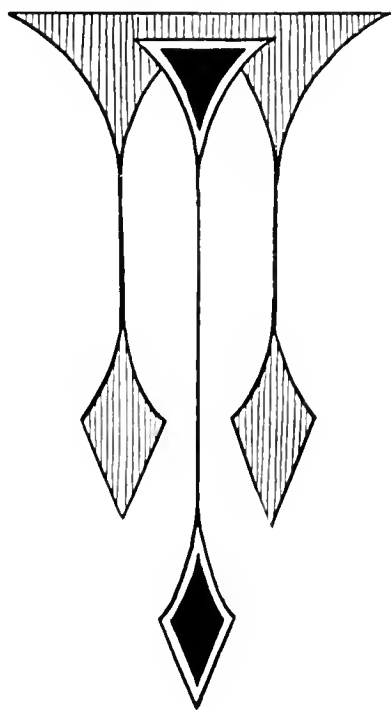
WUKANOVITCH, PEROVAN

A quiet sort of a chap, but he knew work by its first name. Familiar with it from long association, he never laid down on a job.

YOUNG, MERLE S.—“The Attleboro Son”

The Third Section would have been a point shy without Merle to help man the gun. Took the army quite seriously, but we will say this, that it never had him licked so that he couldn’t smile.

Pictorial Review





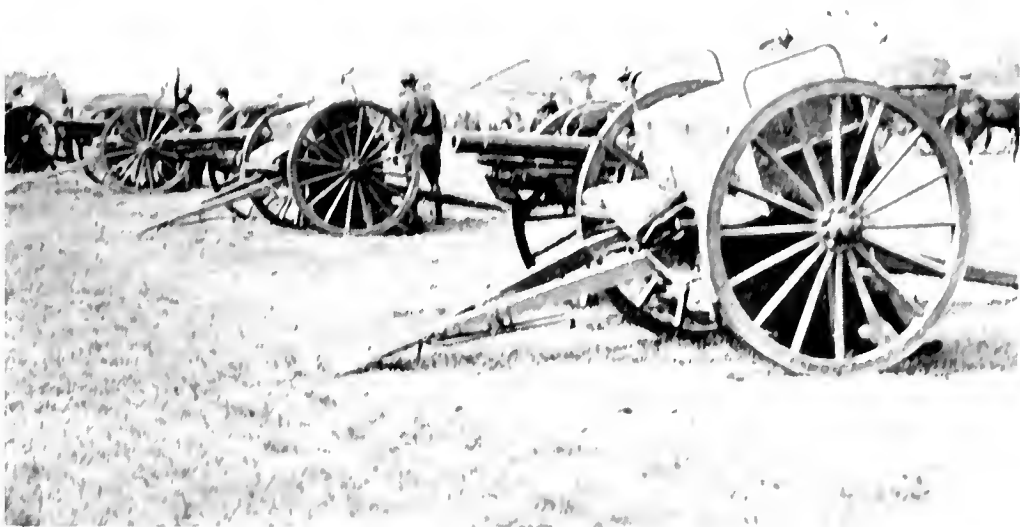
Camp at Quonset



The End of Battery Street, Quonset.



Kitchen at Quonset.



Gun Drill at Quonset.



Off for a Dip at Quonset.



The Flood of Officers' Quarters at Quonset.



Breaking Camp at Quonset.



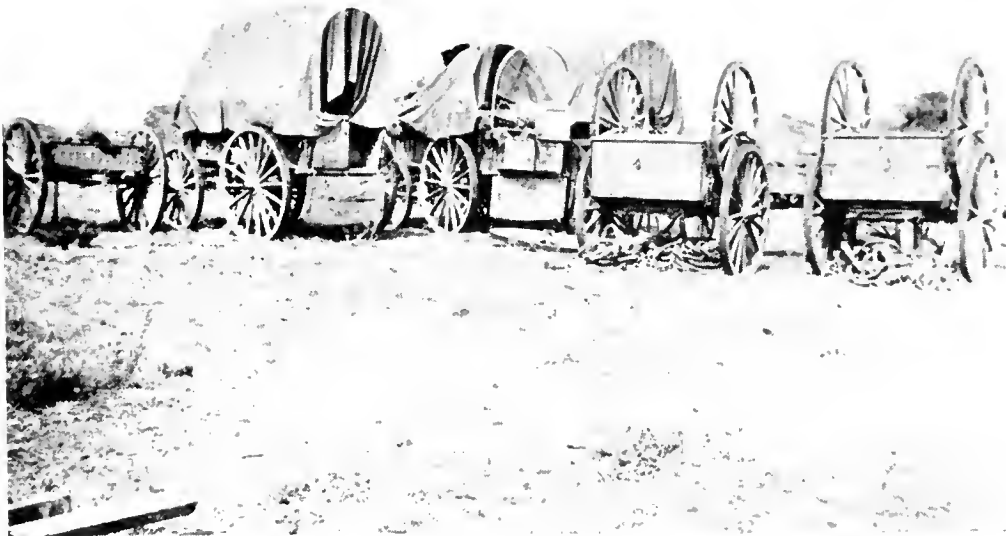
Boxford, Mass.



First Morning at Boxford.



Tough Days at Boxford.



Combat Train, Boxford.



A Lazy Day at Boxford.



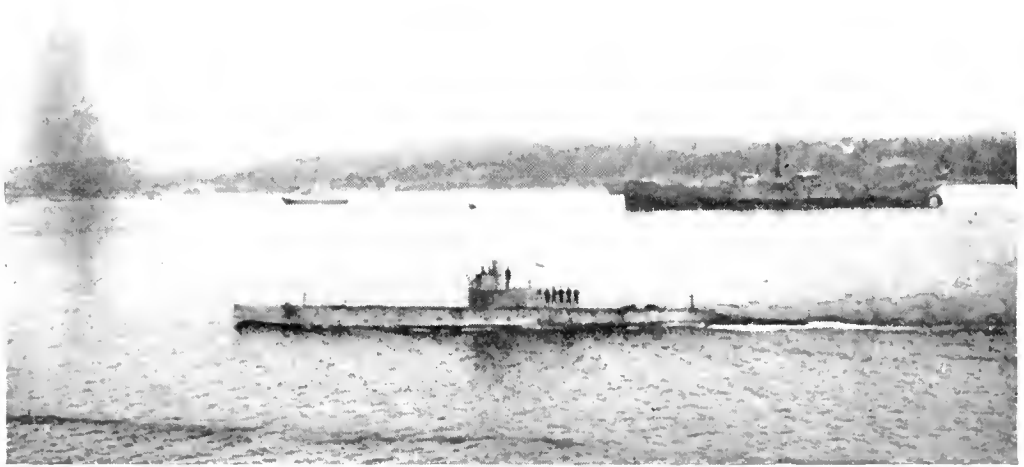
Battery B Street, Boxford, Mass.



Waiting for Inspection at Boxford.



Last Line-up at Boxford.



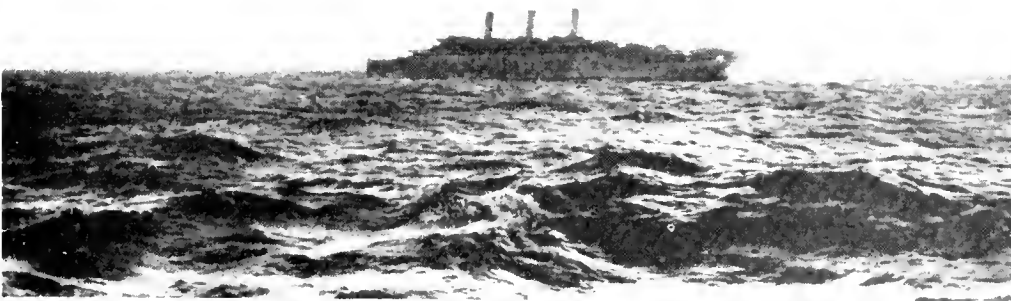
Halifax Harbor—British Submarine.



Halifax Harbor.



"Convoy on Way Over".



3,050 Loundrymen Enroute to Build Roads.



All Preserved—Ray West on Baltic.



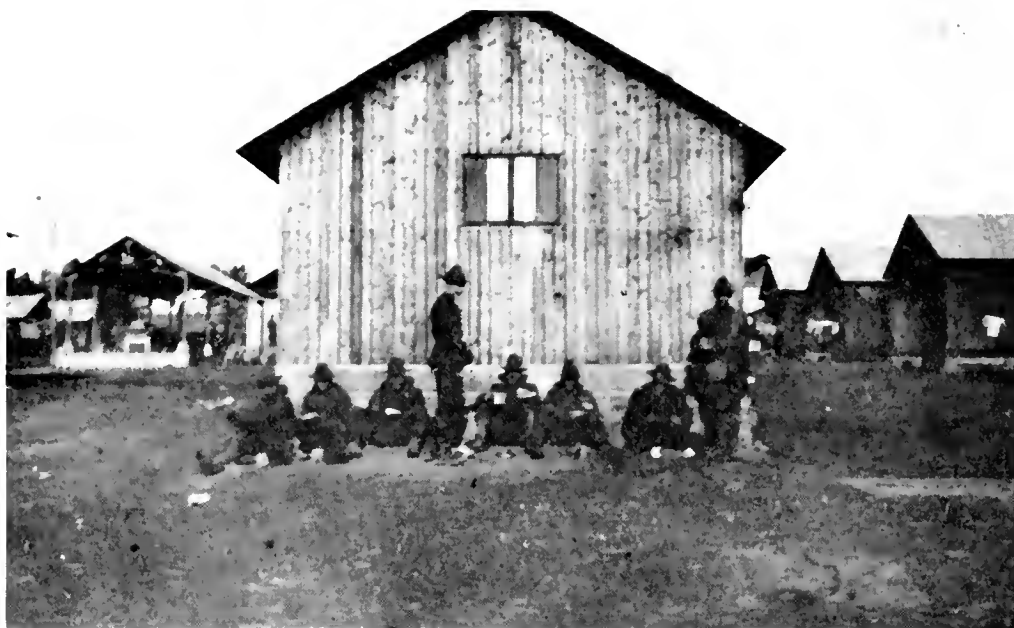
"Rest" Camp at Le Havre.



Battery Street—Camp de Coetquidan.



Battery Street at Coetquidan.



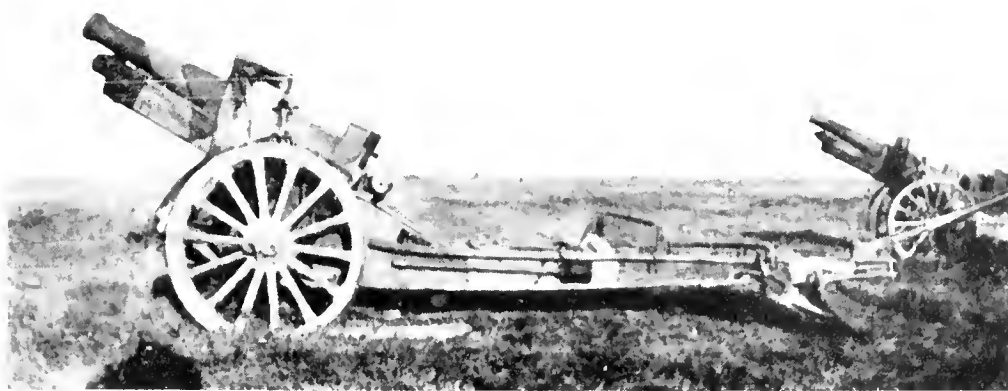
Putting on the Feed Bag, Coetquidan.



The Battle of Combien, at Guer.



Washing the Soldiers' Clothes at Coetquidan.



Cent Cinquante Cinqs on Range at Coetquidan.



Firing Range at Coetquidan.



On Range, Coetquidan.



Gun Drill.



Range Guard at Coetquidan.



Stables at Coetquidan.



Infirmiry, Camp de Coetquidan.



Xmas Mail at Coetquidan.

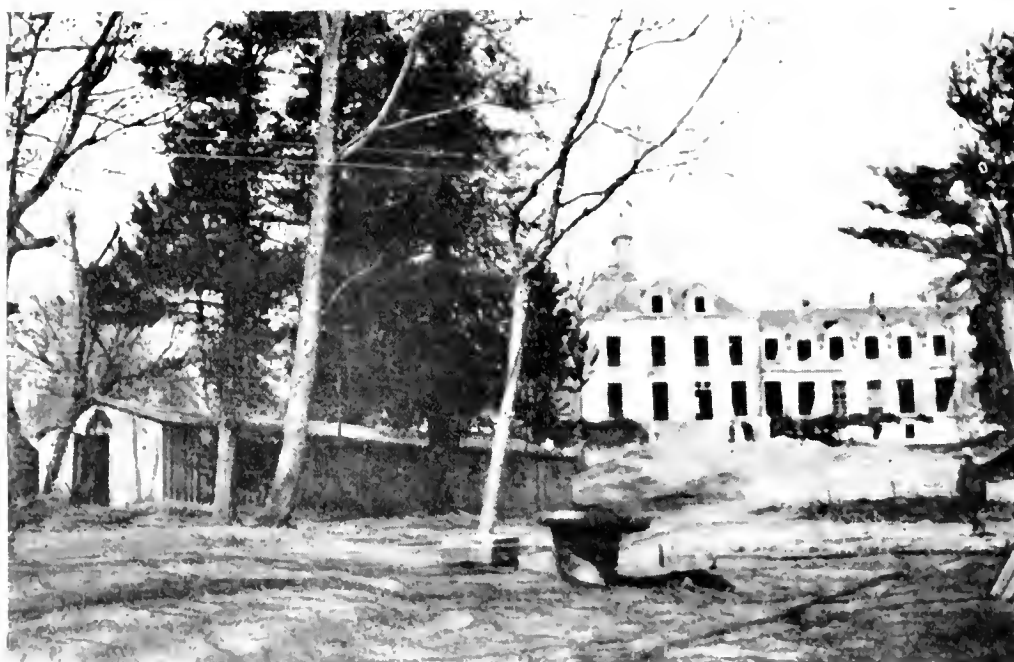
1275 Rennes. La Place de la Mission et la Gare des Tramways départementaux



Our Play Ground while at Coetquidan.



Soissons, Looking Down.



Chateau at Bucy le Long, Echelon.



Gun Position at Banc de Pierre.



No. 3 Gun Pit at Banc de Pierre.



Communication Trench Entrance, Chemin-des-Dames.



Ruins at Soissons.



Signal Station at Soissons.



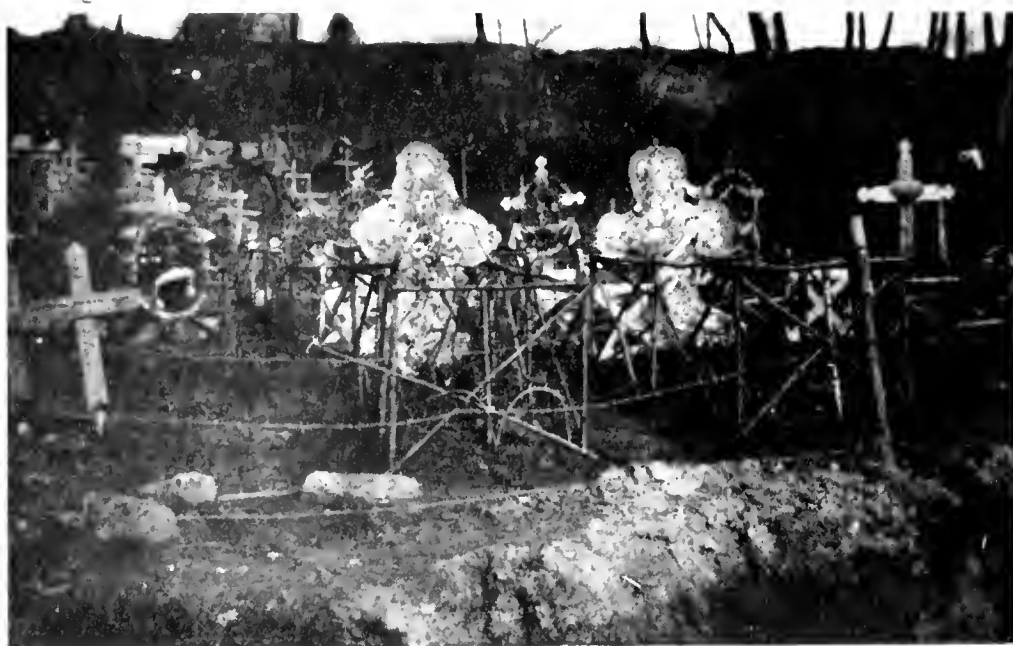
Coucy le Château.



Coucy le Château.



Major Chaffee and Lieut. Stark at Bane de Pierre.



French Cemetery at Chemin-des-Dames.



Ruins Outside of Soissons.



Over the Hills, No Man's Land at Soissons.

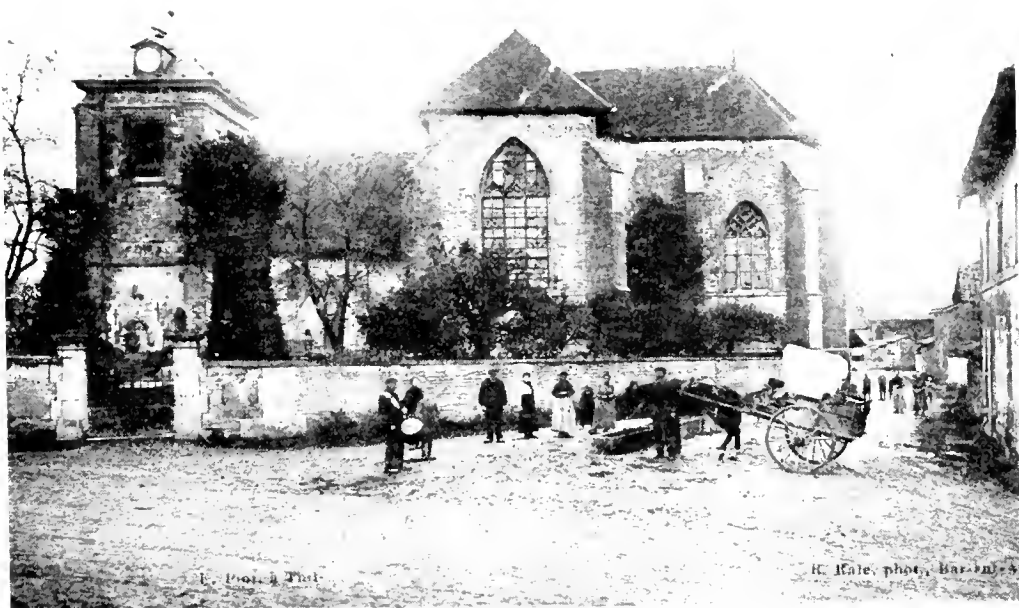


2nd and 3rd Section Billet at La Rothiere.



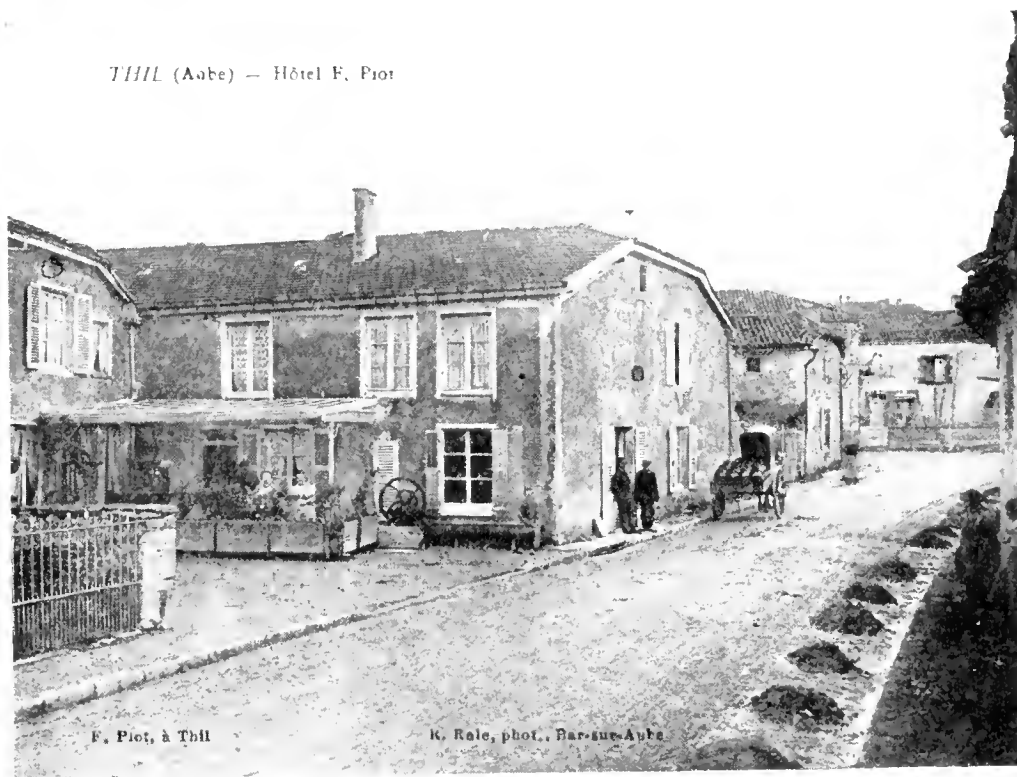
La Rothiere.

THIL, Aube) — L'Eglise (Vitraux du xiv^e siècle)



Where We All Went to Church, Palm Sunday, April, 1918.

THIL (Aube) — Hôtel F. Piot



On the way to Toul.



On the Hike to Toul.



Road March to Toul Sector.



Just Hanging Around, Blanchville.



Lucey, Northwest of Toul.



Watering Place, La Rothiere.



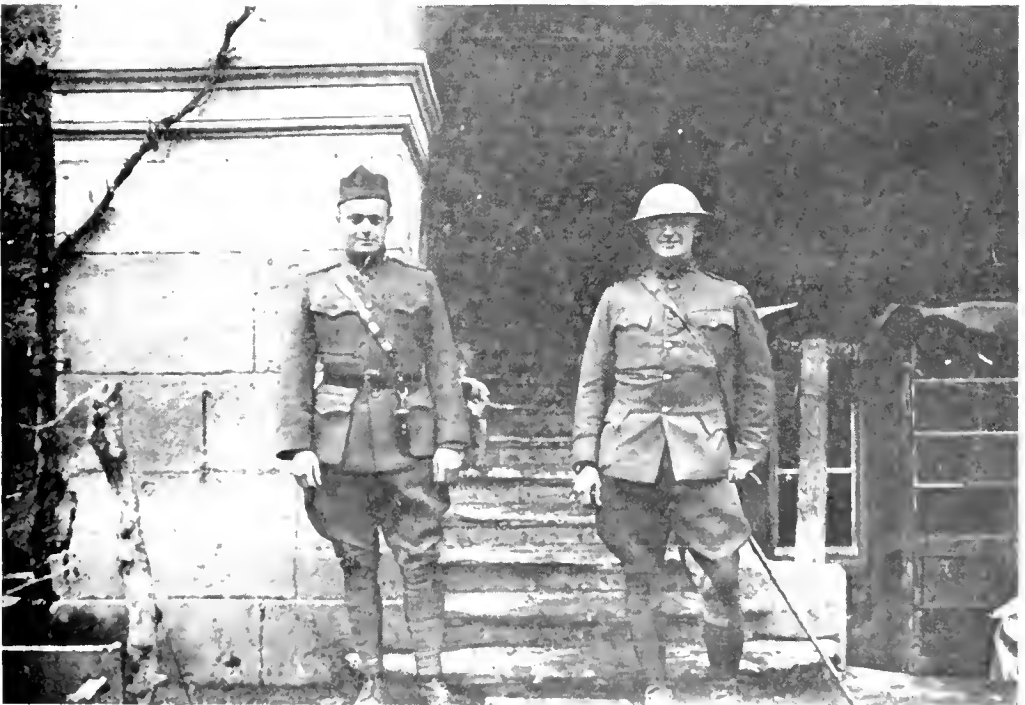
Rangeval.



Monastery at Rangeval.



Kitchen at Rangeval.



Major G. T. Hanley, Major H. R. Barker



Battery B Ball Team Working Out at Rangeval.



Animal Procession at Corneville.



Mandres, Showing Battalion Headquarters.



Battalion Headquarters at Mandres.



O. T. 43, Beaumont—Ambrose F. Churchill on the Glass.



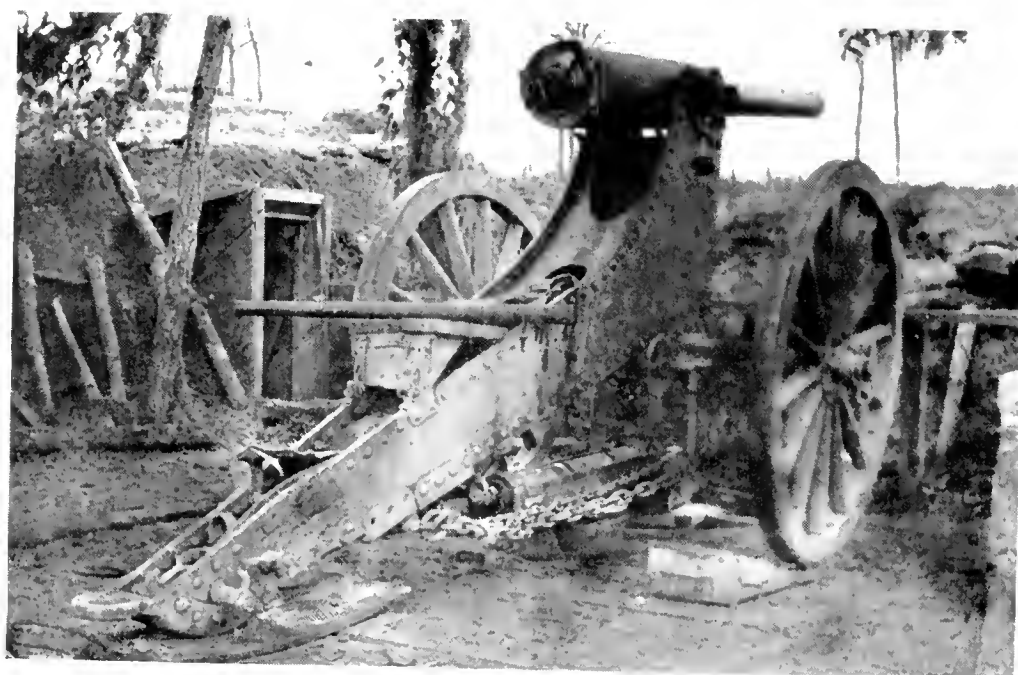
Ruins at Beaumont.



Beaumont.



Dead Man's Curve, Toul Sector.



95 MM. Guns Used in Toul Sector.



Third Section Gun Pit at 95's after April 20th, 1918.



Dugout at 95's, Northwest of Toul.



Bryan I, Showing Dugout where Fred Harmon was Killed.



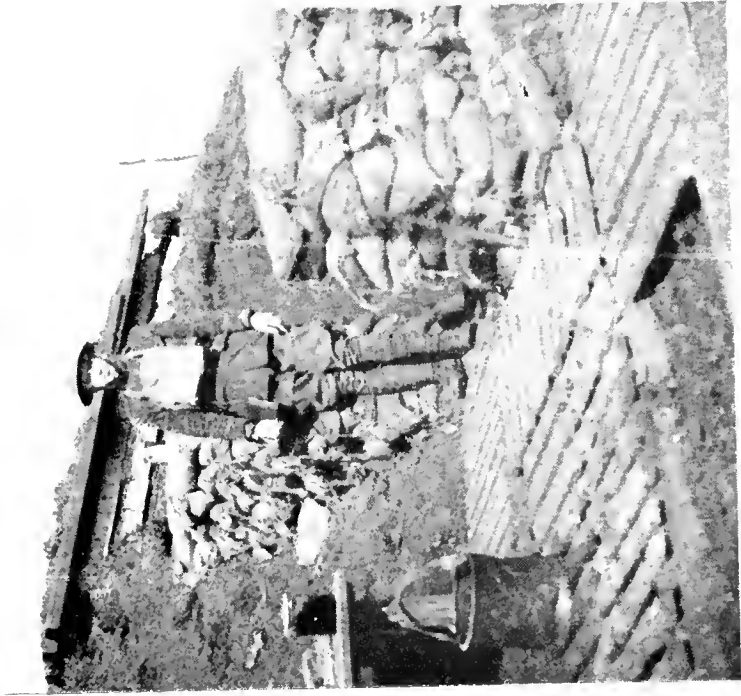
Bryan I.



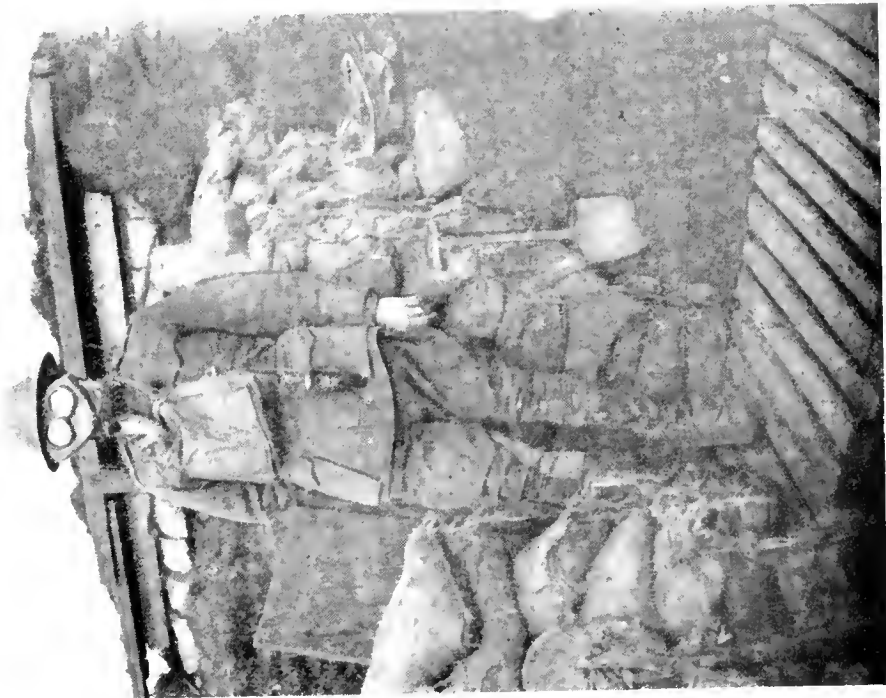
Bryan I.



Captain Hanley's Dugout at Bryan I.



Lieut. Bailey at Bryan I



Captain "Jed" Hanley at Bryan I.



Officers' Quarters, Bryan I.



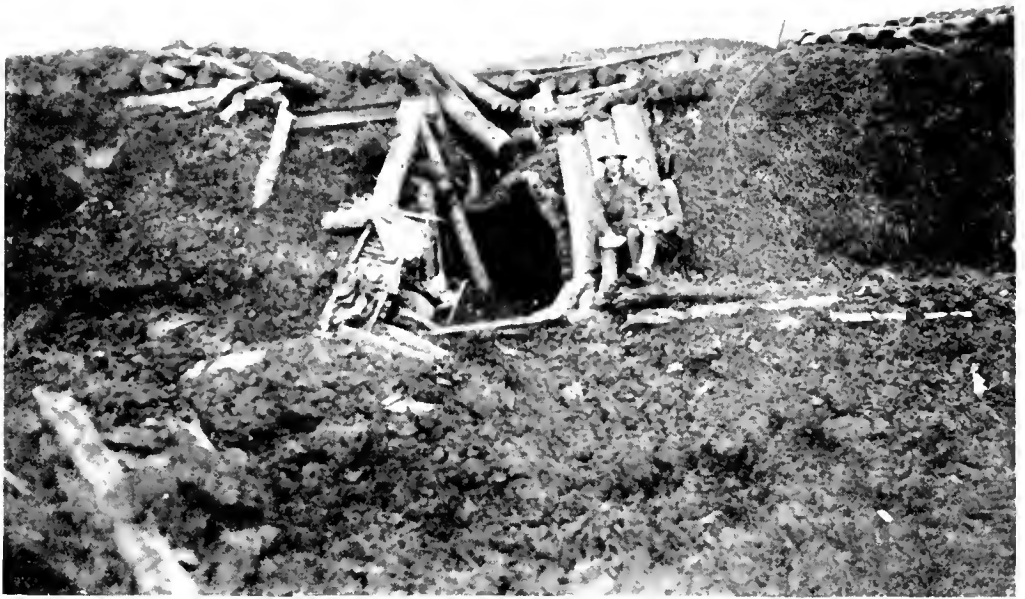
No. 1 Gun at Bryan I.



No. 1 Gun at Bryan I.



1st Gun Crew, Bryan I.



Bryan I, After Things Happened.



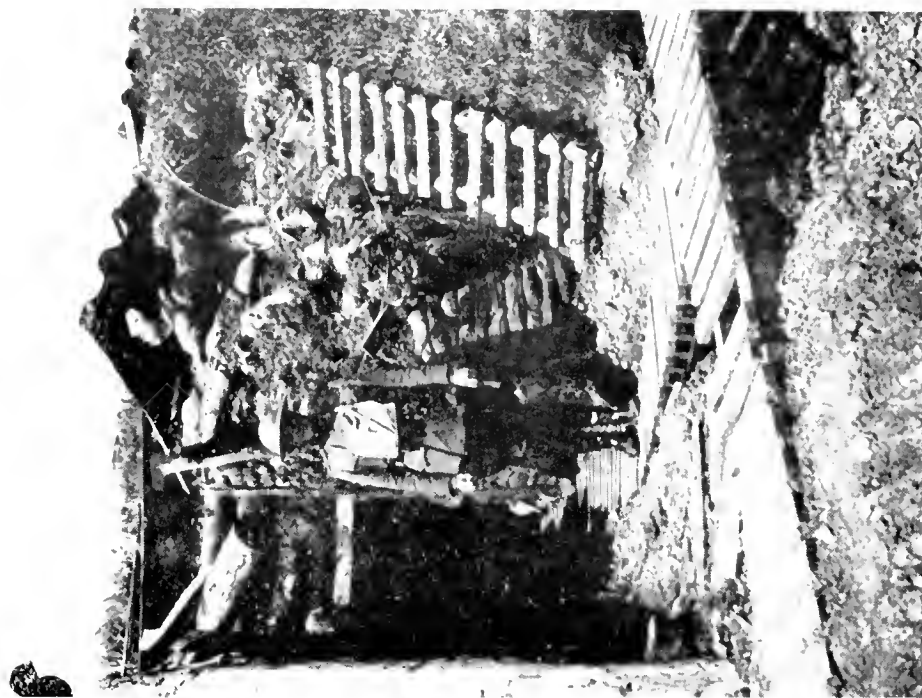
A Masquerade Party, Second Gun Crew at Bryan I.



"Little Rhody," at Bryan I. --One of our Cap pistols at rest.



No. 2 Dugout at Bryan I.



Captain Hanley at Bryan I.



Direct Hit on Dugout at Bryan I.



Battery Positions at Bryan I.



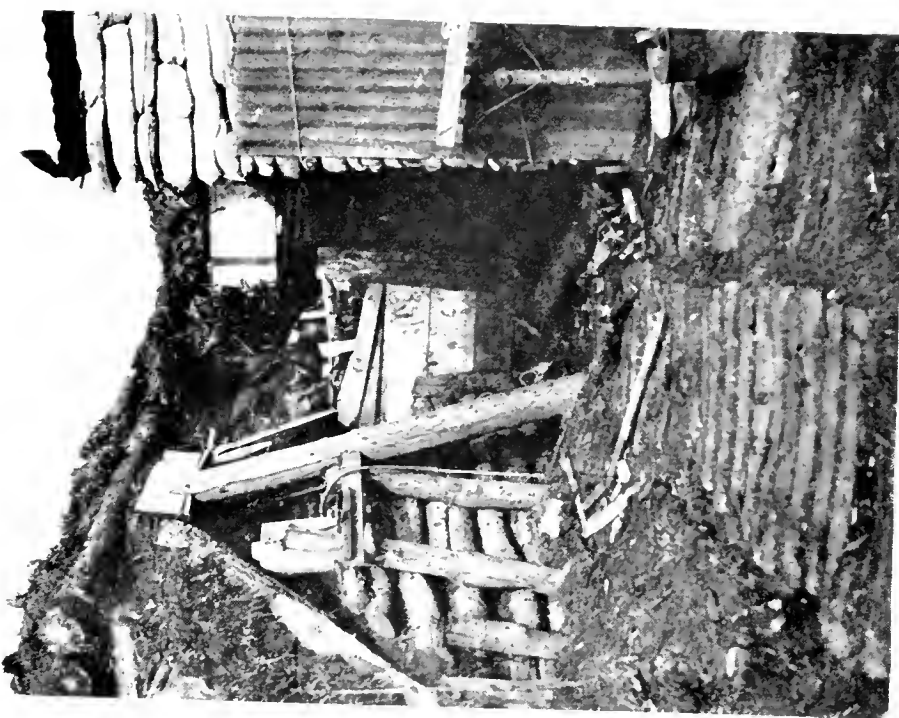
After Shelling, Bryan I.



No. 2 Gun Pit, Bryan I.



No. 2 Gun Pit, Bryan I.



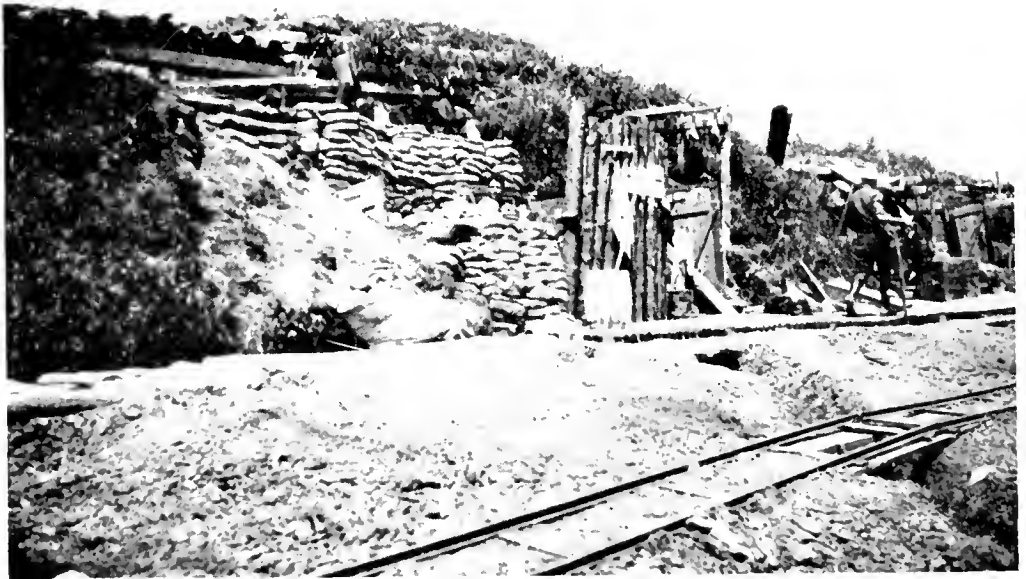
Bryan I Before the Storm.



Gas Guard.



Powder Abri, After Heavy Shelling, Bryan I.



Bryan I, Showing Narrow Gauge Tracks Over which Ammunition was Carried.



Concealed Gun Pit at Bryan I.



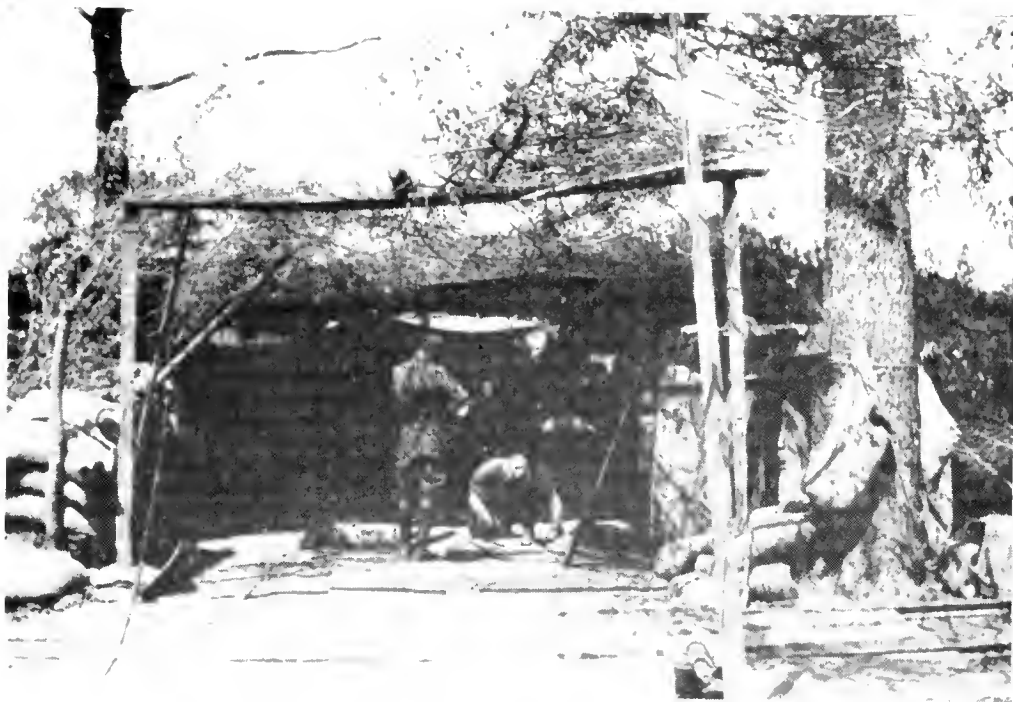
Bryan I After a Rough Day.



Gun Position No. 1, Bryan I.



Conference of Officers at Bryan II.



Gun Pit, Bryan II.



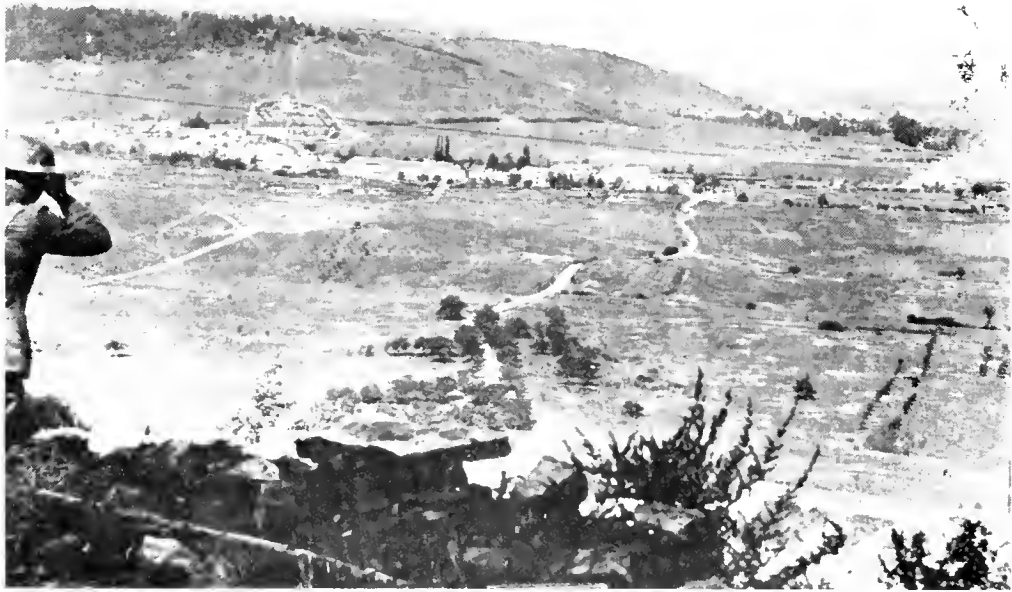
Gun Crew at Bryan II.



Officers' Mess, Beaumont. Lieut. Churchill at Left.



Rolling into Seichprey.



Looking Across Mt. Sec, Showing Cemetery on which We Used to Register.

Environs de Toul. - GYE. - La Laiterie



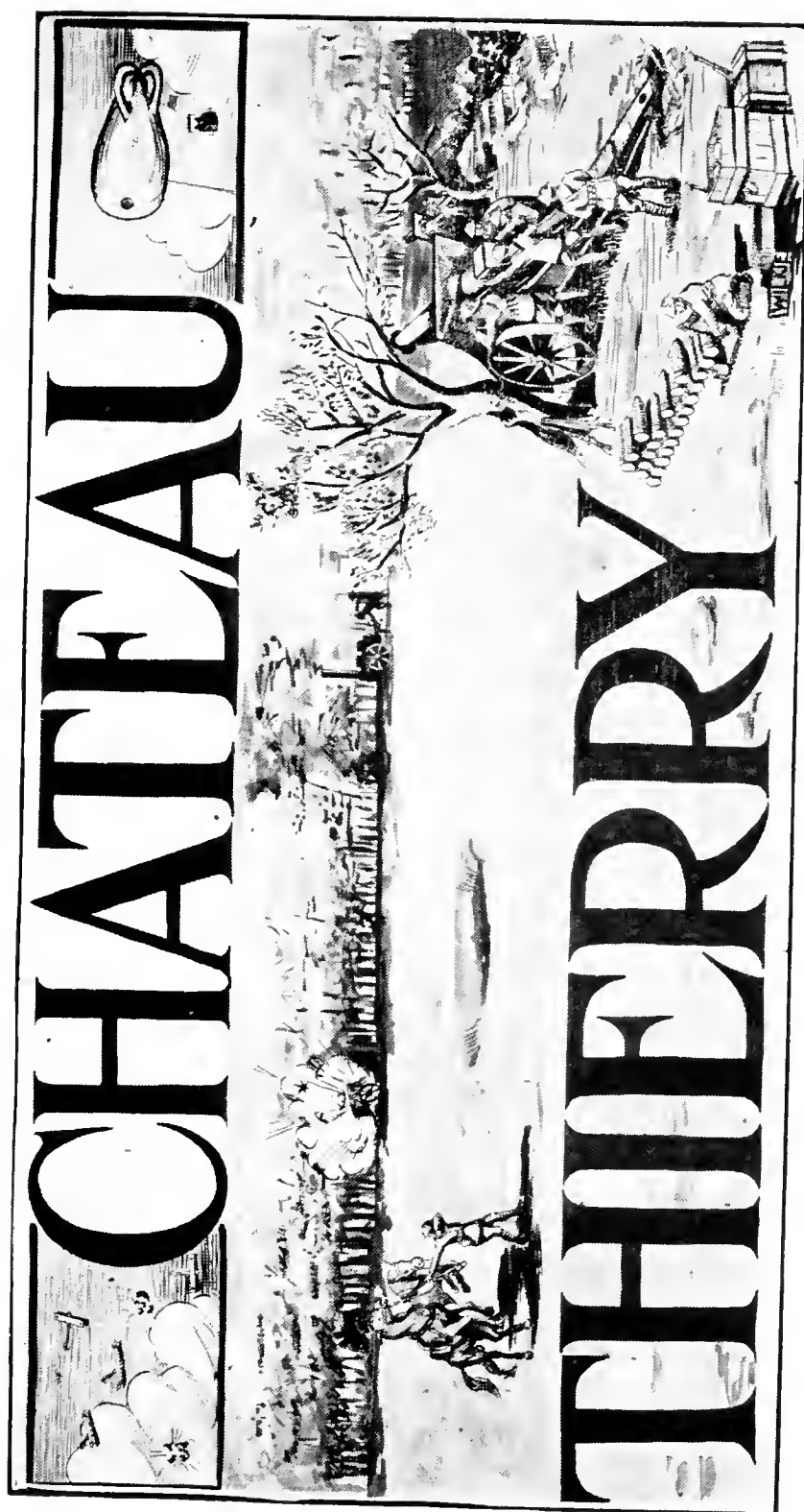
Wealth of Town, as Exhibited at Gye.



Mandres.

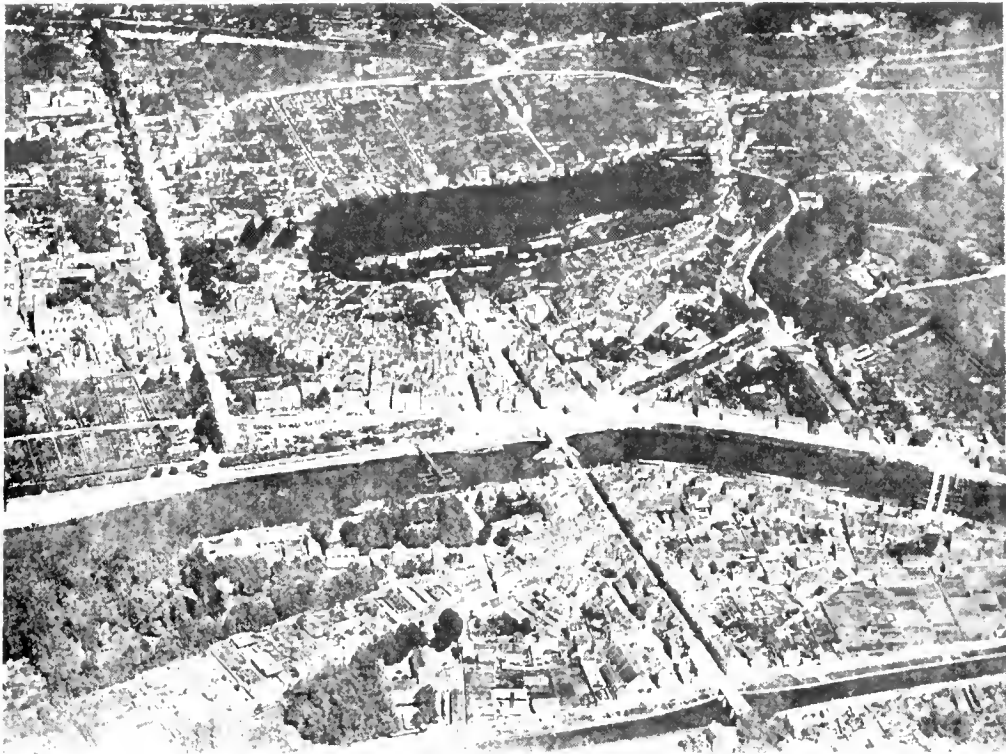


A Camouflaged Position.

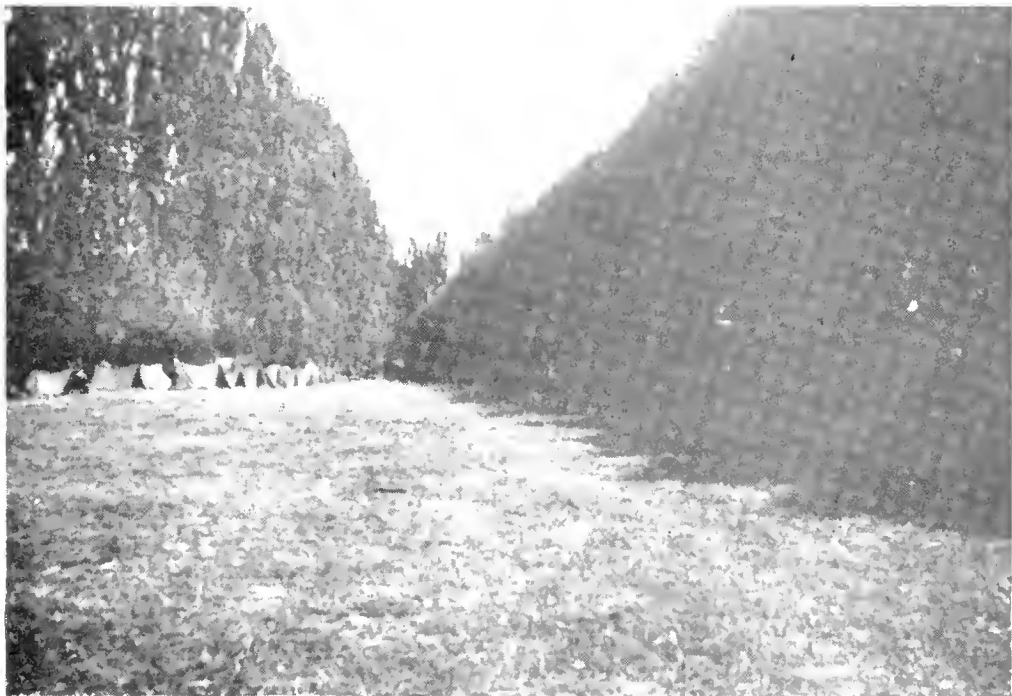




"Some" Ammunition.



Chateau Thierry from the Air.



La Ferte Sous Jouarre, Echelon.



"Parked" at La Ferte.



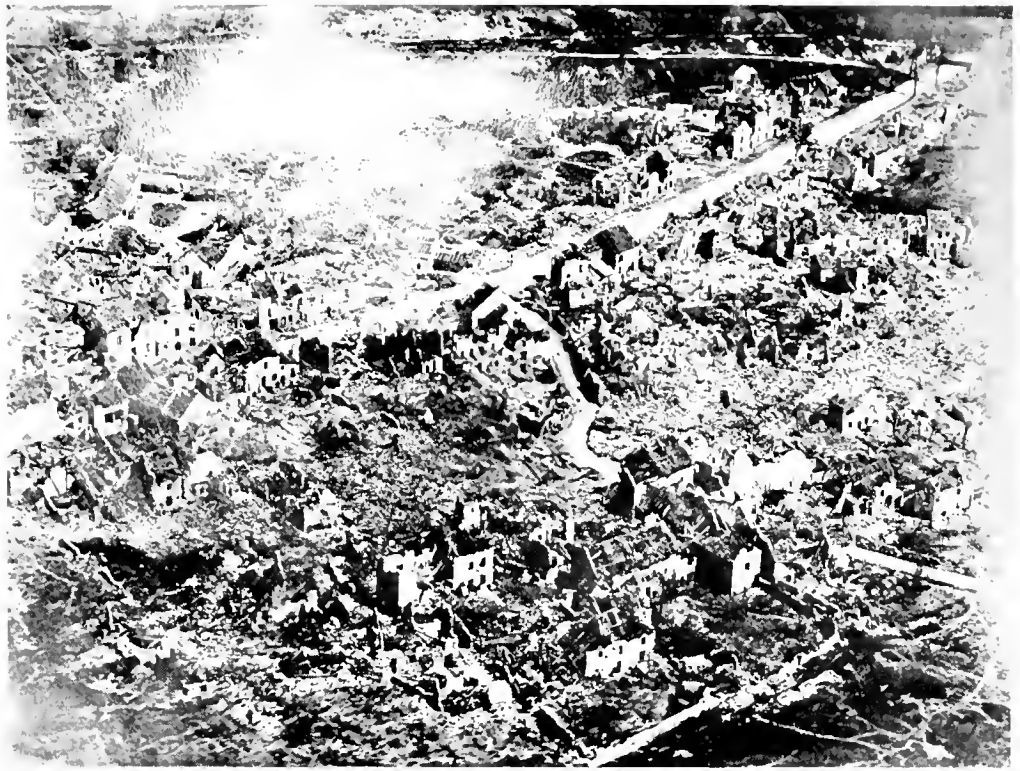
Outside of Citry.



Ruined Town on Chateau Thierry Drive.



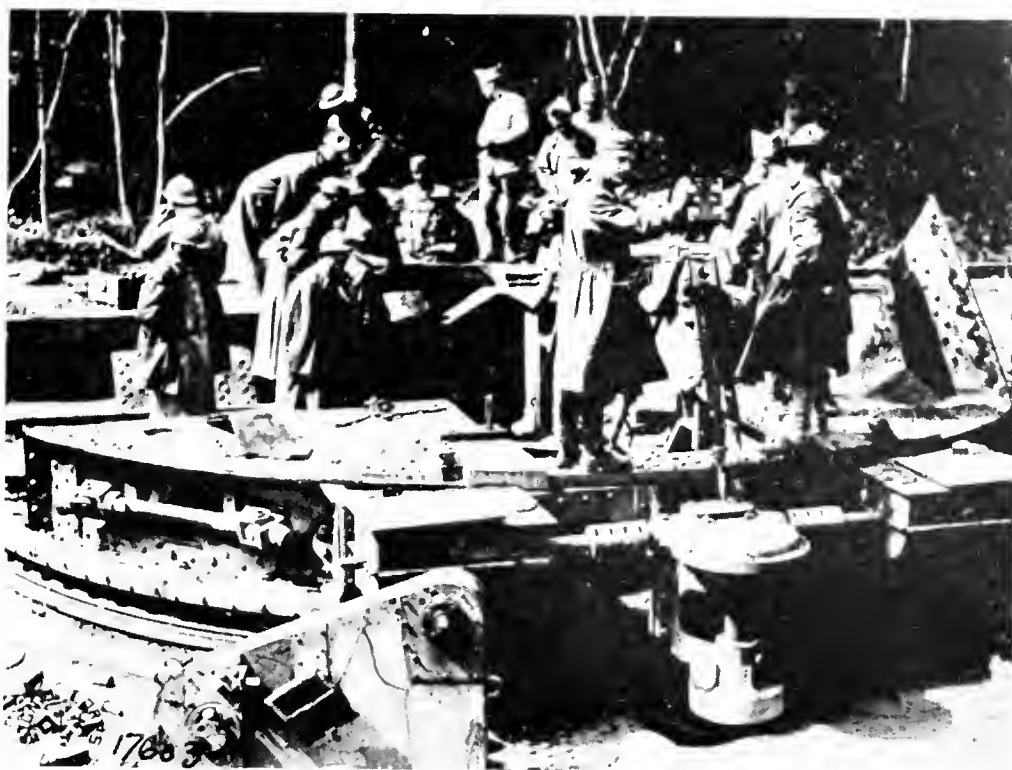
Through Sergy on Chateau Thierry Drive.



Birds-Eye View of Veaux.



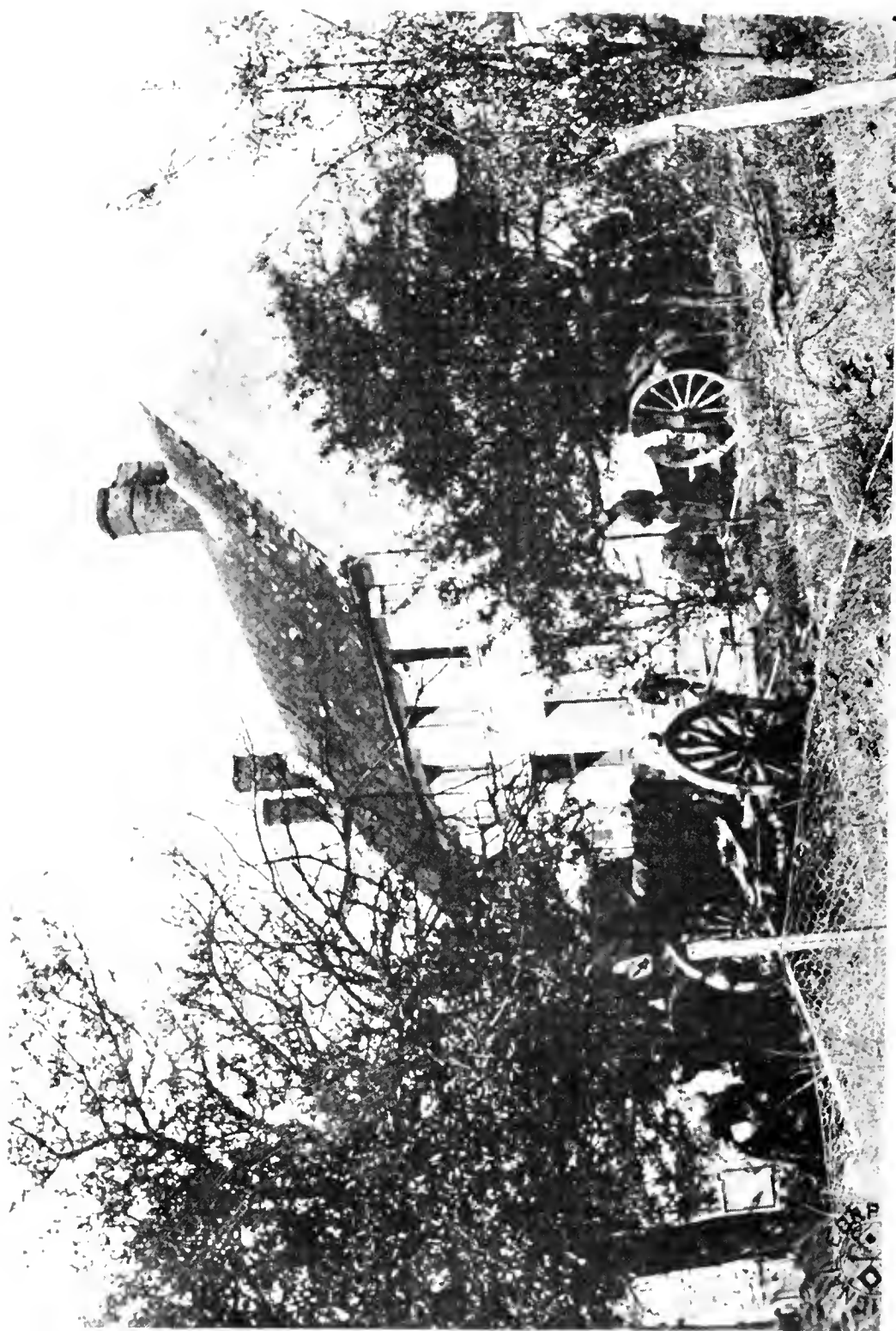
French Cavalry, 2nd Battle of Marne, Beauvarden.



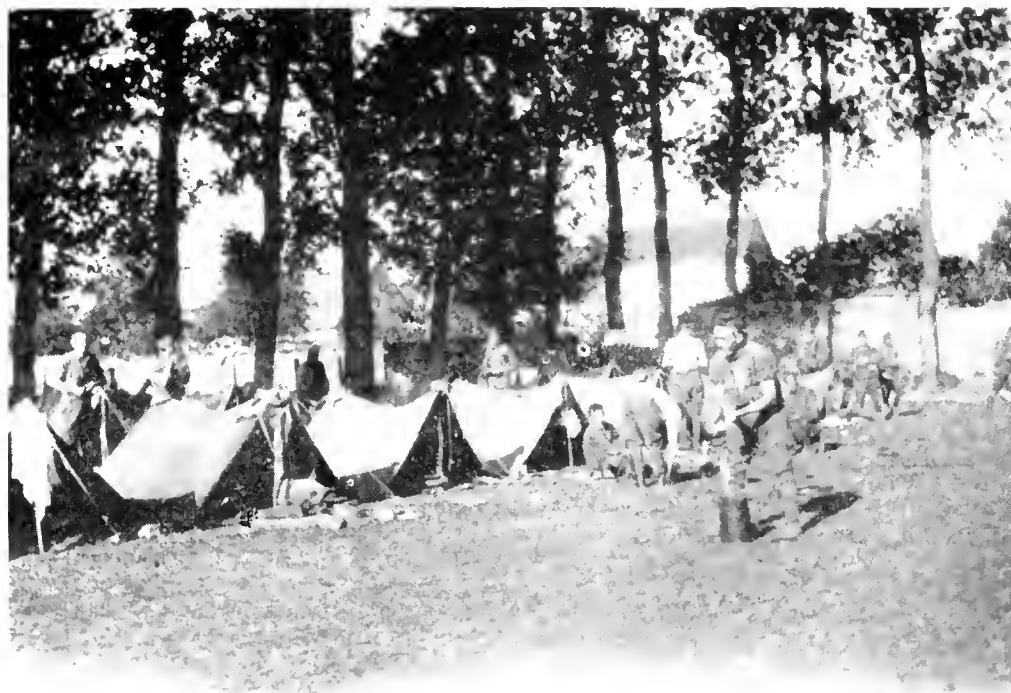
Big Bertha Emplacement.



On Chateau Thierry Drive.



Apple Orchard at Beauvarden.



At Rest, Leugley.



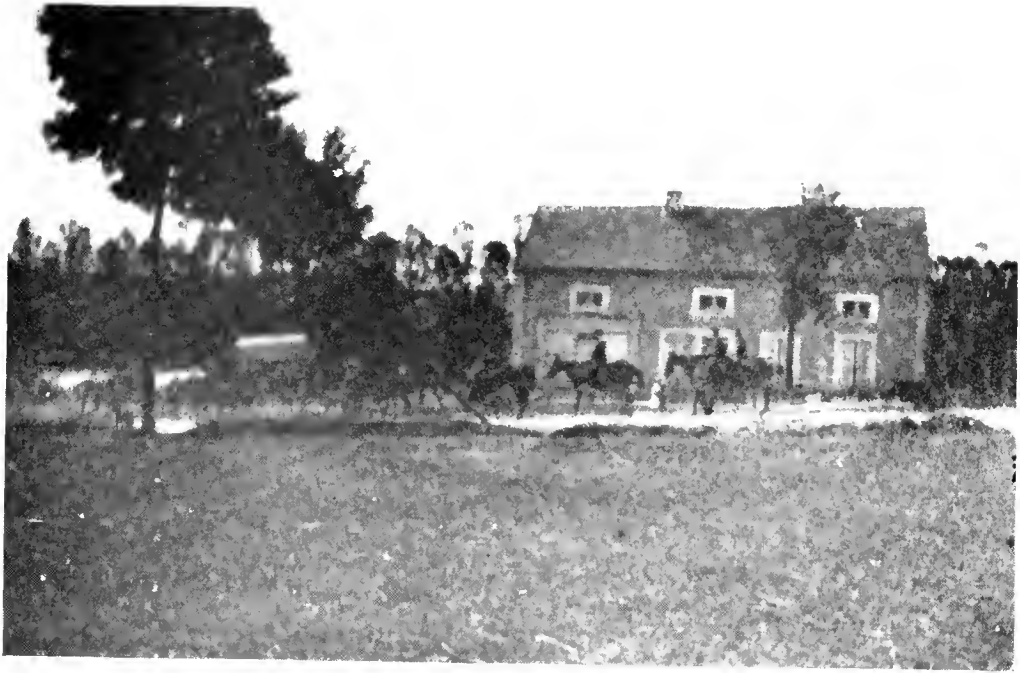
Gun Park, Leugley.



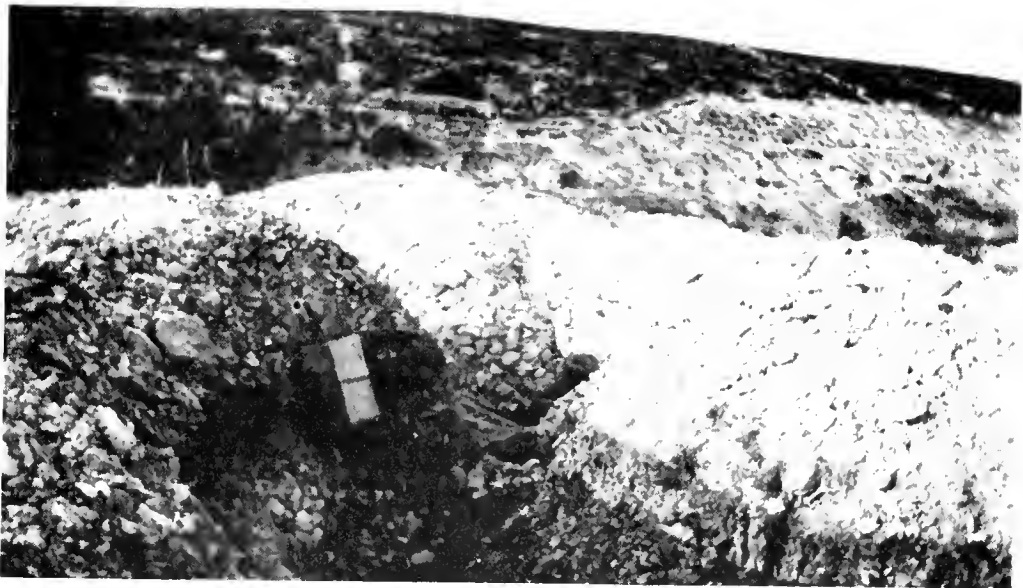
Machine Gun Instruction at Leugley.



Mess Time, Leugley.



Outside of Leugley.



At the Front, St. Mihiel.



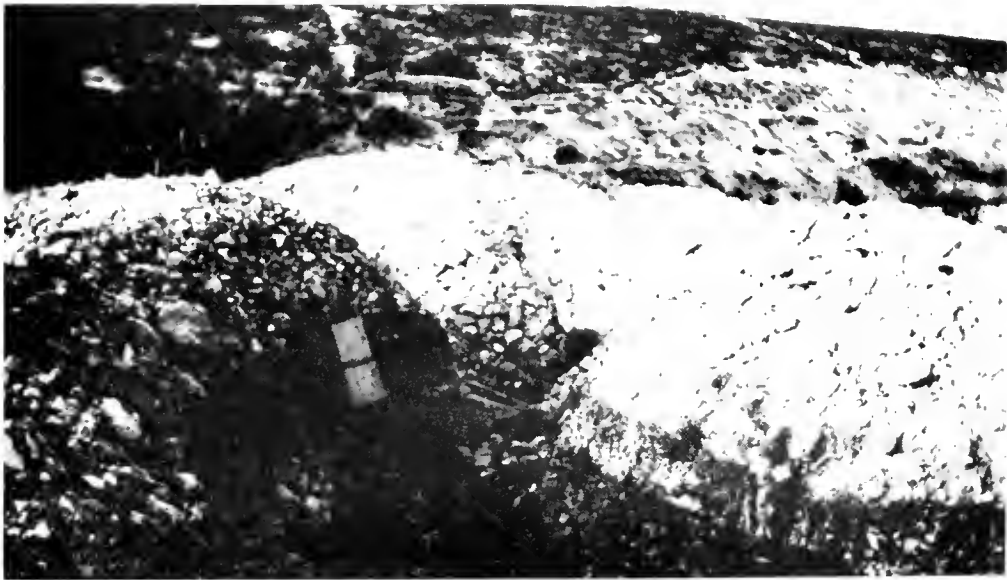
Morilly, Before St. Mihiel Drive.



Building Gun Pits at St. Remy.



A Mud Hole on Plains at St. Mihiel.



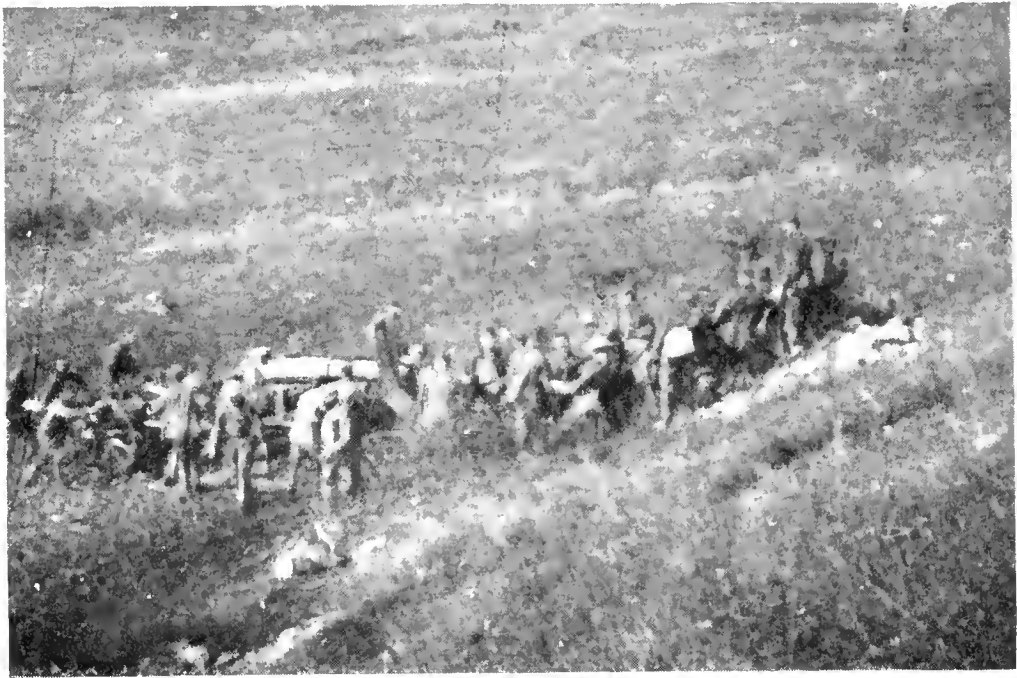
Trenches at St. Mihiel.



German Dugouts at St. Mihiel.



After the Advance St. Mihiel.



"Cannoneers on Wheels"—Verdun.



Flag Raising at 103rd Infirmary at 11 o'clock, November 11, 1918, Verdun.



The Main Stem, Vicq, Haute Marne.

LE BLANC — La Gare



Le Blanc—La Gare.



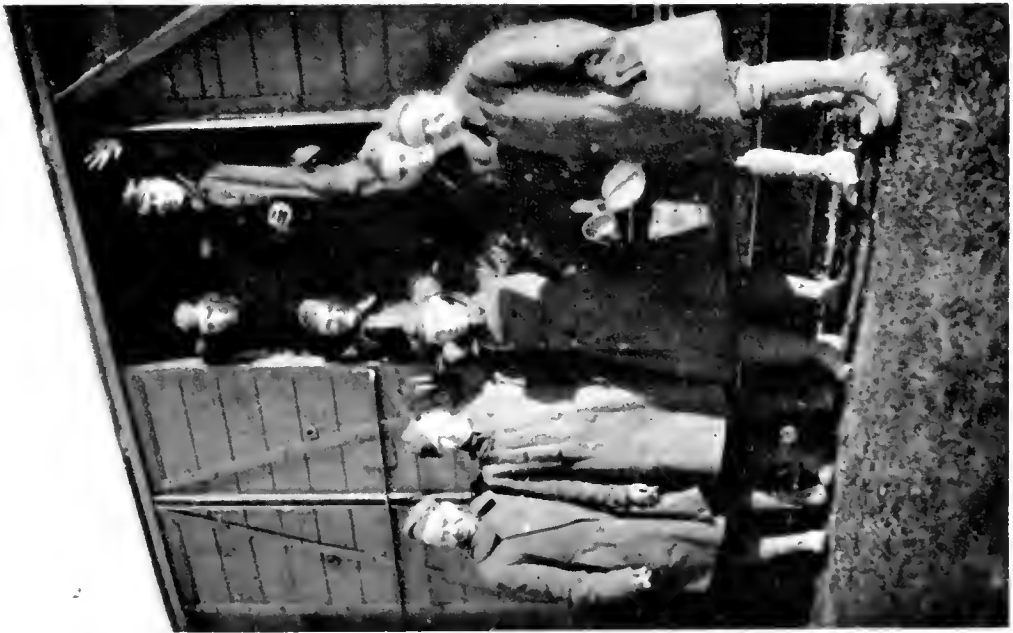
Leaving Brest - Sorry ?



Merchants Limited, Parlor Chairs Only.



On Way to Brest.



American Pullmans for a Change.



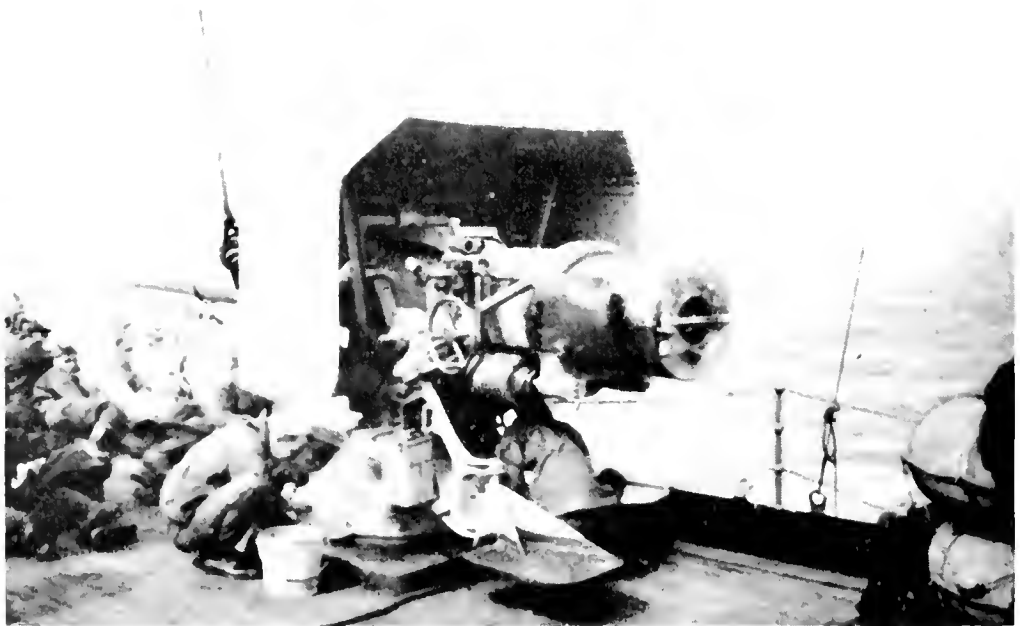
Observation Car, to Brest.



Going on Board Mongolia.



On the Mongolia.



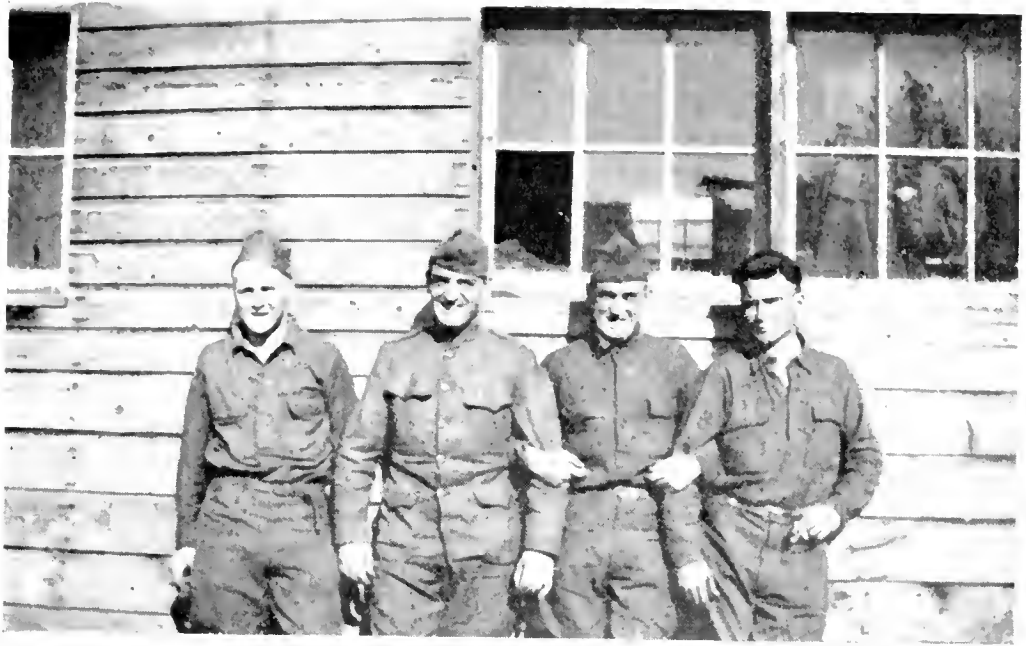
Starboard Gun Transport Mongolia.



"Almost Home"—Boston Harbor.



Mongolia Entering Boston Harbor.



A "Tough Gang" at Camp Devens.



Our Boys at Camp Devens.



THE Battery wishes to acknowledge its thanks to the State and to the following men, who, through their financial assistance, have made the publication of this book possible.

ALDRICH, RICHARD S.
BEECKMAN, R. LIVINGSTON
CANNING, JOHN E.
CARTER, PATRICK
CHAFFEE, E. ST. JOHN
COATS, ALFRED M.
DART, WILLIAM C.
GAINER, JOSEPH H.
GERRY, PETER G.
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HANLEY, GERALD T.
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